Boston Public Library
3 9999 10589 543 5

PER. RM

No. AP2.N7

V.145

1887

606

57
Seat No.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
RESEARCH LIBRARY SERVICES
Research Library material is for use within the building only.
Keep slip with book. *Return both* to Delivery Desk to clear record of use.

0093 '85 JUN -3 PM2:

BOOK NUMBER
AP2.N7
VOL 145
Volume or Part Number if any
Date of Issue if Periodical

Author
NORTH AMER REV
Brief Title
James Kennaway
Your Name
387 Morris
Street Address
Brooklyn
City or Town
Borrower's Card No. A 0 2 1 4 6 5 6 9

☐ Not on shelf.
Consult the librarian at the Research Catalog if you need additional information or help.
LOCATED IN

FORM NO 1178

THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

EDITED BY ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

VOL. CXLV.

June 9-04

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

6174

NEW YORK:
No. 3 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET.
1887.

C

NOV 10 1964

Per. Dept.
*AP2
.N7
vol. 145

3/21 | 12

COPYRIGHT BY
ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.
1887.

412.864
Apr. 24. 1888

307-1
X6460 Vol. 145

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CCCLXVIII.

JULY, 1887.

THE NEW PARTY.

THE era in American politics which began with the candidacy of Fremont closed with the defeat of Blaine.

When in a time of strong feeling and clashing interests no man can state a principle which will be a test question between the great political parties, and a Presidential contest, fought on questions of personal character, is decided by the foolish utterance of an irresponsible speaker, it needs not even the son of a prophet to tell that the time for the drawing of new political lines has come, and that essentially new political parties must soon appear.

The Republican party died at heart some time ago—with the second administration of Grant or, at least, with the early part of the administration of Hayes ; but partly for reasons similar to those that make the days of the autumnal equinox warmer than those of the vernal equinox, and partly because of the weakness of its opponent, it still held its place. If the great party that fought the war and abolished slavery had become but a party of the ins, the great party that claimed political descent from Jefferson had become but a party of the outs. It needed only that the ins should take the place of the outs to destroy both. And this, thanks finally to the Rev. Dr. Burchard, the election

of 1884 accomplished. Now that the Republican party has lost control of the National Executive and no disaster has occurred, and the Democratic party has gained it and no particular good been done, the old prejudices, old fears, old hopes, old habits of thought and touch, are so broken down that new issues can readily come to the front and new alignments of political forces take place.

The process of disintegration and reconstruction is now going on. The growth of the Prohibition party on the one side and of a labor party on the other, and the readiness with which Republicans and Democrats have united in some of the recent municipal elections when threatened with what seemed to them a common danger show how rapidly.

The prohibition movement, a natural effort to bring into politics, in the absence of larger questions, a matter on which a great body of men and women feel strongly, is in itself a significant evidence of the disposition to turn to social questions, but the great movement now beginning in the rise of the Labor party takes hold of these questions lower down, and whatever importance prohibition may for some time retain in local politics, the drawing of political lines on a wider and deeper issue must throw its supporters to one side or the other of the larger question.

The deepest of all issues is now beginning to force its way into our politics, and in the nature of things it must produce a change that will compel men to take their stand on one side or the other, irrespective of their views on smaller questions. Of all social adjustments, that which fixes the relation between men and the land they live on is the most important, and it is that which is coming up now.

It has been, of course, for a long time evident that American politics, in the future, must turn upon the social or industrial questions, and while the questions growing out of the slavery struggle have been losing importance, these questions have been engaging more and more thought, and arousing stronger and stronger feeling. What men are thinking about, and feeling about, and disputing about, must, ere long, become the burning question of politics, and the organization of labor, the massing of capital, the increasing intensity of the struggle for existence, and the increasing bitterness under it, have for years made it clear that in one shape or another the great labor question must succeed the

slavery question in our politics. In farmers' granges and alliances, and anti-monopoly associations, in trades unions and federations, and notably in the enormous growth of the Knights of Labor, a vague, but giant power has been arising, which could only reach its ends through political action. What has delayed the crystallization of these forces into a political party has been the indefiniteness of thought on such subjects. Discontent with existing conditions there has been enough, but when it came to the improvement of these conditions by political action there was no agreement. In short, up to this time, Labor has not gone into politics, because it did not really know what to do in politics. This great vague power has been like a vast body of unorganized men anxious to go somewhere, but uterly ignorant of the road and without leaders whom they have learned to trust. And while one has called "This way!" and another "That way!" and constant efforts have been made by little parties starting out in this or that direction to get the great mass to follow them, the main body has refused to move.

The Greenback Labor party was a protest against the wasteful and unjust financial management which has enriched the few at the expense of the many, and it appealed with great strength to the debtor class; but the issue that it tried to raise was not large enough to move the great body. So with the various anti-monopoly movements, and with the local labor parties which have here and there from time to time carried a municipal or county election, and sometimes by combining forces with one or the other of the two great parties have carried a State. With all such movements the fatal weakness has been that they could formulate no large vital issue on which they could agree.

Political parties cannot be manufactured, they must grow. No matter how much the existing political parties may have ceased to represent vital principles and real distinctions, it is not possible for any set of men to collect together incongruous elements of discontent and by compromising differences and pooling demands create a live party. The initiative must be a movement of thought. The formation of a real party follows the progress of an idea. When some fundamental issue, that involves large principles and includes smaller questions, and that will on the one hand command support and on the other compel opposition, begins to come to the front in thought and discussion, then a new party, or

rather two new parties, must begin to form, though of course one or both may retain old names and develop from old organizations.

That now is the situation. Gradually yet rapidly the land question has been forcing itself upon attention; and that process of education that has been going on in Central Labor Unions, in Assemblies of the Knights of Labor and in the movements, abortive though they may have have been in themselves, by which it has been attempted to unite the political power of the discontented classes, has been steadily directing thought toward the relation between men and the land on which they live, as the key to social difficulties and labor troubles. And this process has been powerfully aided by the interest and feeling that the Irish movement has aroused in the United States. Here, in fact, the tendencies of that movement have been more openly radical than in Ireland. Shut out of Ireland the *Irish World* has freely circulated here, and in the beginning of the Irish movement sowed broadcast among a most important section of our people the doctrine of the natural right to land; and while the influential editors and politicians and clergymen who have been so ready to assert or to assent to the truth that God made Ireland for the Irish people and not for the landlords, have been careful to avoid any insinuation that this continent was also made by the same power and for an equally impartial purpose, they too have been unwittingly aiding in the same work.

I was originally of the opinion that the first large steps to the solution of the labor question by the recognition of equal rights to land would be taken on the other side of the Atlantic, and in what I have done to help in arousing sentiment there have always had in mind the reflex action on this country, where, as I have told our friends on the other side, I believed the movement would be quicker when it did fairly start. But although I have known better perhaps than any one else, how widely and how deeply the ideas that I among others have been striving to propagate have been taking root in the United States, they have reached the stage of political action quicker than the most sanguine among us would have dared to imagine. In going into the municipal contest in New York last fall on the principle of abolishing taxation on improvements and putting taxes on land values irrespective of improvements, the United Labor party of New York City raised an issue, which by the opposition it aroused and

the strength it evoked showed the line along which the coming cleavage of parties must run. We did not win that election—few among us really cared for winning, for we were not struggling for offices. But we did more than win an election. We brought the labor question—or what is the same thing, the land question—into practical politics. And it is there to stay.

The coming party is not yet fairly organized, nor is the name it will be known by probably yet adopted. But it has an idea, and that an idea that is growing in strength every day, and that from the opposition it provokes, no less than from the enthusiasm it arouses, must gain support with accelerating rapidity. For so monstrous is the notion that some men must pay other men for the use of this planet,—so repugnant to all ideas of justice and all dictates of public policy is it that the values created by social growth and social improvement shall go but to swell the incomes of a class ; so opposed to the first and strongest of all perceptions is it that the rights of individual ownership which properly attach to the products of human labor should attach to natural elements that no man made ; and so clearly does the simple means by which the common right to land can be secured, the taking of land values (*i. e.*, the value which attaches to land by reason of social growth and improvement, and irrespective of the improvements made by the individual user) for public purposes harmonize with all other desirable reforms,—that our present treatment of land as individual property can only be acquiesced in where it is not questioned or discussed.

As this discussion goes on, and it is now going on all over the United States, the principle of common rights in the land, brought to a definite issue in the proposition to abolish all other taxes in favor of a tax on land values irrespective of improvements, must win adherents, and permeate and bring in line under its standard those associations and organizations whose existence is a proof of widely-existing discontent, but which have lacked the definiteness of purpose necessary to successful political action.

As yet the United Labor party of New York is the strongest organization on the new lines, and the convention which it will hold in Syracuse on the 11th of August will probably give an impetus to organization throughout the country, the way for which is now being prepared by the formation of land and labor clubs. What is known as the Union Labor party formed at Cin-

cinnati in February by a gathering composed of some delegates from the Farmers' Alliances of the West, Greenbackers, and Knights of Labor, with self-appointed representatives of all sorts of opinions and crotchets, was one of those attempts to manufacture a political party which are foredoomed to failure. Sooner or later its components must fall on one side or the other of the issue raised by the more definite movement. On which side the majority of them will fall there can be little doubt.

While the new party aims at the emancipation of labor, and in its beginnings derives from the organization of labor that has been going on the strength which wherever it has yet appeared has made it at once a respectable factor in politics,—it aims at the improvement of the conditions of labor, not by doing anything special for laborers, but by securing the equal rights of all men. It will not be a labor party in any narrow sense, and in the name which it will finally assume the word labor, if not dropped, will at least be freed from narrow connotations.

But questions of name and questions of organization, are to us who see the coming of the new party, and who know its power, matters of comparatively unimportant detail. We have faith in the idea, and as that moves forward we know all else will follow. We can form no combinations and will make no compromises. How our progress may affect the political equilibrium, and give temporary success, locally or nationally, to either of the old parties, we care nothing at all. Even whether our own candidates, when we put them up, are elected or defeated, makes little difference,—the contest will stimulate discussion and promote the cause. We follow a principle that through defeat must go on to final triumph. And because the new party that is forming *is* clustering round a great principle, we have no fear that it can be captured or betrayed. The "politicians" who would anywhere get hold of its organization, would get but an empty shell, unless they, too, bent themselves to serve the principle.

What is the deep strength of the new movement is shown no less by the manner in which the Catholic masses have rallied around Dr. McGlynn than by the political power it has exhibited when its standard has been fairly raised. Whoever has witnessed one of those great meetings which the Anti-Poverty Society is holding on Sunday evenings in New York, must see that an idea

is coming to the front that lays hold upon the strongest of political forces—the religious sentiment ; and that the "God wills it ! God wills it !" of a new crusade is indeed beginning to ring forth.

Our progress will at first be quicker in the cities than in the agricultural districts, simply because the men of the country are harder to reach ; but whoever imagines that the foolish falsehood that we propose to put all taxes on farmers will long prevent the men who till the soil from rallying around our banner leans on a broken reed.

HENRY GEORGE.

WHY AM I A FREE RELIGIONIST?

In the autumn of 1865, immediately after the war, when the idea of union was in all minds, the plan of combining all the so-called liberal sects into a single working fraternity occurred to a brilliant, energetic leader among the Unitarians, and led to the formation of the "National Conference." The invitation to the first formative meeting in New York was hearty and comprehensive; so broad, in fact, that many came who were not in sympathy with any sectarian aims whatever, and were drawn by the hope of a wider spiritual fellowship than the occasion warranted. No expectations then seemed extravagant. All shackles were falling off; all souls mounted on wings. These high anticipations were soon disappointed, as the men who called, managed, and organized the conference, did not propose to go beyond the lines of Unitarianism, as at that time defined. Thereupon, the Radicals protested, not being able to accept the phrase "Lord Jesus Christ," which had a conspicuous place in the preamble of the constitution. Vain were all arguments, persuasions, explanations, disclaimers of intention to exclude anybody by insisting on the binding force of a form of words, which each might interpret in a manner to suit his own conscience. The dissenters, without mutual agreement, seceded not so much because they objected to the symbol, as because they resented everything like an obligatory creed. This, however, was rather the occasion than the cause of the departure. For several years the gulf between the believers in tradition and the believers in reason had been growing wider, and the fact was disclosed now that it was impassable. Twenty years later such a split could not have happened, for the reason that the faith in tradition had greatly diminished, the temper of conciliation was larger, and the former issues were obsolete; but at that period division was inevitable. After some meetings, which proved to be preliminary, notably one at C. A. Bartol's, in

Chestnut street, Boston, a call was issued for a public gathering at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Thursday forenoon, at ten o'clock, "to consider the conditions, wants, and prospects of Free Religion in America." The room was full. The spirit was brave, inspiring, hopeful. The breadth of the expectation is shown by the circumstance that R. W. Emerson, John Weiss, R. D. Owen, W. H. Furness, Lucretia Mott, Henry Blanchard (Universalist minister), T. W. Higginson, D. A. Wasson, Isaac M. Wise (a Hebrew rabbi), Oliver Johnson (a well-known abolitionist), F. E. Abbot, and Max Lilienthal (another rabbi), were invited to speak. All responded kindly, and several made addresses. Mr. Emerson was present, a sympathetic participant, and said a few words of encouragement. This was the beginning of the Free Religious Association, and sufficiently explains its aim. The objects of the Association were, as its constitution declared, "to encourage the scientific study of religion and ethics, to advocate freedom in religion, to increase fellowship in spirit, and to emphasize the supremacy of practical morality in all the relations of life."

It will be evident tha the first tendency of the Association was towards non-sectarianism. Its purpose was to throw down fences, even *wire* ones, erected to keep minds out, to allay animosities, to promote a friendly feeling among inquirers after religious truth. It was inclusive; a "spiritual peace society," suggesting the wisdom of disarmament. Polemics were forbidden, adverse criticism was disallowed. The leaders were radical Unitarians, young men of strong, in some instances of explosive, convictions, and it would have been surprising if, now and then, they should not have given expression to their individual opinions. But all this was at variance with the principles of the organization. The single intention was to win confidence, to augment fellowship. At the outset cordial endeavors were made to include different classes of believers in Christendom,—orthodox, heterodox, Protestants of every name, Romanists,—to come together on one platform, amicably to hear each other's frank confession, to state freely the reasons for their own faith, and thus add to the sum of sympathy among disciples. Great efforts were made to draw into concert the most opposite parties. The society, as such, had no opinions; creedlessness was its creed. Not that it was indifferent, for it was just the reverse; catholic rather, standing above division, and appreciating all sincere endeavors to get at

the soul of truth. At this period it had hearty co-operation from eminent men and women of every Protestant denomination.

Soon, however, the Association passed over the bounds of Christianity and welcomed other religions to its hospitalities. RELIGION was before RELIGIONS, faith above doctrine, the spirit of adoration, aspiration, sacrifice, superior to organizations, character pre-eminent over churches. Then Christianity itself became a gigantic sect, and other faiths,—Judaism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and the rest,—were raised to the peerage. No attempt was made to depreciate our own belief; on the contrary, the President, in an essay, spoke of Christianity as "the queen of faiths," but the excellencies of foreign systems were celebrated, sometimes with exaggeration. There was not so much learning then as there is now. Neither did nice discrimination enter into the plans of an Association which tried to lift aspersion from despised beliefs. Any overstatement on this side may easily be pardoned.

The Association was never less than national in its scope. Its membership and official representation covered many States. The first call was for a meeting to consider the conditions, wants, and prospects of Free Religion *in America*. Now it was world-wide. The managers wanted to introduce some prominent professor of Judaism. A real Brahmin, Buddhist, Parsee would have been an acquisition. A high-souled atheist would have been a "God send." The sole limit to sympathy was practical infidelity. Every aspiring soul was, in the best sense, "orthodox."

The implications were exceedingly broad. It was assumed that all religions had the same substantial texture; that all enunciated the same moral principles; that all illustrated the same spiritual aspirations; that all had at heart the supreme welfare of men. And it was thought that all might be persuaded to join forces for the moral elevation of the race. This was the anticipation. This was the endeavor. The establishment merely of a free Parliament was a great thing; but here was a greater, namely, the *re-enforcement of the spiritual powers of mankind*. A hope of this kind lay very near the heart of the projectors. The chief reason why it was not more heavily emphasized was the immediate pressure of other points, less inspiring, but more imperative, previous also in time. Four of these were put forth in the original constitution,—the scientific study of religion and

ethics as distinguished from the doctrinal, ecclesiastical, or sentimental method; the advocacy of rational freedom in religious inquiry; the increase of spiritual fellowship; the maintenance of the moral element as supreme over dogmatic prejudice. These were high aims, that well might be cherished by the most soaring minds; as, in fact, they were. William Henry Channing, one of the most lofty, pure, ardent, worshipful of men, was a firm friend of the Association to the end of his life, spoke on its platform whenever opportunity offered, and warmly entertained the ultimate hope it foretold. The noblest transcendentalists,—Weiss, Johnson, Emerson, Wasson, Alcott, Bartol,—adhered stanchly to its grandest affirmation, though they were unable, some of them, to join the organization, partly from an aversion to all grouping of sects, and partly through personal dislike of incidental utterances they chanced to hear. They were a company of idealists; many called them enthusiasts; a few applied to them a less complimentary name. The more practical men, those who were interested in the spread of denominationalism, the history of doctrines, the diffusion of opinions, the triumph of a sect, the moderate part played by existing organizations, of course, took no interest in the movement. These were simply of a different temperament, not necessarily hostile. Some joined the new Association while retaining their former connections with orthodox or liberal societies, for it was expressly declared in the beginning that membership in the Association should "affect in no degree one's relations to other associations," though in one or two instances it did. Indeed, the plan involved nothing that the most rigid believer could not accept, even "supernaturalism," as it was called then, being defined occasionally as a more sublimated kind of spiritualism, natural because coming in the order of the soul's development, the normal method of growth. Thus the four points mentioned—the scientific study of religion, the advocacy of rational freedom, fellowship in the spirit and not in the letter, the vital supremacy of character over belief—might be received, not by a formalist surely, but by an earnest Protestant, yes, by a devout Romanist. For such might well be convinced that his system rested on foundations of reason and science. That the Romanists did not come in was due rather to their anticipated primacy than to any logical objection. At least that was the reason assigned by a leader among them.

Still, to the common mind, these four propositions went very far in the direction of naked rationalism. They implied a complete recasting of the ancient formularies, an entire abolition of wonted usages, the bestowal of the ugly name of prejudices on cherished opinions, the consecration of what seemed visionary experiences, the friendly offer of the open hand in place of the clenched fist. They were, in a word, revolutionary, just as Emerson's protest against the communion was revolutionary in reality though constructive; just as Quakerism was a repudiation of the form though in obedience to the idea. If the Free Religious Association had had a different origin it would have met with a more cordial welcome. At any rate, no opprobrium of suspicion would have been attached to it. The more reason for holding high the conception.

It is not claimed that the design of the Association has been carried out, or will be in any definite time, though advances toward it have been made in the lapse of years; nor is it pretended that the society has accomplished all that has been done. Every organization is as much the creature as the creator of its period. The thought of the Free Religious Association was in the air of the epoch. The passion for scientific knowledge, the demand for liberty, the craving after union, the appreciation of goodness is characteristic of the age. But prepossessions yield slowly; the passage from dream to reality is long. The method of sentimentalism prevails when the method of science has vindicated its title to pre-eminence. The application of liberty is painful. Fellowship in the spirit is beautiful, but seems hardly feasible. The supremacy of character is noble, but far off. As to the sympathy, symphony, essential identity of religions, we have our own revelation, say the ordinary sectarians, and that is good enough for us, and every attempt to put Christianity on a level with other faiths must result in dragging it down, not in raising these up. In the interest, therefore, of an exalted, spirituality, the work of the Free Religious Association is more than justified.

It has been a standing complaint that the Association *did* nothing, that it was merely speculative, that it consumed the hours in talk, and in somewhat metaphysical talk, too, that it llved in the air, keeping itself aloof from the organized interests of belief. This is, in a measure, true, but it only proves the design of the Association. It was *purposely* speculative. Therein lies the motive

of its existence, and to this it steadily adheres, after twenty years of being. It was not a reform club, though eminent reformers spoke from its platform, and individual members held conspicuous positions in the ranks of reform. It was not a philanthropical society, though papers on charity were read at its conventions and were listened to with delight, as well as hearty approval, while beneficent work occupied much of the time of the managers. For several years the President was a well-known philanthropist, who exerted himself to raise money for charitable undertakings, and who resigned because the Association could not be committed to any plan of practical labor. When its speculative mission is completed, if it ever is, some form of beneficence will, undoubtedly, be adopted, but it will be comprehensive, human, inclusive, looking to the general elevation of man. Local, partial, spasmodic it could not be. Most consonant with its idea would be a congress of charities, at which each might present its contribution to the purification of human life, advancing its plea to consideration. This would be as original and unique as its first conception, and would supply the sole practical aspect this will admit of. A mere union, headquarters, clearing-house of charities, would not be sufficient. Something more than a convenience is required; a concert of sympathetic action is called for, and this can be obtained only by some such plan as is suggested. At present, an armed truce, based on mutual jealousy, is the utmost that has been projected in society, and so much has been obtained with difficulty. A hearty co-operation, founded upon the desire to diminish the evils under which human beings suffer and to multiply the chances for improvement, is still unattempted. Perhaps this achievement is reserved for the Free Religious Association. It is a curious comment on this criticism that the society does nothing but talk, whose history is one of "chatter," that the leader of practical religion at the West, the author of a spiritual movement founded upon a basis purely humane, without a speculative test of any sort, was for years a diligent worker among its advisers, a friend of its officers, a graduate from its school. He is but carrying out its resolution.

I have said that the Free Religionist has no creed. He has none as a Free Religionist, though as an individual he may belong to the most stringent church in Christendom. But he must be a religious man; he must be a man of character, pure, honor-

able, devoted. He may define religion in his own way, may be a disbeliever in a personal God, as well as in conscious immortality; but he must be convinced of the necessity to reconcile his life to general laws, and to be faithful to moral principle. A large love of duty must be in him before he can think of joining this fraternity. Speculative freedom alone is not a recommendation. If it is associated with looseness of conduct, it may be the opposite of a recommendation. The freedom of *religion* is the aim, not freedom without religion. The supremacy of *character* is the object, not the *absence* of character; creedlessness, not unrighteousness; the abolition of doctrinal tests, not the abrogation of moral laws; the establishment of humanity, not the overthrow of goodness. No bitter words are spoken against belief, we simply demand the fruits of it, assuming the virtues of individual faith.

One persuasion, however, seems to have exerted a fascination over leading minds, namely, the essential spirituality of man. This article has been interpreted differently by different orders of mind. The late D. A. Wasson, one of the speakers at the first meeting, maintained that religion was the expression of an infinite soul in man; that his earliest act was one of instinctive worship; that the primitive literature consisted of hymns, prayers, invocations; that aspiration is native and spontaneous; that the hope of immortality, the sense of deity, trust in Providence grow out of this tendency upwards, and that the dark, foolish, bewildered interpretations were due, in the main, to want of knowledge, crudity of feeling, or incoherence of language. W. H. Channing, on the other hand, thought there had been a primitive revelation from God; that every important truth was communicated from above; that the earliest religion had the same ideas as the later, and that the cardinal beliefs were covered up by various circumstances, prominent among which was the growth of speculative science. Both men were champions of mental freedom; both were students of history; both were confident that research would vindicate their theory; both welcomed foreign systems of faith. Mr. Channing, at his last visit to this country, in 1880, spoke fervently upon the platform of the Association in advocacy of his favorite opinion, assuring the managers that if they went far enough they would arrive at Christianity as the modern version of religion, the form in which the primitive revelation is presented to us.

These are my reasons for being a Free Religionist, because so I secure absolute freedom of thought in the study of religious literature, perfect freedom of movement among all religious phenomena, a pure fellowship of religious intention and purpose, a frank confession of the superiority of practical morality to dogma even of the most liberal description, If it be urged that these principles are avowed by other bodies, the answer is, "So much the better." The wider the postulates are diffused, the stronger is the testimony to their felt importance. Their complete prevalence will attest the full attainment of the end sought. Twenty years ago they were not recognized. Twenty years hence they will be far from domesticated. Cordial books have been written, hearty words have been spoken for the ancient faiths of the world, but they represent the more advanced types of thought; they are still accounted bold, if not heretical. Not until it is easy to extend a friendly right hand to all believers and hail their co-operation in re-enforcing the highest sentiments of mankind, can the Association venture to disband. As a voice only, to express the conviction of the age, it is valuable.

The re-enforcement of the highest sentiments of mankind; is not this a crying demand? Does not the age travail in pain till this be accomplished? The sigh of our generation is for unity in all the departments of life. The field of moral sentiment, of ideal principles is the most important. A "Spiritual Peace Society," for this our Association has been called, should be held in honor. It is not a sectarian or denominational question, not a question of Unitarianism or Presbyterianism, of Protestantism or Romanism, but of Religion itself in its wide human aspects. It is not a question of belief or disbelief, but of faith in its most vital, that is, its most life-giving sense. The idea is, in the highest degree, conservative. By a logical accident it was launched by radical Unitarians, for they were in the condition to see the beauty, to feel the necessity of it, and in their hands it must remain so long as its fundamental conception is unchanged, but it deeply concerns all who seek the spiritual harmony of men. Its origin should not be a stigma upon it, while its implications should be cordially cherished. Of course, the *substantial* identity of religion must be conceded, and to get at this one must go beneath forms and dogmas, down to the pure spiritual and ethical principles that lie at the foundation of all. He who does not admit this will

frown on any attempt to bring them together for purposes of mutual encouragement or support, but he who recognizes this as a truth will be glad of an opportunity to say so. Of course, too, he who devotes himself to this idea will be prepared to face honest criticism, to put away the spirit of contempt, to submit to a long discipline in patience, and to be educated in the charity that never fails.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

LAND-STEALING IN NEW MEXICO.

In a letter from President Cleveland, dated May 11, 1885, he asked me if I would accept the office of Governor or Surveyor-General of New Mexico, and co-operate with him in breaking up the "rings" of that Territory, stating that he considered the latter position the more important of the two. The question was a complete surprise to me, and my strong inclination was to return a prompt answer in the negative. In view of advancing years and failing health, I had no desire to venture so far out on the frontier, and engage in a vexatious struggle with the organized roguery that had so long afflicted New Mexico. On conferring with intelligent friends on the subject, however, my impressions were modified, and, after listening to their stories about the climate of Santa Fé and indulging in dreams of restored health, I finally answered the President in the affirmative. My appointment as Surveyor-General was made soon thereafter, and I entered upon the duties of the office on the 22d of July.

All that I had heard about the climate was true, but the half had not been told me concerning the ravages of land-stealing. In dealing with this subject I shall confine myself in the present article to the single topic of Spanish and Mexican land grants.

When New Mexico was ceded to the United States the estimated area of these grants was about twenty-four thousand square miles, or a little over fifteen million acres, being equal in extent to the land surface of the four States of Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Vermont. The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of 1848, and the Law of Nations, obliged the United States to respect the title of all these grants, so far as found valid under the laws of Spain and Mexico; and to this end the Act of Congress of July 22, 1854, was passed, creating the office of Surveyor-General for the Territory, and making it his duty to "ascertain the origin, nature, character, and extent" of these claims,

and report his opinion thereon for the final action of Congress. This armed the Surveyor-General with very large and responsible powers. He was required to pass upon the title of hundreds of thousands of acres, while no court in the Union had any authority to review his opinions, which were final and absolute, subject only to the ultimate supervision of Congress. This legislation would have proved wise and salutary if the Surveyors-General had been first-rate lawyers, incorruptible men, and diligent in their work, and if Congress had promptly acted upon the cases reported for final decision. But the reverse of all this happened. Competent and fit men for so important a service would not accept it for the meagre salary provided by law. Official life in an old Mexican province, and in the midst of an alien race, offered few attractions to men of ambition and force. Moreover, the men who could be picked up for the work were exposed to very great trials. Their duties presupposed judicial training and an adequate knowledge of both Spanish and American law; but with one or two exceptions they were not lawyers at all, while they were clothed with the power to adjudicate the title to vast areas of land. Of course, the speculators who bought these grants at low rates from the grantees or their descendants, in the hope of large profits, comprehended the situation perfectly. They sought the good-will of the Surveyor-General because they desired an opinion favorable to their titles. In furtherance of this darling purpose they took note of his small salary and his natural love of thrift, while carefully taking his measure with the view of enlisting him in their service by controlling motives. It quite naturally happened that forged and fraudulent grants, covering very large tracts, were declared valid, and that the Surveyor-General's office very often became a mere bureau in the service of grant claimants, and not the agent and representative of the Government. Instead of construing these grants strictly against the grantee, and devolving upon him the burden of establishing his claim by affirmative proofs, the Surveyor-General acted upon the principle that Spanish and Mexican grants are to be presumed, and all doubts solved in the interest of the claimant. The details of this systematic robbery of the Government under the forms of law will be noticed as I proceed.

But the wholesale plunder of the public domain was carried on with still more startling results through extravagant and fraudu-

lent surveys. The grant owners did not exhaust their resources on the Surveyor-General. Their dalliance with his deputies was still more shameful. At the date of these old grants, the Spanish and Mexican governments attached little value to their lands. They were abundant and cheap, and granted in the most lavish and extravagant quantities. Leagues, not acres, were the units of measurement, and no actual survey was thought of when a grant was made. A rude sketch-map was drawn by some uneducated herdsman, giving a general outline of the tract, with some of the prominent natural objects indicating its boundaries. These boundaries were necessarily vague and indefinite, while the natural objects which marked them often became obliterated by time. When New Mexico became the property of the United States, and the owners of these grants asked the Government for a preliminary survey in aid of their identification, and for the purpose of asserting title, there was no law providing for the judicial determination of the true boundaries, and the deputy surveyor, who was under no particular obligations to ascertain them, was interested in the length of his lines, being paid so many dollars per mile. He was nominally an officer of the Government, but really a mere contractor, and naturally in sympathy with the grant owner, rather than the United States. The latter was never represented in these surveys, while the owner of the grant was always present, in person or by his agent, and directed the deputy surveyor in his work. His controlling purpose was to make the area of his grant as large as possible, and his interpretation of its terms invariably conformed to this idea. If a given boundary of the tract was a mountain, the deputy surveyor went to the top of it, instead of stopping at the base. If there were several mountain ranges of the same name, at different distances, the farthest of them was selected as the boundary, instead of the nearest. If the phraseology of the grant was found equivocal, or uncertain in any respect, it was always construed in the interest of extension, rather than limitation. In doubtful cases, in which it was deemed wise to fortify the views of the claimant by oral testimony in the field, witnesses could readily be found who would serve his purpose. Perjury and subornation of perjury were by no means uncommon, while the questions propounded were usually printed, and suggested the answers to be given, and there was no cross-examination of the witnesses. It generally happened that they could neither

read nor write, and in quite a number of instances their pretended testimony was not attested by their signatures, nor authenticated by the officer referred to as officiating in the case; while the deputy surveyor sometimes assumed the right to swear the witnesses before entering upon the farce of their examination.

Such were the processes by which the titles to these grants were adjudicated, and their boundaries determined. It is easy to imagine the results which followed. Millions of acres of the public domain were thus appropriated to the uses of private greed. In dealing with this enormous theft of the national patrimony, I do not speak at random, but on the authority of ascertained facts. My attention was directed to this subject soon after entering upon my official work, and the result was an order from the Land Department instructing me to re-examine the cases acted on by my predecessors, wherever the public interest seemed to require it. In obedience to these instructions, I have overhauled the work of my office for the past thirty years, and made supplementary reports in many of the most important cases. The curtain has been lifted upon a very remarkable spectacle of maladministration, and I refer to the following illustrative facts:

What is known as the Pedernales grant is dated in the year 1807. It was approved by the Surveyor-General, but no grant, in fact, was shown, nor any delivery of possession. The land asked for by the grantee was a narrow strip about a mile in length in the Cañon de Pedernales; but the unauthenticated paper purporting to show the juridical delivery of possession, describes the tract as equal to twenty miles square, or 400 square miles, containing 256,000 acres. The title to all this, resting upon a void and fraudulent grant, is asserted by the present claimants, and the land reserved from actual settlement till Congress shall pass upon the validity of the claim.

The Cañada Ancha tract was a grant to Salvador Gonzales, who simply asked the Governor of New Mexico for a spot of land on which "to plant a cornfield" for the support of his family. It was one of a group of small grants in the immediate vicinity of Santa Fé, and contains a fraction over 130 acres, with well defined and easily ascertained boundaries. The claimants of this grant, whose names were not given to the Surveyor-General, filed a sketch map representing an area of 240,000 acres, or 375 square miles. The deputy surveyor placed himself at the head of

a roving commission, in search of the boundaries, which he extended some twenty miles from Santa Fé, and made to include the highest mountain peaks of New Mexico, and 103,759 acres. A second survey was made afterwards, containing only 23,661 acres, including more than 20,000 acres of hills and mountains utterly unfit for cultivation, although the grantee only asked for land for "a cornfield." The land covered by the larger survey is reserved from settlement, and will so remain till Congress shall adjudicate the title; but in the meanwhile the claimants of the land, having been made ashamed of their performances, have abandoned their case since the actual area and boundaries of the little tract have been determined by an authentic survey.

The grant to what is known as the Cañon de Chama tract is claimed to have been made to Francisco Salazar and others in 1806. The present claimants, in their petition to the Surveyor-General, did not give their names, but claimed title to a hundred and eighty-four thousand acres. The Surveyor-General illustrated his genius in the art of measuring land by giving them 472,000. There is no proof that any valid grant was ever made, but if there was it was plainly confined to the Cañon de Chama, which is narrow, and would probably restrict the entire tract to 25,000 acres or less. The deputy surveyor gave no heed to these facts, but went outside of the cañon from ten to fifteen miles in search of the boundaries. The entire tract, as surveyed, is reserved from settlement under the Act of July 22d, 1854, and is enjoyed by a few monopolists; and should Congress approve the recommendation of the Surveyor-General, the public domain will be defrauded of at least four hundred and fifty thousand acres.

The grant to Antonio Sandoval, or Estancia grant, was made under the Mexican colonization law of 1824. It was void under that law, because neither the grant nor the record of it was found among the archives of the Mexican government. There is not even an equitable claim to the land, since it is not shown that the grantee ever occupied it, or exercised any acts of ownership over it. The grant, however, was approved by the Surveyor-General, and surveyed for 415,036 acres, or 648 square miles; and this large area is reserved from settlement.

The claim known as the grant to Ignacio Chaves covers about four leagues, or 17,712 acres. There was no evidence that the conditions of the grant were ever complied with, or of the existence

of any heirs or legal representatives of the grantee. The grant, however, was pronounced valid by the Surveyor-General, and the survey made the tract fifteen miles from north to south, and twenty-two from east to west, containing an area of 243,036 acres, or nearly 380 square miles. The land is reserved from settlement.

The Socorro grant invites particular attention. It is alleged to have been made in 1815 or 1816, but its existence is not shown. The fragmentary papers relied on as proof utterly fail to establish it. An equitable claim may be asserted with some plausibility to a small portion of the tract, including a group of villages existing at the date of the alleged grant; but the claim made covers 1,612,000 acres, and as surveyed it contains 843,259 acres, including very valuable minerals which are not excepted by the recommendation of the Surveyor-General, as they should have been. All of this land, amounting to 1,317 square miles, as surveyed, is reserved from settlement awaiting the action of Congress.

The grant to Bernardo Miera y Pacheco and Pedro Padilla was one league of land, or 4,438 acres. The conditions of the grant were never complied with, and no title therefore vested in the grantees. The land, however, was surveyed for 148,862 acres, and this area is unwarrantably reserved from settlement in the interest of the claimants.

The Cañada de Cochiti grant is dated August 2d, 1728. The grantee petitioned for "a piece of land to plant thereon, and on said piece of land to cultivate ten fanegas of wheat and two of corn," being about 32 acres, and to pasture his "small stock and horse herd." The validity of the grant is not shown, nor is there even an equitable claim; but it was approved by the Surveyor-General, and the survey covers a strip of land averaging from five to six miles in width, and from twenty-five to thirty in length, aggregating an area of 104,554 acres, or a little more than 163 square miles. The whole of this tract is reserved from settlement in behalf of the monopolists who claim it without right.

The San Joaquin del Naainiento grant was made in 1769. It was genuine, but the conditions were never complied with, and the title, therefore, did not vest. It was approved, however, by the Surveyor-General, and surveyed for 131,725 acres. The land is reserved from settlement, and must so remain till the title is acted upon by Congress.

The José Sutton grant was made for sixteen square leagues,

although it could not exceed eleven under the Mexican colonization law, which governs it. It was surveyed for 69,445 acres. The grant is believed to have been genuine, but it was made on fundamental conditions precedent, which were totally disregarded by the grantee, who left the Territory many years ago without having shown the slightest purpose to assert title. The land is valuable, but is reserved from settlement, and has been so reserved for twenty years. It is one of the most bare-faced frauds yet perpetrated through the machinery of the Surveyor-General's office.

The grant of the Arroyo de Lorenzo tract was made in the year 1825, and the grantee took possession, but there is no evidence that he ever complied with the conditions of the royal laws under which such grants were made. As the grant must be governed by the Mexican colonization law of 1824, it could not exceed one square league, or a fraction over 4,438 acres; but it was surveyed for 130,000 acres, and its confirmation to this extent recommended by the Surveyor-General. The land is reserved from settlement and the government defrauded.

The Vallecito de Lovato grant was recommended for confirmation, but no grant was shown, nor any trustworthy evidence that possession of the land was ever delivered. The claimants were not named, and were unknown to the Surveyor-General. The survey of the pretended grant, however, was made for 114,400 acres. The land is reserved from settlement, and has been for a dozen years.

The grant of Bernabé, M. Montaño and others was recommended for confirmation by the Surveyor-General for seven square leagues, or nearly 31,000 acres, and is believed to be valid to that extent; but the tract, as surveyed, is nine miles from east to west, and twenty-two miles from north to south, covering 151,055 acres, or about 241 square miles. The whole of this tract is appropriated to the uses of private greed, and withheld from actual settlers.

These illustrations of legalized spoliation and robbery could readily be multiplied, but it is unnecessary. They form a part only of a large group of claims now before Congress for final action, and they show that the General Land Office was amply justified in its effort to place before that body all available information looking to the rescue of the public domain from the clutches of roguery, and its restoration to actual settlement. The amount of lands which may thus be restored, added to the area

misappropriated under forged and fraudulent titles and unwarranted surveys in the original cases investigated by me since I came into office, will aggregate from four to five million acres.

But I pass to the cases in which Congress has taken final action, being forty-nine in all, of which two only have been rejected. Of the forty-seven confirmed cases, twenty-four have been patented, covering 6,176,857 acres, leaving twenty-three unpatented cases, covering an area of 2,498,108 acres. In the latter class of cases large areas may be restored to the public domain by a resurvey, fixing the true boundaries of the grants under the direction of the General Land Office. This will doubtless be done. A partial examination of these cases clearly indicates the same maladministration pointed out in the unconfirmed claims already noticed. In the survey of the Antoine Leroux grant, for example, more than 100,000 acres of the public domain are included. In the Las Vegas claim, which covers a small grant in fee of tillable land, with the right of pasturage over a much larger area, the survey is made to include 496,000 acres. In the Juana Lopez grant, which covers a small table-land of from ten to twelve thousand acres, with well-defined boundaries, the survey is made to include 42,000 acres. In all these and like cases resurveys are demanded. Judging from the facts disclosed by the records of the Surveyor-General's office, fully one-half the aggregate of these confirmed but unpatented lands is illegally included in the preliminary surveys already made, and may be restored to the public domain by an honest resurvey.

In the patented grants the rights of the United States are foreclosed, unless the patents can be set aside on the ground of fraud or mistake. In the case of the Ortiz mine claim, no grant was ever made. It was conceived by the Surveyor-General and midwived by the act of Congress approving it; but as that act refers to the boundaries mentioned in the papers, and thus seems to recognize them, the government has no redress. The survey of the Armendaris grant is largely excessive, and the patent should be set aside, as I trust it will be in due season. The Tierra Amarialla grant is surveyed for 596,515 acres, or 932 square miles. If any grant was made in this case it was restricted by the Mexican colonization law to eleven square leagues, or about 48,000 acres. There is nothing in the act of Congress confirming this grant to warrant the survey, and the Land Department, on my report of

the case, has recommended that proceedings be instituted to set aside the patent. The Mora grant is surveyed for 827,621 acres, or nearly 1,400 square miles. A good deal of the testimony in this case is not signed by the witnesses, nor are their statements accompanied by the usual affidavits. No grant was produced in evidence, and there was nothing to indicate a grant in fee, but only a distribution of the lands claimed, while there is no conclusive proof that the conditions of the grant were performed. A judicial examination of the whole case is called for.

Of the patented and unpatented lands I have noticed, aggregating 8,674,965 acres, I think it will be safe to estimate that at least one-half, namely, 4,337,482 acres, have been illegally devoted to private uses under invalid grants or unauthorized surveys. If to this sum I add the estimate before mentioned of from four to five million acres unlawfully appropriated in cases pending before Congress, an approximate estimate will be reached covering about 9,000,000 acres of the public domain which are now, and for many years past have been, in the grasp of men who have used and enjoyed the land for their own emolument, and whose earnest prayer is to be let alone in their ill-gotten possessions.

But I have only partially exhibited the results of "earth-hunger" in New Mexico, and the power of these grant owners. It would be an extravagance to assume that they have not exercised a shaping influence over the action of Congress touching their claims. It will not do to lay all the blame upon Surveyors-General. The House Committee on Private Land Claims of the Thirty-sixth Congress, in its report recommending the approval of fourteen of these claims, emphasized the incompetency of these Surveyors-General for the adjudication of such cases, and frankly confessed the unfitness of Congress for the work; yet Congress, as I have shown, has approved forty-seven out of forty-nine cases already examined. That the claimants in these cases have prowled around the committees of Congress, and utilized all the tactics of the lobby in furtherance of their purposes, is at least probable. The famous Maxwell grant deserves attention in this connection.

It was limited by the law under which it was made to twenty-two square leagues, or about 96,000 acres; but it has been surveyed and patented for 1,714,764 acres, or nearly 2,680 square miles. This was done in 1879, in violation of an express order of

the Secretary of the Interior made ten years before, and still in force, restricting it to twenty-two square leagues, and the patent for the larger area issued under circumstances indicating the remarkable readiness of the Commissioner of the General Land Office and the Surveyor-General to serve the claimants. But this astounding piracy of the public domain did not originate with these officials. It had an earlier genesis. Congress had been beguiled by the claimants in 1860 into the confirmation of the grant, with the exterior boundaries named in it, which covered the whole of this immense area, and thus vested the title thereto in the grantees, as the Supreme Court of the United States has recently decided. Congress laid the egg in 1860, which was kindly incubated by the Commissioner of the General Land Office and the Secretary of the Interior in 1879. It was an inexcusable and shameful surrender to the rapacity of monopolists of 1,662,764 acres of the public domain, on which hundreds of poor men had settled in good faith, and made valuable improvements, while it has been as calamitous to New Mexico as it has been humiliating to the government. I have already referred to the Ortiz mine grant, in which Congress was induced to unite with the Surveyor-General in squandering upon private parties over 69,000 acres of exceedingly valuable mineral land which the Mexican government never granted. The careless action of Congress and the presumptive influence of claimants were further illustrated in the confirmation of the Tierra Amarilla and Mora grants, under color of which nearly a million and a half of acres have been segregated from the public domain and dedicated to the uses of monopolists, in consummation of the work of the Surveyor-General in these cases, as before stated. In the matter of the Las Vegas grant, which was claimed by the town of Las Vegas and also by the heirs of Luis Maria Baca, the land actually granted in fee was a tract of moderate size for agricultural purposes. The Surveyor-General decided that both claims were valid, which was simply impossible. Congress confirmed the claim of the town, and did it so unguardedly that the claimants managed to have it surveyed for 496,446 acres, covering probably 440,000 acres in excess of the grant; and then, yielding to the demands of the heirs of Baca, who certainly had no right to anything if the claim of the town was valid, gave them scrip in lieu of the lands thus unwarrantably asked for, covering the same area, and thus defrauded the public

domain to the extent of about 900,000 acres. But I will not multiply these examples. It is sufficient to say that of the whole number of cases submitted by Surveyors-General for final adjudication and passed upon by them in the reckless manner I have specified, Congress has rejected but *two*, and has thus criminally surrendered to monopolists not less than 5,000,000 acres which should have been reserved for the landless poor. I only add that the grant owners of New Mexico have not yet retired from their field of operations in Congress. They have their allies in both Houses. Distinguished Senators and Representatives from some of the great land States of the West are well understood to be in sympathy with S. W. Dorsey, S. B. Elkins, and their confederates, and nothing but the dread of antagonizing the President in his fight against land thieves restrains them from acting openly.

The power of these grant owners over the General Land Office in past years is well known. Its most remarkable illustrations occurred under the administrations of Grant and Hayes, and among these I may specify the attempt to breathe life into the trumped-up Nolan grant in New Mexico, covering 575,968 acres; the extension of the Eaton grant from 27,854 acres to 81,032 acres; and the survey of the Ortiz mine grant for double the area it contained if valid. The case of the Uña de Gato grant affords another illustration. The area of this grant, according to Mr. Dorsey, its claimant, was nearly 600,000 acres. It was reserved from settlement, and is so reserved to-day by the Act of 1854; but when the forgery of the grant was demonstrated in 1879, and he thought it unsafe to rely upon that title, he determined to avail himself of the Homestead and Pre-emption laws. This he could not legally do, because the land was reserved; but the Commissioner of the General Land Office was touched by his misfortune, and in defiance of law ordered the land to be surveyed and opened to settlement. Mr. Dorsey, who was already in possession of thousands of acres of the choicest lands in the tract, at once sent out his squads of henchmen, who availed themselves of the forms of the Pre-emption and Homestead laws, in acquiring pretended titles, which were conveyed to him, according to arrangements previously agreed upon. No record of this unathorized action of the Commissioner is to be found in the Land Office. What was done was done verbally and in the dark, and nothing is now known of the transaction but the fact of its occurrence, and

the intimate relations then existing between Mr. Dorsey and the Commissioner and his chief of surveys. Of course, Mr. Dorsey and his associates in this business have no title to the lands thus acquired, and their entries should be cancelled, not only because the land was reserved from sale by Act of Congress, but because these entries were fraudulently made, as will be shown by investigations now in progress.

The influence of these claimants over the fortunes of New Mexico is perfectly notorious. They have hovered over the territory like a pestilence. To a fearful extent they have dominated governors, judges, district attorneys, legislatures, surveyors-general and their deputies, marshals, treasurers, county commissioners, and the controlling business interests of the people. They have confounded political distinctions and subordinated everything to the greed for land. The continuous and unchecked ascendancy of one political party for a quarter of a century has wrought demoralization in the other. T. B. Catron is a leading Republican, and C. H. Gildersleeve, an equally prominent Democrat, but no political nomenclature fits them. They are simply traffickers in land grants, and recognized captains of this controlling New Mexican industry. This tells the whole story. They have a diversity of gifts, but the same spirit. They are politicians "for revenue only," and have a formidable following. In the Democratic Territorial Convention, which met in August of last year, resolutions were unanimously adopted deprecating the agitation of the question of land frauds in New Mexico, and denying that such frauds exist to any considerable extent; and this slap in the face of a Democratic administration went unrebuked. The leaders of the party in this convention well knew the extent to which these frauds were ramifying the whole territory, and scourging the people. They knew this from the records of the General-Land Office, the reports of its special agents, the action of courts and grand juries, and the startling developments of the Surveyor-General's office; but no member of the convention dared say what all intelligent men in New Mexico knew to be the truth. The grant owners were the masters of the situation. They had no stomach for unpalatable facts, and, therefore, suppressed them. They believed in the gospel of "devil take the hindmost." To rob a man of his home is a crime, second only to murder; and to rob the nation of its public domain, and thus

abridge the opportunity of landless men to acquire homes, is not only a crime against society, but a cruel mockery of the poor. If the convention had said this, it would have sounded the true key-note and battle-cry of reform in New Mexico, while rebuking the ravenous conclave of land-grabbers, whose hidden hand made it the foot-ball of their purposes, and led astray the honest and confiding rank and file of the convention, who would gladly have responded to a brave and honest leadership.

What is the remedy for the evils I have endeavored to depict, and what the hope of New Mexico? The answer is already foreshadowed. In all the cases in which confirmed and unpatented grants have been extended by false and fraudulent surveys, a re-survey should be made under the direction of the General Land Office, fixing the true boundaries and area. In all the cases in which patents to confirmed grants have been procured by fraud, including lands not covered by the confirmatory act of Congress, suits to set aside such patents should be instituted under the direction of the Department of Justice. And the grinding oligarchy of land sharks, whose operations have so long been the blight and paralysis of the Territory, should be completely routed and overthrown. This can only be accomplished by the speedy and final adjudication of their pretended titles. How shall this adjudication be secured? The act of Congress of July 22d, 1854, expressly imposes this duty upon that body; but Congress utterly refuses to take any further action, and, as I have shown, is unfitted for such a service. The project of a Land Commission is equally futile. The act of Congress of 1851, providing such a commission for California, has been in operation for thirty-six years, and from thirty to forty cases of controverted title and survey are yet undisposed of, and now pending in the Surveyor-General's office, the General Land Office, or the courts. The Commission was composed of men of ability and character, but under the malign influence of land-stealing experts the most shameful raids upon the public domain were made through fabricated grants and fraudulent surveys. What is known as Mr. Joseph's bill is a substantial copy of the California act, and the provision in it allowing an appeal from the Commission to the Territorial courts would, of itself, make the project utterly abortive, since the fact is well known that these courts are already loaded down with more work than they can accomplish,

and would be obliged to forego even an attempt to adjudicate these titles. To hope for their speedy settlement through such a project is simply preposterous, and its emphatic approval by the grant owners of the Territory is proof positive of the fact.

Equally vain is the hope of relief through the machinery of what is known as the Edmunds bill, which has repeatedly passed the Senate, and as often been disowned by the House. It refers these claims for adjudication to the District Court of the territory in whose jurisdiction the lands are situated, with the right of either party to appeal from its decision within six months to the Supreme Court of the territory, and from the decision of that court within one year to the Supreme Court of the United States, which is behind with its work four or five years. In all cases in which the judgment of the District Court shall be against the United States, an appeal *must* be taken to the Territorial Supreme Court, and also to the Supreme Court of the United States, unless the Attorney-General shall otherwise direct. The cases are thus to be tried in three several courts, and it is provided that in all of them oral evidence shall be heard, while in the two lower tribunals it would be practically impossible to try the cases at all, by reason of their overburdened territorial business. While such a measure would certainly breed litigation and be very acceptable to lawyers, it could not fail to prove a mere mockery of its professed purpose; and it ought to be entitled "an act to postpone indefinitely the settlement of all titles to Spanish and Mexican grants, and secure to their claimants the unmolested occupancy and use of the same."

In my judgment, what is obviously wanted is a simple enactment of Congress referring all these cases to the Secretary of the Interior for final decision. They are all on the files of the General Land Office, including duly certified copies of all the papers in each case, the evidence, both documentary and oral, the reports of the Surveyors-General, and the supplementary reports recently submitted. The questions of law and fact involved are by no means remarkably intricate or difficult, and they are such as the officials of the Interior Department are accustomed to examine and competent to decide. They involve no greater interests than those constantly adjudicated by the head of that department, with the help of his able legal advisers. Of course, mistakes might be made in deciding these cases. No in-

fallible tribunal has yet been devised for the settlement of legal controversies. Even our higher courts sometimes go astray; while I have already shown what a travesty of both justice and law was the action of the California Commision, and that Congress, by slipshod legislation in dealing with these grants, has surrendered to monopolists and thieves millions of acres of the public domain. No such results need be apprehended from the Department of the Interior. In any event, there would be a *settlement* of titles, which is the paramount desire of all good men. The authority of Congress to do what is proposed is as unquestionable as its authority to create a commission or to refer the cases to the courts. Should it be done, coupled with a statute of limitation fixing a time within which new claims shall be presented or thereafter be barred, the whole of these long pending contests can be disposed of within the limit of three or four years, and New Mexico will have a new birth in the restitution of her stolen domain and the settlement of her titles. The stream of settlers now crossing the Territory in search of homes on the Pacific will be arrested by the new order of things and poured into her valleys and plains. Small land-holdings, thrifty tillage, and compact settlements will supersede great monopolies, slovenly agriculture, and industrial stagnation. The influx of an intelligent and enterprising population will insure the development of the vast mineral wealth of the Territory, as well as the settlement of her lands; while the men who have so long reveled in their triumphant plunder, and are already troubled with "a fearful looking to of judgment to come," will be obliged to take back seats in the temple of civilization which will be reared upon the ruins of the past. All this will come to pass if Congress will but open the way.

GEORGE W. JULIAN.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE PRESS.

About one hundred years ago, during the period that stretched from 1770 to 1800, the human world suffered what may be termed seismic convulsion. Premonitory symptoms of the approaching trouble were not wanting during the preceding century, but it broke forth with the American revolution and culminated in the great French convulsion of 1789. Manquakes upheaved the social and political structures, overthrowing the ancient edifices, and shaking society to its bases.

Mankind, from the earliest recorded time, had been trying upon itself experiments of various forms of government, including monarchies more or less absolute, hierarchies, military empires, oligarchies, republics of every fashion. One form alone had never been fairly tested upon an important scale. This was pure democracy. Every attempt to establish a pure and simple government by the people had been denounced as a dream of the philosopher; it was accepted as a conclusion that Mobocracy might be practicable when applied to a small primitive community, but would inevitably expand into monarchy when that community grew into a great nation.

The outcome of the convulsion of the last century was the experiments attempted in the United States and in France to establish the democratic form of government. These experiments are now proceeding. Here, in America, democracy has enjoyed exceptional advantages: we had a new country, with unbounded sources of wealth, no antecedent institutions, no historical prejudices, no vested rights to restrain or affect our progress, no powerful neighbors to dictate or to influence our acts and wishes. Our people were young, powerful in mind and body, sprung from the most manly blood in Europe, law-loving, industrious, level-headed. We had a clear course; we began at the beginning, with every advantage. If democracy had failed in the United States, it was a failure forever.

France, on the other hand, had not one of these advantages. She had nothing but her passionate sympathy with, and her aspiration after, democratic principles and institutions. It is not strange, therefore, that her first effort degenerated into a military tyranny; her second effort, in 1830, subsided promptly into a constitutional monarchy; her third effort, in 1848, was countered by a conspiracy of adventurers. Her fourth effort, in 1870, is still an experiment.

It was during this convulsive period that the newspaper press, as we now have it, was born. It was the inevitable creature produced by the social elements during their great disturbance. Liberty became a living thing, and its voice, the press, was an indispensable, and, therefore, a natural organ of its body. It was to arive at this birth that (at the risk of incurring the reproach of traveling over beaten ground) the direct parentage of this great institution has been recalled. Previously to 1770 there existed no newspaper press, properly so called. There were flying sheets, not more important than hand bills. There were pamphlets and essays. But the daily record of all affairs of interest and importance had never existed. Gradually this monstrous power began to assume the shape it now takes; the Tribune where Public Opinion is supposed to express and declare the will and mind of the world. The divinity from whom few secrets are concealed, the tribunal to which public and private woes are amenable gradually came into existence. It exerts a consular power over all civilized nations, for all are subject to its decrees. The private and obscure citizen goes in fear of this inquisition. The Cæsar is not secure from its right of search into his palace. The press, then, was the gift of God to the people—being a college of their great minds, exercising a ministry over public affairs and bringing together the human race into honest and grand communion.

Is it utopian to consider, or to imagine, what this institution might have become had it been true to its vocation, and faithful to its palpable mission? To what power and station it has every right to aspire! The title of journalist, or pressman, should have been a patent of nobility, such as enjoyed by the mandarin in China! Are the attachés of European and American newspapers so considered? To what base uses has the press descended, and with it have descended its ministers and its staff! How has this result come to pass? How, in so short a life, not much more

than the life of a man, has this noble edifice come to desecration? Can it be ascribed to any fault in the journalist? Not so. The literary part of the press exhibits more skill and power than any other branch of literature; hastily as the work must frequently be performed, it is excellent in substance and in style. This is more conspicuous in the critical notices of the Fine Arts and the Drama than in the treatment of political and social subjects, and apparently from the reason that the art critic is permitted to write from his own inspiration, while the political writer is fettered by the policy of the journal. It is only just to the press of the United States to confess that the writers of New York, Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco, are equal in talent and brilliancy to the best writers of Paris and London, Berlin or Vienna.

The decline and fall of the newspaper press is due to corruption. It has three functions: First—The collection and circulation of useful and important news. Secondly—The perception of the subjects that are agitating the public mind, and the opinion of thoughtful minds thereupon. The great expenses attending the performance of these duties would not be covered by the sale of the journal if the third function—advertisement—did not come to its support. When it was apparent that the revenue arising from this source was enormous, the newspaper attracted the attention of capital as an important investment, and it soon became a commercial enterprise to which all other considerations were subordinated. As character and dignity did not pay, these were disregarded. The only business of the newspaper proprietor was to increase its circulation by any means, for on its circulation depended the value and number of its advertisements. In this sordid struggle the editor and his staff were instructed by the proprietor to pander to the degraded appetites of the reader. The most unsavory details of crime and domestic misfortunes were paraded in conspicuous fashion; the literary and moral standard was hauled down to give place to these flags of abomination. Its emissaries were sent into the houses of private citizens to obtain the offal of society—the filthier the better. It became a ragpicker when the nation was engaged in any great political struggle. The journal shielding itself behind its impersonality and the cry of "the liberty of the press" would hurl accusations of the most infamous character against its opponents, to the sacrifice of all dignity, conscience, and truth. It carried

the craft of misrepresentation to the level of a fine art. This was the work of the commercial proprietor of the newspaper, to whose sordid objects this mighty engine was degraded. The journalist became his hired scribe, who waited on his will.

Let us see how the Fine Arts and the Drama were affected by this state of things. Fortunately, the press gave little attention to these matters until about 1837. The public at that time still continued to think for itself, and formed its own opinions on painters, dramatists, actors, and singers. The corrupting power of advertisement had not reached this region. The first sign of its appearance was the association composed of Bulwer, Macready, Stone, John Forster, White, and others, to "work the oracle of public opinion." Albany Fonblanque lent the *Examiner* to the society, and Forster was the journalist. Each of the club bepraised his fellows, and, recruiting followers, instructed them in the worship. Idolatry is catching; gradually the *Examiner* overflowed into other journals, and the "Macready craze," like the "Irving craze," set in with severity. It was not until 1844 that the leading morning papers of London began to admit the Drama and the Fine Arts to any prominent position in their columns. The *Morning Post* was the first that devoted a very important space to the Royal Academy and to the stage. The *Times* followed suit, but so carelessly, that this work was handed over to the department of the "city editor" of the paper, Mr. Alsager, who presided over the stock exchange and financial business of that great journal. It had previously been given to the reporter who attended public dinners and collected scraps of news. In Alsager's employ happened to be a clerk, his nephew, John Oxenford, and a supernumerary clerk, Charles Kenney—both men of fine critical perception. They were misplaced in the financial office to which they were attached. From this moment the London press generally commenced the manufacture of public opinion by critical notices of the Drama and the Fine Arts.

The result was unfortunate! The artist who had looked to the public across the footlights for appreciation, soon learned to look only to the columns of a newspaper. The audience are incorruptible. They will not laugh or shed tears, even to oblige their favorites. An actor can distinguish between the measured, perfunctory applause of a hired *claque*, and the hearty, impulsive enthusiasm of a public. By degrees, however, the action of the

press began to affect the audience; they gradually lost their sense of independence, as they found the press usurped their function of appreciating a performance. They yielded their privilege of judgment, and waited to see "what the papers said." This would not have been very injurious, had it not affected the actor. He soon found that his art was infructuously employed in obtaining applause; his reputation began to depend upon press notices. So he or she must, by any and every means, capture the critic. The conscientious and proud artist declined to turn press courtier, and he soon found that his more obsequious fellows were "written up." The painter turned his soul from the study of nature to the study of the art critic.

There used to be amongst the public a critical phalanx of experienced, thoughtful experts, whose pleasure and pride it was to attend the first representation of new plays—the first appearance of artists. This crowd became leaders of public opinion. This body guard of the drama was dissolved and the press assumed its functions. One instance will serve to exhibit how they were performed. In 1860, Mr. Fechter made his first appearance on the London stage; the bulk of the audience rejected the tragedian, but the upper classes of society received him with enthusiasm. The press followed the fashion, but one or two of the most distinguished critics declined to worship the new *Hamlet* in broken English. They were reprimanded by the proprietors, who had met Fechter socially at the tables of noble lords. Encouraged by his success in *Hamlet*, the French actor undertook to perform *Othello* and altered the text to suit his ideas—publishing his new version as "a book of the play." This proved too much for the critic on the *Morning Chronicle*, who dealt somewhat severely with this intrusion on sacred ground. Exasperated by the attack, the actor brought to bear on the proprietor of the journal all the influence of his friends, and Mr. Ottley, one of the most distinguished and conscientious writers of that period, was discharged.

Since this state of things has existed, the Drama has declined in a deplorable manner. All the pride has gone out of the dramatist and out of the actor. The sources of inspiration seem to have become dry. During the last forty years not one important play has been produced that has survived. All the works which now serve the great actors for a *répertoire* are the produce of the stage

previously to 1847. Never before in the history of the Drama has there been such a barren period. No great actor, either in comedy or in tragedy, has appeared.

If the record of other arts, and of literature be examined, it will be found to show a similar lack of important productions. Fiction has lost its masculine power, and that field is almost exclusively occupied by women. In musical composition of the galaxy containing Meyerbeer, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Bishop, Verdi, Donizetti, Balfe, Wallace, Barnett, Macfarren, Auber, Flotow, Bellini, and a score the reader will not fail to recollect—only Gounod remains, and he, like Verdi, belongs rather to the past than to the present, which has produced Offenbach, Strauss, Lecoq and Sullivan. These are the exponents of the Musical Age!

It is here and now contended that this deplorable condition of affairs has been brought about by the destructive agency of advertisement, by means of which impostors and quacks obtain the great rewards heretofore bestowed by the public upon merit. Notoriety has taken the place of fame. The people have lost their sense of appreciation from lack of exercising their powers of judgment. Many of our leading actors cultivate their social and press influences to the neglect of their art. The student of Shakspere poses in drawing rooms and creates a following, sending them forth as devotees to preach his artistic gospel and to magnify his name. He brings the gentlemen of the press around him by every means he can devise, who for the most part yielding sincerely to good fellowship, allow their better judgment to be misled, and are false to their ministry out of good nature. By these means impostors are helped to seats in the high places; patient merit sees itself passed by, and genius turns aside in disgust, disdaining to occupy the throne to which it is entitled.

Regarding the actors and actresses that have, during the last twenty-five years, lifted themselves into prominent notice, how many have any artistic titles to the position they occupy? Then how came they there? A lady arrives from England or from France. She is paraded by the press as somebody of remark. Her photograph appears in the shop windows. Cablegrams are published recording her doings in Paris or London. It is not a question whether she has any merit—it may be she has none; no matter! If she appear in big type she becomes a great artistic feature. If she fail, it is because the type was not big enough.

Again: Some enterprising speculator in "stars" unearths a likely looking wench in an obscure corner of the land. After a few months' training, he buys her a wardrobe, and announces the discovery of an Arkansas *Juliet*. You go to see this phenomenon, and you recognize a third-class novice, and, in mind and manners, a very commonplace person. You tell the speculator so; but he replies, with a confident smile, "My good sir! I mean to spend twenty thousand dollars upon her this season! thirty next season! fifty the third season! I will pack the houses with admirers, and fill a page in the leading journals with mammoth advertisements, which will place her name above that of Pears, whose soap 'will pale its ineffectual fires' in the presence of my star. It will cost me a hundred thousand dollars in advertisements before she is a great attraction; but then, sir, she will rake in forty thousand a year clear profit."

If two-thirds of the successful artists and popular favorites owe their position and their fortunes to this management; if it be well-known to the theatrical world that the public may be nose-led by these means, is it strange that the profession has lost heart and regards itself with contempt? A comedy of some pretension was recently produced in London; it was the work of a leading dramatic author. The London *Times*, in its notice of the play, recorded its opinion in these words, "There is no money in it." Mark the significance of the phrase! it was not "there is no merit in it."

Circumspection for one moment will reveal to any thoughtful mind the justice of the accusation that the condition of the Drama and the stage during the last generation has gone from bad to worse. The productions of the dramatist and composer of music have been trivial, and little above the entertainments offered by a booth at a fair or a music hall. Buffoonery has replaced Comedy, and scenic display has displaced Tragedy. It is not pretended that "Faust" is performed; it is painted and grouped. Goethe is laid out in state, and we admire the robes in which the corpse is clothed. We are admitted to admire the parade, and to assure ourselves that the poet is very dead indeed.

The newspaper press holds great power and high office. It has accepted the functions which the lovers of art once discharged. The public have transferred their confidence from the *dilettanti* to the press critic. He has been charged with betraying

that trust from sordid motives. It may have been so, in a few instances, but the press does not quite deserve this direct reproach. It must be accused, however, of sins of omission. As guardian of the high places, and custodian of the Temple of Art and Literature, it was its duty to expel hucksters, mummers, and money-changers. It stood by and applauded the clown who put a fool's cap and bells on the shapely head of Thalia, and arrayed Melpomene in travesty. It has assisted in the deification of mockery.

DION BOUCICAULT.

MY PERSONAL FINANCES.*

BY his political enemies, General Garfield was accused of complicity in the Credit Mobilier fraud, and with profiting largely by lending his influence to other illegal transactions. It was conceived that a statement from him of his financial condition would be the best answer to these charges: therefore questions were asked of him that drew out the statement which follows, from which it appears that at the close of nearly twenty years of public life he was a comparatively poor man, and not a millionaire like some of his fellow members of Congress who had "served their country" for no longer a time, and had enjoyed no greater opportunities for honest accumulation.

EDMUND KIRKE.

By 1857 I was out of debt for college expenses, and even with the world. At the time of my marriage—November 11th, 1858—I had accumulated about twelve hundred dollars,—the result of my salary and of lecturing before some literary associations. We lived very economically and frugally, and—still continuing to teach and lecture—I was worth when I went into the army, in July, 1861, about three thousand dollars.

After about a year's service in the army I returned home deadly sick, and, when sufficiently recovered, went on to Washington to serve on the Fitz John Porter court-martial. On my return home I was assigned to Rosecrans, who then commanded the army of the Cumberland. I was at home only one day and two nights, but during that time I bought the house at Hiram, for which I paid $1,200. While I was away with Rosecrans at this time my wife built an addition to the Hiram house, at a cost of a thousand dollars. When I returned from the war, in December, 1863, I was worth this house, costing $2,200, and nearly $3,000 besides; that is, while in the army I had saved about $2,000.

I had, when I went into the war, a wife and one child,—the

* Autobiographical notes furnished by the late President Garfield to Edmund Kirke as materials for a life.

child that died. I left her grave-side the day I buried her, and started for Washington to take my seat in Congress. Just before she died our oldest son, now living, had been born. He is my boy Harry. At the time I went into Congress I was worth, as I have said, about three thousand dollars. If they propose to discuss the question of honesty, here is a point. During my army life, as the Chief of Rosecrans's staff, I was asked twenty times in a day to grant permits to go through the lines and trade in cotton. By doing this I could have made myself rich; and yet I came out of my two and a half years' service, having saved, in all that time, only two thousand,—and my pay as brigadier had been three thousand a year, and for the last few months, as Major-General, five thousand. I had to pay for my own horse and uniform, though we have some few allowances. I had, of course, to live like a gentleman and to support my family, but neither my wife nor I spent money needlessly.

I served in the army up to the 5th of December, 1863, resigned one day, and took my seat in Congress the next. I had not even time, coming direct from the field as I did with dispatches, to get a suit of civilian's clothes. I delivered my dispatches to Lincoln and Halleck from Rosecrans, went over the ground with them, and then took my seat in the House. I stayed in Washington alone the first winter, leaving my wife and our little Harry at Hiram. When I got home from that session, and we were sitting together in our little parlor, my wife slipped into my hand a little memorandum that she had made. In it she had figured out that we had been married four years and three-quarters, and had lived together only twenty weeks. I had been two winters in the Ohio Legislature, two years and a half in the army, and one winter in Washington.

Then I said to myself, "If I am to be in public life I have to determine at once whether I shall live in a state of practical divorce from my family,—as most public men do, leaving their wives and children to grow apart from them in experience, culture, and knowledge of the world,—or whether we shall make it a matter of yoke-fellow life together. I then resolved that I would never again go to a session of Congress in Washington without my family. The second winter I went on ahead and rented rooms, and they came on and we boarded together. We had, I think, a couple of rooms for a hundred dollars a month, with additional

for board—war prices. We found that unsatisfactory, and the next winter I hired a furnished house for two hundred dollars a month, and we set up housekeeping. We had then two children —Harry and Jimmy. We occupied that house two years.

We lived in rented houses until 1869, keeping house in Washington during the sessions, then breaking up, and moving back to Hiram in the spring. We moved twice a year for sixteen years. But I have kept my family with me all the time, and, so long as we have kept house, my mother. She was not with us while we were boarding, for then we could not make it comfortable for her. As soon as I commenced renting houses, so I had a home of my own, I took her with me.

This ran along till May, 1869, when I made an estimate, and found that I had paid out about six thousand dollars for rent up to that time. Major Swaim, who had been my Chief of Staff, was then on duty in Washington, and he said to me: "Build yourself a house; I will lend you enough money to pull you through, and take a mortgage as security." He is a man of some means. The Campbell will case, which I had just tried, had brought me in a fee of thirty-five hundred dollars, and by borrowing about sixty-five hundred from Swaim, I built my house in Washington. It cost about ten thousand, and I mortgaged it to Swaim for all it cost over my thirty-five hundred. Years afterwards I made some additions to it, which increased its value; and I also bought an additional lot. I moved into that house in the winter of 1869.

Now, right here is a point on that Credit Mobilier business. At the very time I was borrowing that money of Swaim to build my house, those people say there were three to four thousand dollars in dividends standing to my credit on Ames's books, which I had not called for. That could not very well have been without my knowing it; and does any man of ordinary common sense borrow money when he has it in bank, or in his pocket?

As our family grew, our little house at Hiram became too small for us, and about 1872, instead of coming up here, and being overcrowded, we took quarters at Ocean Grove. We rented a cottage and spent the summer there. When I came here the next year, I found that a company of gentlemen were about starting a summer club up on Little Mountain. They invited me to join them, and I bought a share for a thousand dollars, and put up a little cottage that cost me about $300—just a cheap shell. We

spent three summers there, I think, and during that time I sold my house in Hiram to Hinsdale, now the president of the college. I got a little less than the house had cost me, but not much—the loss was trifling.

While on Little Mountain, looking around and riding about, my love of farm life came back to me, and I said to myself, "I must either go tossing about in summer at watering places, at a heavy expense, or I must get some place where my boys can learn to work, and where I can myself have some exercise,—touch the earth and get some strength and magnetism from it. I saw this farm [at Mentor, Ohio], for sale, and late in the fall of 1876, just as I was about setting out for Washington, I bought it on five or six years' time.

Question. Had you in the meanwhile paid the mortgage on your Washington house?

Not entirely. I made small payments from time to time, and within the last year,—soon after I tried a heavy railroad suit in Alabama, for which I got five thousand dollars,—I finished paying for it,—that is, I made so much of a payment that Swaim released the mortgage, though I still owe him about fifteen hundred dollars.

Now, coming back to this Mentor house. I bought this place in 1876—118 acres for one hundred and fifteen dollars an acre, and subsequently I bought 40 acres adjoining at a hundred dollars an acre, because the owner had a right of way, that was an annoyance. For both of these places I gave my notes, secured by mortgage, paying five thousand dollars down on one, and one thousand on the other. In my first insurance case, where I was associated with Curtis, I was paid fifteen hundred dollars, and in the second case I got thirty-five hundred, just before I made the purchase on this larger tract,—those two amounts made the five thousand payment. I have been paying for the place along in installments, according to the contract, which was that it should be paid for from time to time during five years. The mortgage still stands against it uncancelled, but as I have paid I have taken up the notes. Then I spent about four thousand on the house and grounds. This was an old house, only a story and a half high. I have lifted it up to two stories, and I have repaired the fences, and put the farm generally into good order. I suppose that I have an equity here of about $10,000, another $10,000 in my Washington house, and, say, about $5,000 in my library and outside

traps, so that I may prudently say I am worth about $25,000—the result of all of twenty-five years reasonably hard work.

I have a pretty valuable library. Outside of documents which have come to me from Congress, and have cost me nothing, I have about three thousand volumes of picked books, among them a complete set of U. S. Supreme Court Reports, worth of themselves five hundred dollars. The result of the whole is, as near as I can get at it, that my salary has just about supported my family, and that all the property I have has been the result of my legal practice, and of one or two small outside operations.

My legal practice has been my principal resource for accumulation. But that has not been regular—it has varied much in different years, being some years not over a thousand dollars, and in others running up as high as seven and eight thousand. During my first years in Congress my family was small, and I not only lived within my salary, but saved a little every year. Subsequently, as my family grew larger, it just about consumed the whole of my salary.

My salary for the first two or three Congresses was $3,000, then it was raised to $5,000, and, temporarily, to $7,500—but that increase I declined to take, and covered it back into the Treasury. I ought to say that for my first year in Congress I received only $750, for the reason that for the first nine months of that year I was in the field, and drawing pay as a brigadier-general. I did just as much service in Congress as anybody else ; but there was a question whether one could rightfully draw two salaries, so I solved the doubt for myself, and drew pay for only the actual time that I served in Congress.

Now, as to my outside operations. They have been very small, and are scarcely worth mentioning ; but while we are on this subject I may as well tell you the whole. In 1865, during one of my vacations, I took an interest with a few gentlemen in some oil lands in Pennsylvania, out of which I realized a certain sum, I have forgotten what, but I got in payment some western lands, which I held for some time, selling portions of them along from time to time. Those sales helped my payments on my Washington house. Then, some years ago, I bought a little stock in one of the Bonanza silver mines. I held the stock for a couple of years, and then sold it, making something upon it—not much. And about 1865 I bought 320 acres of land near Iowa City. That I held

about ten years, when I sold it, making about fifty per cent. These all were small matters, but they helped to meet my Washington house payments. As a general thing I have kept out of speculations. I have no taste for that sort of transaction. I think this is about the whole of my financial history.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

LETTERS TO PROMINENT PERSONS.

No. 6, Part 2d.—To Hon. James Russell Lowell.

Your partisans noticeably do not share the extreme sensibility of him who fell beneath the tower of Thebez. Instead of displaying his virile antipathy to being a woman's trophy, they seem to think that if they can but persuade men to say of one, "A woman slew him," he need not be so very dead after all!

I shall perhaps be considered as lending myself to these humane efforts by adding what may be reckoned a postscript to my previous letter; but a postscript which you were good enough to furnish and which it would be presumptuous in me to suppress. As if anxious to prove my conclusions not too severe, even before my letter had left the printers' hands, you gave so ample and so luminous a justification of its strictures, that I should be a mere spendthrift of demonstration not to present it as the latest, most characteristic and most impressive of your political achievements.

The Union League Club, of Chicago, designing to inaugurate a revival of patriotism, and to stimulate a true and distinctive Americanism, determined to emphasize the birthday of Washington. To this end they resolved to establish a series of lectures to be delivered on the 22d of February of each year. It was assumed that an occasion so specifically marked, and so carefully prepared for, would be honored by an address, written with the motive of the Club or the central idea of the new movement in mind,—I am giving almost the very language of the Club itself. It was a noble purpose, and the mode of effecting it was nobly planned. The whole movement started on the highest level. Socially, morally, patriotically, it is fraught with promise to our country.

The Club paid you the high honor of inviting you, as long ago as last October, to deliver the opening lecture of this series. You

accepted, and named your subject—"Our Politics." You were invited to make your own terms, and you are reported to have made them five hundred dollars. Your theme and your terms were instantly agreed to. The programmes were prepared, the audience was assembled, and then, instead of delivering the speech which had been promised and paid for, you coolly substituted an altogether different and inapposite dissertation, which no one had demanded and which no one wanted! I do not place this on a level of obligation or honor. On the ordinary plane of financial business, of mercantile traffic, I ask, is this fair dealing? Certainly it is not considered fair dealing at the corner grocery whose introduction into politics you deplore. If the corner grocer should conduct his business in that way, it would not be long before he would find himself lodged in the county jail.

And you had hardly found your tongue before you began to talk of your "conscience," which, you intimated, was so imperious that it would not let you alone, and so superior in delicacy to that of your countrymen that its voice is like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Beyond doubt the Club will agree that your voice cannot be more appropriately engaged than in crying—crying loud and hard in a genuine and penitent wail, till you are ready to come out of the wilderness into Christian society and behave yourself like an honest corner-grocer, in or out of politics.

What reason did you give for the extraordinary liberty you took? Simply that on arriving in Chicago you found that you were to address a mixed audience, an audience composed of both parties! You professed that you "had been in the habit of speaking your mind pretty strongly, but you felt that here you stood in a very delicate position, where you could not express yourself with entire frankness."

And then you walked into the dining-room, and rising among the little wax Cupids and Venuses and Apollos of boned turkey *en Bellevue* and aspic of *foies gras*, you announced boldly that "what is wanting in our politicians of the present day, more than anything else, is the one element of *courage*. To ME courage is the highest of the virtues, because it is the safeguard of every other virtue!"

And you said it as blandly as if you had not just waved the white feather of retreat more palpably than ever the soldier King of Navarre wore the white plumes of onset.

Every other American sees the grotesqueness of your attitude. Is it possible that you cannot be made to see it? It is so simple that he who runs—and certainly you are he—may read.

You are a man of letters. Learn the *a b c* of courage. You wrote your lecture and carried it to Chicago. When you got there you found so many who did not agree with you that you dared not deliver it, and you rushed to cover in the grave of Shakespeare!

This is all there is of it. You had not the courage of your convictions. You dared not face a disapproving audience. You had been quite resolved to "speak your mind pretty strongly," so long as you thought your audience were of the same mind; but as soon as you saw opposition, you fancied six Richmonds in the field, and you turned and fled with Richard III. It is idle to talk of the "delicacy of your position." It was no merely private and social occasion; it was a Club with a thousand members celebrating the birthday of Washington. You were invited to speak on politics. The object, you were fully informed, was to seek higher political education. There was no delicacy in your position, but there was danger,—danger of your audience disagreeing with you, since it was "a mixed audience, an audience composed of both parties." But that was the very thing you ought, as a man of patriotism and a man of nerve, to have welcomed. That was your opportunity; that is what the politicians whose cowardice you deplore are constantly doing. Every man in Congress, every man in our State Legislatures, every man on the stump, faces "a mixed audience,—an audience composed of both parties." It is because they face you and combat you, you and your faction, boldly, uncompromisingly, that they have earned your hostility. But you,—you who "place courage above all the other virtues because it is the safeguard of all the others,"—when you found that you could not compliment the English Government as you wished, without offending the Irish who had but lately heard Justin McCarthy, or that the Union League Club of Chicago were not all Mugwumps, as the wrathful Club men variously and rather roughly put it, you threw down your manuscript, left all the other virtues to shift for themselves, and shambled after Richard III. as sorry a sight as the deformed King himself. The part of courage would have been to address the men who were not Mugwumps. What hindered you? You

"threw up your political discourse because you could not make it to your mind." Who forbade your making it to your mind? No one had control over you, and you had months of notice. It was your own fears that dominated you, and make us conclude that you do not know what cowardice or courage is. You had so little comprehension of the situation that you summoned the prophet Nathan to your assistance; but if Nathan had been of your kind, as soon as he found himself in the King's presence, and saw that David actually was the man and that David's eye was on him, he would have quietly smothered his little ewe lamb under his prophet's robe and delivered to the royal and formidable sinner a rambling dissertation on the question as to whether Moses or Miriam wrote the Song of the Red Sea!

Could the most practical politician of your despised corner grocery display more of childishness than you, when, after your own confession that you had come to Chicago to tell the truth, but, finding that you were likely to meet a good many who did not believe or did not like your truth, you had decided not to tell it; having, that is, run away with your truth from the first men you met, you had the brazen or the infantile assurance to rise up in the evening and say, "The one thing that is more wanting than anything else is people who will tell the truth to the first man they meet, or to any number of men that they meet."

Do you not see that your position is exactly that of the soldier of our war of the rebellion who declared that his head was "just as good a fighter as Grant's or Sherman's, but, damn it! when the fighting begins my legs won't hold me."

In the comparatively safe shelter of the banqueting hall, in the centre of a hollow square of Harvard graduates, behind a fortification of smilax and tulips, your courage rose to the valiant pronunciamento that "it is the business of *us educated men, if we can but unite with anybody else*—at any rate to unite with each other—to see if we cannot do something." You had already shown what you would do if you had to stand alone; you would "stand edgeways;" but, if we can unite with each other, it is the business of *us educated men* "to see if we cannot do something." You deplored—indirectly, to be sure, and "edgeways"—our lack of great men and our indisposition to send to the front the best we have, and you thought we "*educated men*" should "pay a

little more attention to politics, still more to other people's politics."

Very well. The Union League Club determined to do something; to pay more attention to their own and to other people's politics. They were already united with each other, and they were eager to unite with you. But you refused to unite. They brought our greatest man to the front, and you were so poor as not to do him reverence. You had been asked to take the chief part in celebrating the birthday of Washington; to induce a revival of patriotism by emphasizing the observance of Washington's birthday. The very *menu* of your banquet was inscribed with Washington's wisdom and statesmanship. You never so much as mentioned him. You never referred to him, except in a parenthesis of a paragraph devoted to an English duke. You may well indulge lament, and it will be a long lament, over our lack of great men, if Washington is not great enough to inspire you with one uplifting word, aglow with his courage, his wisdom, and his patriotism. It may even be that you will follow in the path pointed out by your English compeer, General my Lord Wolseley, and presently place in your empty niche of greatness the rebel Lee as the hero of the nineteenth century.

When the question was of great men, telling the truth, displaying courage, you ambled off into a superficial and fragmentary investigation of the stale old question as to whether Shakespeare was written by Shakespeare or by another man of the same name.

The portières and tapestries of the hall had been removed to make place for the flag of our country, and that nothing might be wanting to the lofty inspiration of the occasion, even the daffodils and Jacqueminots breathed the noble sentiment, "In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened." You responded by throwing no light, but rather darkness visible on the unimportant authorship of an insignificant character, whose only claim upon modern attention is that four centuries ago he sat for two bloody years upon the English throne. Is this the point upon which "we educated men" suppose the Chicago Club, in the spirit of Washington's Farewell Address, desire to enlighten public opinion?

You claim loftily to be a man of letters, but you have not learned the alphabet of Americanism if you think the purpose of cherish-

ing and stimulating a more exalted patriotism in the hearts of the American people on the day which of all days signifies the birth, the growth, and the genius of our institutions is to be subserved by your scrambling behind Robin Hood's barn and amusing yourself with shooting a few play-arrows at a home-made target, four hundred years off, on the other side of the ocean.

If anything could reconcile us to your ignoble back-down at Music Hall it would be the political addresses which you were forced to stand and deliver at the banquets. It must have required something like nerve to enable you to confront the strong, impatient common sense of a Western audience with your complacent saws and your flat contradictions. Your amazing unconsciousness of the latter even spread a certain quaint grotesque flavor over the dreariness of the former.

It must have been something akin to courage which permitted you who had so ignominously dropped the laboring oar, to address the gentlemen of the Club who had taken their magnificent pains to inaugurate a revival of exalted patriotism—"Now, gentlemen, *you* may be as indifferent as you like, but *I* say" thus and thus. Was it a mental obscuration so complete as to be indistinguishable from courage, that suffered you to lay down as a novel and self-evident proposition "that we ought in this country to be choice in our leaders; that here, more than anywhere else, especially in the chief place in this Nation, it is the man who makes the place, and not the place that makes the man?" Thinking it over afterwards, in the calm seclusion of Harvard, do you consider it a brilliant illustration of the good to be accomplished by the irruption of "us educated men" into politics that you have put a Sheriff, without collegiate, or political, or social education, into the chief place in the Nation, to make it after his own Buffalo fashion? You conceive of a higher plane of politics than "a matter of practical business"—"a kind of politics which studies the laws of cause and effect, and gradually formulates certain laws by which its judgment is guided;" and this you call "statesmanship." And the President of your "educated" choice practices statesmanship by sitting at his desk fourteen hours a day writing away for dear life, like the veriest clerk, evidently under the impression that he was made President by the Pharisees in order to do the work of a Scribe.

You discovered that "the city of Boston has joined the ring

of American cities, and has a governing board which enriches itself by utilizing the offices of government." Did you say this when you were banqueting at the Boston board? That would have been the place to say it, rather than the banquet of the Chicago Club, a thousand miles away—not the safer place, perhaps, but the bolder and more effective place. You think that reform of or within the old parties is hopeless, and you do not wish to form a new party. You only desire that "good men and sensible men and honest men shall act together on certain points." What is that but a party? Any number of men acting together on certain points is a party. This party of good, sensible, honest men is called the Democratic party, or the Republican party, according to the person speaking. A man must flock all by himself if he wants to stay outside of party. You take a leaf from Mr. Parnell's book, but you read it upside down. Mr. Parnell is perhaps the strongest party man on this earth. He holds a dictation more rigid than any American leader would venture to apply, and the cause of Ireland is strong because he holds it.

You are inclined to make it a reproach to your country that the population of the Colonies, at the time of our Revolution, was on the whole better educated in the principles of English liberty than their descendants of to-day. Undoubtedly they were, and it was because our Colonial ancestors were so well educated in the principles of English liberty that they would have none of it. The English liberty to which they were treated is fully summed up in the Declaration of Independence—a document which, even to this day, is regarded in England as an atrocious insult to the Crown. It may be that you also regard it as one of those rash, outspoken arraignments which the educated taste of the Harvard of to-day should condemn. But an English liberty which imposed taxes without consent of the taxed, which quartered soldiers in private houses in time of peace, which dissolved representative assemblies that proclaimed liberal principles, which deprived the people of the right to elect legislatures, which constantly obstructed the administration of justice, and made trial by jury a farce or a mere form of subservient obedience to autocratic authority, is an English liberty of which our Colonial forefathers learned altogether too much. If you choose that type of English liberty, instead of the broad American liberty whereunto you were born, I am ready to believe what I have hitherto refused

to believe, that on your way from Madrid to London, to assume the English Mission, you gleefully recalled with special gratification the fact that an ancestor of yours fought on the Royal side at Bunker Hill. I can believe what many of your countrymen have refused to believe, that more than once in Tory houses in England you have referred to this fact as matter of family pride. No one would restrain your right of free speech, or your free enjoyment of your ancestors, but you would have been a truer representative of your country if you had avowed this source of your family pride in America, to your own government, before you were appointed to the English Mission; since in that case you would have been unanimously chosen to represent your cherished ancestral tombstone in the quiet shades of Harvard.

Your idea of our Civil Service long ago passed the stage of analysis or argument, and merits now only to be dismissed—if ever the slang of your English may cross the threshold of a decent periodical,—as "beastly rot." What else is your discovery, on your return to your own country,—that "the one, and only one, source of all the ills is the condition of our Civil Service;" that "the evil in Spain was a civil service precisely like our own," which in Spain had gone so far as to "keep the people ready for revolution at any moment?" Are our people ready, or getting ready, or developing a tendency to get ready for revolution at any moment? In what respect was the civil service of Spain precisely like our own? Was it it in collecting and disbursing the revenues of the country with scrupulous fidelity? Was it in the *personnel* of the Civil Service—a class of men averaging as high for integrity and intelligence as any profession or occupation in this country or in any country? You say the notion is spreading that every man who has a share in the government of the country ought to have a share in its funds. Spreading where? I have had a wide acquaintance in this country, and, beyond the salaries of officials, which are sometimes niggardly, and never generous, except perhaps in the highest office, the Presidency, I have not heard that sentiment so much as breathed. Designate any man or club, inside or outside our Civil Service, that ever publicly or privately uttered such a sentiment, or anything which could be construed into such a motive of action; or that was ever known to act on such a sentiment without incurring the contumely of disgrace or the penalty of crime. If this robber-theory of our government is spreading anywhere,

it must be spreading where you have lived so long—in England. And it is spreading there, not by reason of any dishonesty or incompetency of our Civil Service, but because the faction of dissatisfaction to which you belong has never ceased its endeavor to build itself up by groundless and reckless slander of our common country.

As a consequence of our defective Civil Service, you maintain, other countries are better represented in their Parliaments than we. What countries? Is Ireland one—fighting tooth and nail for a hundred years, with famine and woe, with torch and bullet, and at last, and successfully, with rigid self-discipline and every device of Parliamentary skill and Constitutional right, for any representation at all? Is Scotland better represented, that cannot build a railroad at Inverary without asking permission at London? Is England one of these countries? You certainly cannot mean that other countries are more equitably represented, for, as we give in our House of Commons a representation based impartially on the number of people, we present a fairness in that regard unknown in any other country. If you mean that we do not send as able men to the American Congress as are sent to European Parliaments, that would resolve itself into an odious comparison—one in regard to which your own career has placed a disability upon you as judge. We are not familiar in this country with Continental Parliaments, knowing only the towering personalities like Bismarck in Germany, Cavour in Italy, Gambetta in France; but if you seek a comparison in England, and confine it to the half century since you left Harvard, certainly the United States would not suffer. The era of Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and Benton; the era of Douglas, Seward, Sumner, and Fessenden; the era of Blaine, Hoar, Thurman, Sherman, Carlisle, and Conkling,—will certainly compare favorably with the corresponding era of the British Parliament. Where has the United States intrusted leading positions in the House to such men as Hicks-Beach, Arthur Balfour, and W. H. Smith? You are probably viewing the Congressmen chosen by the people in the light of your own little shy at selecting a popular representative for the head of the Nation; but you will do well to remember the Prince's rejoinder when the tailor complained that the company was not sufficiently exclusive—"Does he expect it to be all tailors?"

With your invincible genius for unconscious contradiction and

self-portrayal, you admit that "the worst part of the corruption of our Civil Service is that office is a reward for political service of any kind," with the result that "when a man has got experience we put another man in his place!" This maudlin stuff long ago fell below the level of argument, fortunately for both of "us educated men," since in point of this argument between you and me, honors will be easy. As your office was given you unquestionably in reward for political service, you hold the ace; but since the same corruption put another man in your place, your country as unquestionably takes the trick.

Mr. Lowell, when in the decisive moment you decided for the evil side, you seem to have lost your power of distinguishing good from evil. Your high political morality exhausts itself in sounding words. You declaim of courage; then throw your musket over your shoulder and run. You denounce corruption, yourself mildewed all over with its fungi,—if corruption is, as you say, rewarding political service with office. You pause, out of breath with your swift rush from the defeated to the winning side, only long enough to condemn "the practical politician" for being "first on one side of the question and then turning suddenly to the other." You deplore our lack of greatness, and with all your strength you celebrate littleness. You summon "us educated men" to politics, and you show a solid political ignorance to the square inch, that, volatilized, would envelop the world in haze. While you have been dining and wining in England, you have lost the run of the United States. You stand outside, not only of party, but of that strong, subtle, mysterious current which is the soul of our real politics. Should we send our best to the convention of 1888, if it were to be held now, you ask, and looking around upon your Harvard Alumni,—you answer by implication, No;—and no doubt correctly for your part of Harvard, which would strike as it struck before on the level of an ex-sheriff and a creature of accident,—the "wooden idol" whom you bear aloft on your shoulders with the shrill outcry, "These be thy Gods, O, Israel!" But the West, for whom in Chicago you profess a livelier hope than for your own Massachusetts, the West from whose greater force and freshness, and vitality, and Americanism you gather trust for the future; this great West of the keener insight and the stronger courage, is the same West, that, while you were dallying and shilly-shallying, bewailing our lack of great men and dropping finally

into the grasp of small men,—has built itself up year after year, in convention after convention, against your opposition and the opposition of all the sham and shoddy of your party; built itself up, not of men who acted with it in convention, and acted against it outside of convention, but built itself up steadfastly like a well of adamant round that which is best and broadest in your cause; made a stand for Americanism in its widest commercial sweep, in its loftiest attitude of continental dignity, in its ultimate purpose of the freedom, the happiness, the elevation of every human being.

You announce that you have arrived at a time of life when you may fairly hang up your armor in the Temple of Janus. As you like. Your partiality to hanging cannot be more harmlessly indulged. But you must not stand in the doorway of the temple, and fire random shots, poisoned bullets, at your countrymen outside, who are still fighting in the thick of the battle.

"But if anybody touches my shield," you say, "possibly I may answer."

I await your answer, with the eager desire that you may yet show yourself to be what your countrymen would most gladly believe you—a Knight without fear and without reproach.

ARTHUR RICHMOND.

THE SHAKESPEARE MYTH.

II.

BACON knew that, sooner or later, some one would notice this concatenation of "FRANCIS," "BACON," "NICHOLAS," "BACONS," "BACON-fed," "FRANCIS," "FRANCIS," "FRANCIS," etc.; "WILLIAM," "WILLIAM," "WILLIAM," etc.; "SHAKES," "PEERE," "SHAKE" "SPEARE," and the infinite *shakes, spurs, speares,* and *spheres* scattered through every play in the Folio; and would dove-tail all this into what Bacon had said in the "*De Augmentis,*" in his essay therein upon Ciphers, about the best cipher of all, "where the writing infolding holdeth a quintuple relation to the writing infolded," and, having once started upon the scent, would never abandon the chase until he had dug out the cipher.

Turn to that page, 53, of the *Histories,* in the *fac-simile* of the Folio, and count down from the top, counting the spoken words only, and not the stage directions, or names of characters, and the word "BACON" is the 371st word from the top. Now, the page is 53. There are seven italic words on that column. Multiply 53 by 7 and the product is 371—to wit, the word "BACON."

The next page is 54; there are twelve italics upon the first column; 54 multiplied by 12 makes 648. If you start to count at the same place, the top of the first column of 53, and omit to count the words in brackets, the 648th word is the 189th word on the second column—to wit, "NICHOLAS."

If you turn to page 67 of the same play, on the first column, you will find the word "S. ALBONES" (Saint Albans), the name of Bacon's residence, from which he took the title, when knighted, of "Francis St. Albans." There are six italic words in that

column. Six times 67, the number of the page, are 402. Count from the top of the column, and "ST. ALBONES" is the 402d word!

I would ask the attention of the reader to the *fac-similes* of the Folio of 1623 which accompany this article. These are well worth studying; that Folio is the greatest book ever published on earth since man invented the first hieroglyphic.

I cannot at this time give the rule of the cipher; I hope to have my book in the hands of the printer in two or three months, and satisfy fully the expectations of the world; but I can give enough, I trust, to convince any one, not absolutely steeped to the lips in ignorance and prejudice, that the composition is artificial and not natural; that it is gnarled, compressed, condensed, with its weight of compact thought; and that it is twisted to conform to the requirements of a mathematical cipher.

Observe the way in which the verse is loaded with significant words (col. 1, page 76):

> **"The lives of all your loving complices,**
> **Leane-on your health, the which if you give-o'er**
> **To stormy passion, must perforce decay."**

What will decay? The lives of your complices? Lives can end; can they *decay?*

> **"You cast the event of war [my noble Lord],**
> **And summed the accompt of chance, before you said**
> **Let us make head."**

Why is "my noble Lord" in brackets? Why are "lean" "on" united by a hyphen? "Let us make head:"—was there no better expression for let us declare war?

> **"It was your presurmise**
> **That in the dole of blows your son might drop,**
> **You knew he walked o'er perils on an edge,**
> **More likely to fall in than to get-o'er."**

"Dole of blows?" "On an edge" of what? Could the great master of language, if unrestrained, have done no better than this?

> **"And yet we ventured for the gain proposed,**
> ***Choked the respect* of likely peril feared."**

This may perhaps sound natural enough to the reader, but I, who know how almost every word has been forced in, to make up

part of a cipher sentence, can see the lines of the mortar in the awkward masonry.

> " What hath then befallen ?
> Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth
> More than this being which was like to be."

Read that last line over, and read it slowly :

> " More than this being which was like to be."

It sounds like an extract from Mark Twain's recent essay on " English as she is taught."

Any one who will read that column will observe the forced and unnatural construction of the sentences, and the crowding in of significant words, with hardly enough of smaller words to bind them together. The necessities of the cipher sometimes constrain the writer to make the sentence ungrammatical, as in that

> " Or what hath this bold enterprize *bring* forth."

See how the larger words are crowded together in these lines :

> " Turns insurrection to religion,
> Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts."

Then turn to page 75, and observe how arbitrarily the words are bracketed. Note, on column one, this line :

> "I ran from Shrewsbury [my noble Lord]."

Farther down we have :

> " But speak [Morton],
> Tell thou thy Earle his Divination lies."

Then take the last line on that column :

> " You are too great to be [by me] gainsaid.

On the second column of 75 we have:

> "I cannot think [my Lord] your son is dead."
> " From whence [with life] he never more sprung up."

No printer in the world would set up these sentences in that fashion unless he was especially directed to do so.

But, it may be said, this, perhaps, was the custom of the time

or of the author. Turn to page 73, given here in *fac-simile*, and you will find but three words in brackets; you will not find a single word in brackets on the whole of page 72; there is one on page 71, none on page 70, none on page 69, and one on page 68. Now, the two plays, "1st and 2d Henry IV.," are continuous; the former ends with the battle of Shrewsbury, and the other begins with the bringing of the news of the battle to the Earl of Northumberland. The cipher narrative runs continuously from one to the other. And yet on the last six pages of "1st Henry IV." there are but five words in brackets, while on the first six pages of "2d Henry IV." there are two hundred and forty-two words in brackets.

One of the most curious specimens of bracketing is on the second column of page 78, "2d Henry IV.," which is printed in the Folio as follows:

> "Much more, in this great worke
> [Which is [almost] to plucke a Kingdome downe
> And set another up], should we survey
> The plot of Situation."

Here we have a bracket of one word inside of a bracket of eleven words. And here we see that same crowding together of incoherent words necessitated by the cipher,

> "Should we *survey*
> *The plot of Situation.*"

Now observe the way in which words are hyphenated in these *fac-similes*: "Well-known," "post-horse," and "peasant-towns" (column 1, page 74), are well enough; but consider that combination near the bottom of the same column:

> "And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged stone."

"Worm-eaten stone" is something out of the common order; but why unite "worm-eaten-hole" in one word?

Then take the last lines on that column:

> "From Rumors Tongues;
> They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse than True-wrongs."

There is not a compositor in Christendom who would set up those words in that fashion unless he was absolutely ordered to do so.

On the last six pages of "1st Henry IV." there are twenty-

two hyphenated words; on the first six pages of "2d Henry IV." there are eighty-three.

Think of printing "the horse he rode on," "the horse he *rode-on*," as it is on the first column of page 75.

Now, must not all these facts go far to convince any reasonable mind that there is something strange and unusual in the construction of this text?

Consider now attentively the first column of page 74. There are on it ten words in brackets and twelve words in italics. But one of the words in brackets is the compound word "post-horse." If this is counted as two words, we have then eleven words in brackets; so that the first column of page 74 will yield us three numbers, ten, eleven, and twelve. We have seen how the words "NICHOLAS," "BACON," and "ST. ALBANS" occupied the position on the column obtained by multiplying the number of the page by the number of italics on the column.

Now, there are in scene one, of Act 1st, "2 Henry IV.," three pages, 74, 75, and 76. If we multiply these numbers by the three numbers we have found on the first column of page 74, to wit: 10, 11, and 12, we have the following numbers: 740, 750, 760, 814, 825, 836, 888, 900, and 912.

Let us take the first number, 740. If the reader will count the words from the top of the first column of page 74, counting only the words of the text, omitting the stage directions and names of the characters, and also the words in brackets, and counting each compound word as one word, he will find that the 740th word is the word "*volume.*" But if he will count, in the same way, and go *up* the first column of page 75, instead of down, he will find the 740th word to be the word "*maske.*" These are surely very significant words. Let us make this plainer.

There are 532 words on page 74. The count then stands:

10 × 74 =	740
Deduct the words on page 74	532
	208 = *volume.*
	208 = *mask.*

Now, if we commence at the beginning of column one, page 75, and count forward and down the column, we have as the 740th word the 293d word on the second column of page 75, to wit, "*his;*" up the column it is the word "*greatest.*"

Now, begin again at the top of the second column of page 73, and count backwards and down the second column of page 72, and the 740th word is the word "*therefore*," the 334th word, while up the column it is the word "*image*."

We saw that after deducting the words on page 74 from 740 there were 208 words left. Now, carry this remainder back to the beginning of the scene, on page 73, and count forward and down, and the 208th word is the 129th word on the second column of page 73, and it is the word "*shown*."

Again, if you commence to count from the top of the second column of page 74 forward and down, the 740th word is "*say*," the 45th word on the second column of page 75, while up the column it is "*upon*," the 464th word.

Again, if we commence to count at the top of the first column of page 74, and backwards, the 740th word down the second column of page 72 is the word "*but*," the 50th word; while up the same column it is the word "*own*."

But if I go much further I shall let out more of the cipher than my publishers will deem prudent. Here we have the words *say, greatest, image, shown, upon, his, volume, but, mask, own;* each one of which is the 740th word from a well-defined starting point. They are the component parts of a sentence like this: "I was in the *greatest* fear that they would *say* that the *image shown upon* the title-leaf of *his volume* was *but* a *mask* to hide my *own* face." I will even be obliging enough to point out some of these words: "*fear*" is the 234th word, second column, page 75; "*title-leaf*" is the 201st word, column one, page 75; "*hide*" is the 54th word, second column, page 72; and "*face*" the 57th word on the same. Now, let the ingenious reader see if he can piece out the rest of the sentence with the aids I have given him.

But it is a "*volume*" of plays; and here we have the word "plays." Multiply 74 by 12, the number of italics on the column, and the result is 888:—three eights in a row, a quite unusual arrangement of figures. Now begin to count from the top of column one, page 72; the 888th word is the word "*plays*." If we count up the column the 888th word is the word "*or*," the 195th word; the sentence is, "*plays or shows*," "*shows*" being the Elizabethan word for exhibitions. The "*shows*" will be found on page 76; it is the 272d word, and the 888th from a certain starting point, which the reader must find out—if he can.

But the most conclusive proof that these plays are cipher-work, is found in an illustration which I have already given to the public, but which is so unique and conclusive that it will bear repetition.

I have shown that page 75 multiplied by the 12 italics on first column of page 74 yielded 900; and that page 76, the last page of the scene, multiplied by 11, the words in brackets, counting "post-horse" as two words, made 836.

Now what I have already shown indicates that Bacon is talking in the cipher narrative about the "plays or shows," and the fact that somebody's *image*, or picture, was *but* a *mask* for his *own face*. He was afraid of this being found-out. "*Found out*" was a very pregnant phrase for a man who lived and moved for years under such a perilous disguise. He was afraid that it would be "*found out*" that he wrote the plays with a treasonable intent; for the playing of "King Richard II.," was one of the counts in the prosecution which eventually cost Essex his head. He was afraid that it would be "*found-out*" that he, a scion of the nobility, the son of a Lord Chancellor, and nephew of a Lord Treasurer, had eked out his miserable income by sharing with Shakspere the proceeds of the plays; the pence and shillings taken up from the dirty rabble of London at the gate of the play-house. Hence we might naturally look for "*found-out*" in this narrative about *plays* and *shows* and *volumes* and *masks*. "*Found-out*" was probably engraved on Bacon's heart.

And here we find it in the cipher: commence at the top of the first column of page 74, and count forward and down the first column of page 75, omitting to count the words in brackets, and counting the hyphenated words like "well-known," as one word, and the 836th word will be found to be the word "*found*," the 304th word on the first column of page 75. Now commence again at the top of the *next* page, and count in the same way, and the 836th word is the word "*out*," the 389th word on the second column of page 75. Thus we have the compound word "found-out."

We saw that page 75, multiplied by the 12 italic words on the first column of page 74, yielded 900.

Let us begin to count again from the same points, but counting *in* the words in brackets, and counting each of the hyphenated words separately, and the 900th word from the top of page 74 is *that same* 304*th word*, on the first column of page 75, the

word "FOUND." And if we commence at the top of page 75 and count the same way, the 900th word is *that same 389th word*, "OUT."

In other words, the two words, "*found*" and "*out*," do double duty by two different modes of counting, from the same starting points; and the number of bracket words and hyphens between the top of column one of page 74 and anterior to the word "*found*" is precisely the difference between 836 and 900! And again, the number of bracket words and hyphens between the top of column one, page 75, and the word "*out*" is precisely the difference between 836 and 900!

Let me state the proposition like a sum in arithmetic:

11 × 76 =	836	
12 × 75 =	900	
Words on 1st column, p. 74		284
Words on 2d column, p. 74		248
Words down to the word "*found*"		304
		836

Again:—

Words on 1st column, page 75	447	
Words down to the word "*out*"	389	
	836	

"Found" is the ..... 836th word

Now let us add the following:

Bracket words, column 1, p. 74	10	
Hyphenated words, column 1, p. 74	8	
Bracket words, column 2, p. 74	22	
Hyphenated words in column 2, p. 74	2	
Bracket words anterior to 304th word	13	
Hyphenated words anterior to 304th word	9	
	—	64
Which added to 836 makes		900

"Out" is the ..... 836th word.

Let us add:

Bracket words, column 1, p. 75	21	
Hyphenated words, column 1, p. 75	9	
Bracket words anterior to the 389th word	30	
Hyphenated words anterior to the 389th word	4	
	—	64
Which added to 836 makes		900

Can any man believe that this is the result of accident? It could not occur by chance one time in a hundred millions. See how precisely the count matches; there are exactly 64 bracket and hyphenated words between the top of the first column of page 74 and the word "*found;*" there are precisely 64 bracket and hyphenated words between the top of the first column of page 75 and the word "*out.*" The man who can believe that this is the result of chance would, to use one of Bacon's comparisons, "believe that one could scatter the letters of the alphabet on the ground and they would accidentally arrange themselves into Homer's Iliad."

And remember that if "smooth-comforts-false" and "worm-eaten-hole" had not been hyphenated, so that each combination could be counted as one word to make 836, and as three words to make 900, this beautiful piece of mathematical checker-work would have failed. If the line

"You are too great to be [by me] gainsaid;"

or,

"I cannot think [my Lord] your son is dead,"

had been printed in the usual and natural fashion, as similar phrases *are* printed in "1st Henry IV.," the whole count would have failed. The dropping of a single hyphen would have brought the entire piece of delicate adjustment to nought.

What does this prove? That the man who read the proof must have known of the cipher. And as William Shakspere had been dead seven years when this Folio was printed, he could not have read the proof. But, as one-half the words are cipher words, whoever wrote the cipher wrote the plays; *ergo:* Shakspere did not write the plays.

I have no hesitation in saying that the publication of my book will convince the world that these plays are the most marvelous specimens of ingenuity, and mental suppleness, and adroitness, to say nothing of genius, power, and attainments, ever put together by the wit of man. There is no parallel for them on earth. There never will be. No such man can ever again be born. His coming marked an era in the history of the world.

The scholar remembers the old play, now conceded to be Shakespeare's, "The Contention between York and Lancaster."

It is referred to half a dozen times in this cipher narrative. Let me point out the words here. See second col., page 74.

> "The times are wild: *Contention* [like a horse
> Full of high feeding] madly hath broke loose,
> And bears down all before him."

Here the "*loose*" is part of the name of Sir Thomas Lucy (*Loose-see*), used in telling the story of Shakespeare's youth. Turn to the 145th word on the second column of page 72, and you have the "*deere*" he killed.

Then again, we have "*Contention*" in the line near the bottom of the second column of page 75.

> "Be a *stage*
> To feed *contention* in a lingering *act*."

Here we have "stage" and "*act;*" near the top of first column, of page 74, we have (29th word) the word "*acts;*" at the top of the first column of page 76 we have "the rude *scene* may end;" the 286th word, 1st column, page 75, is the name of the "*Curtain*" theatre; the 114th word on 2d column, page 74, is the name of the "*Fortune*" theatre.

But to proceed with the name:—"*Contention between York and Lancaster.*" We have "*between*" as the 236th word, 1st column, page 74; and "*betwixt*" the 156th word, column 1, page 73; we have "*York,*" the 167th word, 2d column, page 73; "*Lancaster,*" the 105th word on the same column; "*York*" again the 242d word, 1st column, page 76; and "*Lancaster*" again the 327th word, 2d column, page 75.

We have "Shake-speare" as follows. On the fourth line of the second column of page 75 we read:

> "Thou *shak'st* thy head; and hold'st it fear," etc.

This illustrates the exquisite cunning of the work; it is not "shakest" but "shak'st"; and "shak'st-spur" gives us the exact sound of "Shakesper." We have the terminal syllable peppered over the top of 1st col., p. 75:

> "And that young Harry Percey's *Spurre* was cold."

And again:

> "Said he young Harry Percey's *Spurre* was cold?
> (Of Hot-*Spurre*, cold-*Spurre*?)"

In the records of the town council of Stratford the name ends seventeen times in "per"; while many other times it terminates with "peyr," "pere" and "spere."

And at word 291 of 1st col., p. 72, we have,

"Two stars keep not their motion in one *sphere*."

This was formerly pronounced as if spelled "*spere*." The word "*Jacke*" does service in many cases for the first syllable of the name, tending to confirm the belief that the original name of the Stratford man was Jacques-Pierre, or Jack-Peter.

And many of the plays are referred to herein. We have "King" "John" time and again. And "Richard the Third" is found on second column of page 78:

"The glutton-bosom of the royal *Richard*."
("2 Henry IV.," I., 4.)

And, on the same column:

"Perforce a *third*
Must take up us."
("2 Henry IV.," I., 4.)

The play of "Measure for Measure" is referred to. Look at the lower part of 2d col., p. 75, and you have:

"Being sick have in some *measure* made me well."

While near the top of the 2d col. of page 77 you have the rest of the name:

"You *measure* the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls."
("2 H. IV.," I., 3.)

But, if I run on, this article will turn into a book.

There is no more doubt of the reality of the cipher than there is of the reality of the plays. My work has been delayed by the very immensity of the story. I cannot begin to work out now all the narrative there is even in the 1st and 2d "Henry IV.;" it would take me a year longer. I will publish part of the story this year, and satisfy the incredulous of the truth of the discovery.

What astonishes me is the fierce opposition which the English people show to the theory that Bacon wrote the plays. If one were attempting to prove that a Frenchman or a German produced

them I could understand it; but when it is proposed to take the mantle of immortality from the shoulders of one Englishman and place it on the shoulders of another Englishman, I cannot see where national feeling has any place in the discussion. Conceding, for the moment, all that has been said against him, and Francis Bacon the scholar, statesman, philanthropist, and founder of the school of philosophy which has done so much to produce our modern advancement and civilization, is certainly a nobler and more admirable figure on the canvass of time, than the guzzling, beer-drinking, poaching, lying play-actor, of whom tradition does not record a single generous expression, or a single lovable act. And as to Francis Bacon's real biography, it is yet to be written, when all the materials furnished by the cipher narrative are in the hands of the world. We know enough now to see that he was sacrificed by James I., that vile slobbering "sow," as Buckingham called him, to save his favorite from the fury of the Commons, and to appease the rising tempest which eventually swept the royal family from the throne, and the head of Charles I. from his shoulders.

The world can afford to wait until all the evidence is in, before it passes final judgment on the grandest and most gifted of all the sons of men. I believe it will be made manifest, in the end, that the moral grandeur of Francis Bacon was as great as his intellectual power; and that he

> "Who died in shame
> Will live in death with endless fame."

IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

JOHNSON, GRANT, SEWARD, SUMNER.

THE events that closely preceded and followed the resolution of the House of Representatives, February 24th, 1868, to impeach Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, for "high crimes and misdemeanors," are fraught with perpetual interest. The occasion was unparalleled in America. It absorbed public attention. It awakened unprecedented bitterness. It aroused the extremist political rancor. Amid the fury of the hour, the impeachment trial lost the dignity of a judicial investigation; the prominent figures therein were hailed, *pro* and *con*, as leaders in a fiery contest; and all the passions of the Civil War were brought into play. The scenes thus enacted embraced an epoch which the student of affairs must ever regard with profound concern. It was a solemn juncture in the progress of those measures which, between 1865 and 1870, underlaid the work of reconstruction by which the rebellious States were reorganized as members of the Union; and all papers that bear an instructive relation to it must have an enduring value. Continuing the line of assault so boldly waged before and during the impeachment trial, the enemies of President Johnson have constantly charged that he was faithless to his pledges, and that his administration was a treasonable sedition against the liberties of the people, and the results of the war. In support of this charge, industrious partisans have printed so much since 1868, that impartial readers may fairly crave the relief which the extremest opposing view might now afford. Recalling Governor Boutwell's contributions to the history of the impeachment, and the reminiscences of the event that have flowed from the pen of General Badeau, it may be truly said that the surviving haters of Andrew Johnson have used every opportunity to "gibbet him in the face of the world, after death has disarmed him of the power of self-defense."

In justice, now, to the calumniated President, it is deemed both timely and right to disclose here two posthumous letters

from Hon. Gideon Welles, who was Minister of Naval Affairs under Lincoln and Johnson, and a participant, therefore, in the scenes to which they refer. The letters were not written for publication. Addressed to Hon. Joseph S. Fowler, of Tennessee, one of the seven Republican Senators, who, on the memorable 16th of May, 1868, voted against impeachment, they were designed to portray from the stand of a Cabinet Officer the spirit of a great crisis, and confidentially to give important information to be publicly used by Mr. Fowler in correcting certain errors appertaining at once to the motives of the President, to the true significance of his policy, to his veto of the tenure-of-office law, to his removal of Edwin M. Stanton from the Department of War, to his appointment of Gen. Grant as Stanton's successor, with the purpose of testing in the Supreme Court an unconstitutional statute; to the nature and extent of the agreement between the President and Grant, and to the latter's betrayal of plighted faith in the famous controversy which ensued. The circumstance which caused this correspondence was that, shortly after President Johnson's death, Ex-Senator Fowler was chosen to deliver, in Tennessee, an oration on the character and public services of the dead statesman, whereupon, in reply to interrogatories, Ex-Secretary Welles wrote the following letter, the original of which, with the consent of Mr. Fowler, is in my possession, for the present use :

EX-SECRETARY WELLES TO EX-SENATOR FOWLER.

[COPY.]

" HARTFORD, *September* 4, 1875.

" HON. JOSEPH S. FOWLER :

" DEAR SIR: I am glad to know that you, who knew Andrew Johnson well, and were familiar with his official acts while President, have been selected by his fellow citizens to deliver an address upon his character and public services. It will give me pleasure to reply to your interrogatories, and furnish any facts in my possession on the subject of your inquiry.

" In regard to the reduction of the navy at the close of the war, I would refer you to the annual report of the Secretary of the Navy, in December, 1865, which will furnish you data and facts more full and complete than I could present in a letter. Immediately after hostilities ceased, a reduction of the naval force was commenced, and prosecuted as rapidly as circumstances would permit. The large number of vessels which had been purchased from the commercial marine, and otherwise obtained and fitted at no inconsiderable expense for war purposes, were, as soon as there was a demand from reviving commerce, without too great a sacrifice, as there would have been by crowding the market, promptly sold. Volunteer officers and enlisted men were discharged, mechanics and workmen in the

navy yards were dismissed, and expenses of every description reduced, so that Congress, in 1866, was informed that funds that had been appropriated for the vigorous prosecution of the war and placed at the disposal of the Navy Department would not be required, and that fifty millions of dollars of those appropriations, and of the avails from the sale of vessels and other property, might be relinquished and returned to the Treasury. Congress, however, neglected to take any action or notice of the suggestion, and the Secretary of the Navy, therefore, of his own accord, on the 30th of September, 1867, relinquished to the Treasury sixty-five millions of dollars. I am not aware that any other department of the government made return of funds to the Treasury.

"The naval force, which, at the close of the war, consisted of about 51,500 men in the service, was forthwith reduced to 15,000, and thereafter still further reduced as the terms of enlistment expired and vessels were put out of commission.

"No chief magistrate, no officer of the government whom I have ever known —and I have been somewhat familiar with most of them from the days of John Quincy Adams—was more attentive and devoted to his duties than President Johnson. Though possessed of a strong and rugged constitution, I have never doubted that his health was seriously and probably permanently impaired by his assiduous and close application in the labors of his office. He had been prostrated by a long and severe illness in the winter of 1864–5, which rendered his appearance at Washington at the inauguration doubtful and precarious. But it was the earnest wish of President Lincoln, who did not conceal his gratification at Mr. Johnson's election, that the Vice-President, a Southern patriot, should be present on that occasion. His absence would, he apprehended, have an unfortunate influence and construction abroad. It was in compliance with this earnest and expressed wish of President Lincoln, seconded by his own disposition to evade no responsibility or labor, that he was present, in enfeebled health and strength, to enter upon his duties as the presiding officer of the Senate, on the 4th of March. He was a man of fine presence and bore himself with dignity in the Cabinet, in his intercourse with officials and the representatives of foreign governments, and with all, indeed, with whom he came in contact. Always self-possessed and courteous, he never failed to receive and command respect even from his enemies.

"The difference between him and Mr. Stanton, and I may say with Congress, was, in origin, political rather than personal. Their differences date back and were, in fact, anterior to the election of Mr. Johnson. They may be said to have begun during the administration of President Lincoln, who could not assent to or adopt the extreme and centralizing views of his radical supporters. While President Lincoln felt it to be his duty to put forth all his power and authority to suppress the rebellion, and was at times compelled to resort to extreme measures to accomplish that object, he was not disposed, by any arbitrary exercise of federal or undelegated authority, to deprive either States or people of their reserved and constitutional rights. These sound, tolerant, and benignant views were not in accord with the ideas and intentions of the extreme radicals, who did not conceal their hostility to the doctrine of State rights, and who avowed themselves the advocates of central power and supremacy, insisting that the federal government could and should control the local governments, treat them as mere corporations, with no original or primary powers, but only such as were granted them by the central government, which could dictate in regard to their organic law, and especially as to the right of suffrage. In his efforts to arouse the patriotic sentiment of the people of the South, and promote union by State action, President Lincoln had, in his message in December, 1863, invited the people in the insur-

rectionary States to come forward and organize local government, stating that those who were entitled to vote under their respective constitutions, prior to the ordinances of secession, and no others, could exercise the right of suffrage. These constitutional views so dissatisfied the radical Republicans that they strove to prevent his renomination.

"Secretary Stanton, who, in 1863, fully assented to the principles then laid down by President Lincoln, and to the policy of his administration, began, in the winter of 1865, to manifest a disposition to favor a tendency towards the centralizing theories of the radicals. The subject of reconstructing and reconstituting the States which had attempted secession, and their restoration to the federal union, was discussed in Cabinet a few hours preceding the assassination of President Lincoln. When Mr. Johnson by that sad event became President, an earnest and unwearied effort was made by the radicals to commit him to their proscriptive and revolutionary scheme of excluding those States from the Union. But, although opposed to secession, and embittered, perhaps, towards those who had brought such woeful calamities upon the country, and caused a war in which he had been personally a sufferer beyond others, he denied that the Executive, or Congress, or both combined, could assume and exercise undelegated and ungranted powers, break down the State governments, and deprive them and the people of their inherent and reserved rights. On the question of reconstruction, Mr. Stanton and his associates took the position that the States and the people of the States that made war upon the government and the Union, had forfeited and lost their rights —that the resumption and re-establishment of their ancient constitutions, as they were prior to the secession ordinances, even with slavery abolished, were not permissible—that there must be new constitutions framed in each, under the direction of Congress or the central government. The first step in this revolutionary movement was brought forward in Cabinet, a few days after the inauguration of Mr. Johnson, by Mr. Stanton, who claimed that the colored man had the right to vote and should exercise this right in the formation of the new constitutions. President Johnson could recognize no such claim, said suffrage was a privilege, not a right, —that the subject belonged to the States, not to the Federal Government, and that the re-establishment of the Union must be on the constitutional basis of the equal political rights of all the States.

"In these differences between President Johnson and the radical members of Congress, who soon, by caucus machinery, obtained control of the Republican party and of Congress itself, Mr. Stanton identified himself with the radicals, and became their counsellor and adviser in most of their measures. With his convictions, the President could not yield his assent to their schemes, and he was therefore impelled to put his veto on the Civil Rights Bill, the Freedman's Bureau Bill, the Military Reconstruction Bill, the Tenure of Office Bill, and other bills which, in his opinion, were without constitutional authority and in palpable violation of that instrument. Mr. Stanton did not approve, but acquiesced in those vetoes, except that on the Tenure of Office Bill. That enactment he openly and indignantly denounced as not only unconstitutional, but as a legislative usurpation, trespassing upon the Executive Department of the government, and impairing, if not destroying, its efficiency. So strong and emphatic was the opposition of the Secretary of War, so earnest and decisive his protest against the law, which assumed to compel the Executive to retain in place officers for whom he was responsible, forcing him to receive into his political family, and to associate and consult in his private council with men in whom he had no confidence, that the President devolved on Mr. Stanton the preparation of the veto message on that bill. It was the only occasion when such a request was made of Mr. Stanton or

of any of the Cabinet, for the President wrote his own messages ; but he was then writing another message on a different subject, which was completed and transmitted to Congress on the same day with his veto on the Tenure of Office Bill. Mr. Seward, by Mr. Stanton's request, was associated with him in preparing that document, which in form was less positive than Mr. Stanton had manifested in Cabinet, but was toned down and modified by the cautious and wary circumspection of the Secretary of State.

"In the progress of events, and as the estrangement between the President and the party majority in Congress became more marked, those members of the Cabinet who regretted the differences, but were unwilling to break their party connection, courteously and in a friendly spirit tendered their resignations and retired from the Cabinet, unwilling to embarrass the Administration. But Mr. Stanton pursued an entirely different course. While the retiring members felt they could not preserve their self-respect and act in good faith by holding on to place under a chief whose policy they did not, in all respects, indorse, Mr. Stanton, who not only did not indorse, but actively opposed the President on almost every important question, refused to withdraw, and insisted on administering a department of the government without the concurrence of the Chief Executive, or consulting or holding communication with him. In total disregard of the principles which he had laid down, and of the message which he had himself prepared, as well as of common courtesy, Mr. Stanton would not resign his office, but clung to place under the shield of the Tenure of Office Bill, which he had declared to be indecent, unconstitutional, and, of course, no law. Under these circumstances, and in order to test the constitutionality of that enactment, President Johnson removed or suspended Mr. Stanton from office and appointed General Grant in his place, with the distinct understanding that he was to retain it until the highest judicial tribunal should decide on the validity of the act.

"General Grant, who, in the early days of President Johnson's administration had professed himself to be, and doubtless was, in full accord with him in his measures, began to indicate alienation after the elections in the autumn of 1866, though he continued upon friendly and almost intimate relations with the President, who, after others distrusted the General's sincerity, still gave him his confidence. General Grant did not hold Mr. Stanton in high esteem, and had willingly assented to a proposition, the year previous, to supersede him in the War Department. But, before the change was consummated, President Johnson, who would have been glad to be relieved of Mr. Stanton, hesitated at the critical moment to take a step which would aggravate the existing ill feeling, and make more violent and vindictive the master spirits of opposition. The proposition had been very quietly discussed and was known to but few ; but the disappointment of General Grant, who did not originate though he consented to the arrangement, contributed to the estrangement. It doubtless gave edge to his animosity, when, at a later day, he forfeited the promise he had made to remain firm at his post as Secretary of War, so that the constitutionality of the Tenure of Office law should be decided by the Supreme Court. The equivocation and ultimate failure of General Grant to fulfill his promise, and his abandoment of the trust and the War Department, defeated the purpose and efforts of the President to obtain a legal decision on that enactment. Mr. Johnson, always truthful and inflexibly honest, never forgot and probably never forgave the deception, and further intimacy or personal interviews with General Grant ceased.

"Mr. Stanton was not a cordial supporter of the President until after the Philadelphia Convention, as you seem to suppose ; but General Grant apparently was, and approved of that movement to promote reconcillation between different

sections of the country. The Secretary of War was opposed to any immediate fraternization or union with the people or States of the Confederacy, or to receiving or meeting them on terms of equality; but General Grant, for nearly two years after the accession of Mr. Johnson to the Presidency, favored harmony and peace.

"There was acquiescence, or submission, on the North Carolina Proclamation, rather than unity, in the Cabinet. It was the purpose and determination of Mr. Stanton and the radical portion of the Republican party to hold North Carolina and the other States of the 'Confederacy' in subjection. Before Mr. Johnson was President, Mr. Stanton had presented a plan to place those States under military control, and thus strike a blow at distinctive State rights, by establishing military departments over them, each department to comprise two or more States, over which should be, respectively, placed a General of the Army, Provost Marshals and their assistants, all to be appointed by the Secretary of War, who, under the Generals, was to organize civil government in those departments. The Secretary of War would, by this agreement, have the supervision and government of those States. Their constitutions, as they existed prior to the secession ordinances, were to be overthrown and no longer recognized. New constitutions were to be framed for each State, and, under the guidance and discretion of the Secretary of War, his Generals and Provost Marshals, with the aid of the colored population who were to vote, such governments would be established as conformed to the views and theories of the radicals. This device to reduce eleven States to a condition of territorial dependence was so repugnant to the ideas and principles of Mr. Johnson, so subversive of our Republican system of popular rights and of self-government, that the President could not give it his sanction. He was confronted with this project in April, at the very threshold of his administration, when he was anxious to conciliate his real and professed friends and supporters. He could not, however, be a party to any usurping scheme that was in conflict with the organic law, nor dictate to the States in regard to suffrage. On this latter point, the Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Seward, who was incapable of attending, were at first equally decided. Thenceforward the divergence between the President and the Secretary of War increased until Mr. Stanton was dismissed.

"No more rigid constitutionalist than Andrew Johnson was to be found; few have ever studied the organic law more closely. The Federal Constitution had been his rudimental, elementary, first lesson, his political bible and text-book, carefully scanned and observed through his whole official life; and it was revolting to his mind and nature that any of its provisions should be violated. His radical opponents, never strictly mindful of constitutional restraints, insisted that the war had broken down constitutional barriers, that Congress was omnipotent, and legislative action was absolute and supreme. Hence the antagonism that sprang up between the executive and the legislative departments of the government. Both had denied and resisted the heresy of *Secession*, but when Congress presented the opposite heresy, and arrogated the power of *exclusion*, and of denying to States and people the undoubted right of representation which is essential to free government, there was a fundamental difference which could not be reconciled. It eventuated, under the madness of party excitement, in a conspiracy to *impeach* the President for an honest and faithful discharge of his duty. Fidelity to the Constitution was denounced as treason to party. For boldly and honestly maintaining the rights of the Executive, he was arraigned and tried, but not convicted. It was a sad spectacle to witness his persecutors of the House of Representatives and the Senators who sat in judgment meeting in secret to strengthen and discipline the timid, and, under the audacious domination of the more unprin-

cipled, predetermine the course to be pursued in open session as triers and judges! Happily for the country and its fame, there were Senators who refused to be disciplined to do a wicked and wrong act, or so to prostitute themselves to the demands of party as to pronounce an unrighteous judgment against a pure patriot and an honest man.

"Called, unexpectedly and without anticipation, to discharge the duties of Chief Magistrate just as the great civil conflict was near its close, and while contending and belligerent parties, filled with hate, were unrelenting and unforgiving, Mr. Johnson labored under great embarrassments in administering the government. A large portion of those who elected him were old political opponents, whose opinions and views of government were diametrically opposed to those which he deemed essential. Consequently, there was not harmony, nor that mutual confidence between him and the dominant party in Congress which was necessary to give strength and secure success to his administration. On the other hand, his former political and party associates were estranged, because he had, in his devotion to the Union and his fidelity to the Constitution, broken and cast aside the fetters of party, and, irrespective of the exactions and requirements of party organizations, resisted secession. His fearless and independent stand—'solitary and alone' in the Senate from his section—won the respect and admiration of the people, and especially of Mr. Lincoln, who desired his nomination, as did a majority of the Republicans, for the office of Vice-President in 1864. When the responsibilities of the government were devolved upon him in consequence of the assassination of his chief, he was compelled to pursue a course acceptable to neither of the great party organizations. He had, therefore, to encounter the hate of one and the indifference of the other in a great emergency, when he was entitled to and should have received the earnest support of every true patriot. But, in the midst of trials and struggles, such as none of his predecessors ever experienced, his firmness, independence, and inflexible purpose were never shaken; he remained true to his convictions and faithful to his principles.

"If, while honestly striving to discharge his duty as Chief Magistrate and restore peace, good-will, and union to the Republic, he was hampered, thwarted, and defeated in his policy, which was also the policy of Mr. Lincoln—if the dominant party, in a broken and fragmentary Congress, were successful in their factious war upon his administration—it was to them but a temporary triumph. Time and reflection, the curatives and rectifiers of erroneous public opinion, have already in a great degree reversed the hasty and heated judgment which partisan prejudice fulminated against him, and his country and posterity will do him justice. While his opponents in Congress, by the force of party discipline, suspended their legislative functions to pass questionable constitutional enactments in order to limit the rightful power and authority of the Executive, and thereby prevent or postpone immediate union and reconciliation, the messages and public documents of Andrew Johnson are in strong contrast with the course of the Legislative Department, and testify not only to his ability and wisdom, but to his lofty and unselfish patriotism—his abiding love of country.

"That he may have been disturbed, vexed, and annoyed under the assaults upon the Executive, personally and officially; at the perverted, mischievous, and assuming legislative acts of Congress; at the revolutionary schemes to change and centralize the government; at the insincerity and infidelity of some men in whom he had confided, is undoubtedly true; and it is also true that he boldly, freely, and, perhaps, indiscreetly, expressed his indignation against false friends and wicked measures.

"My letter, which you requested might be early sent, has been written under

peculiar circumstances, which must be my apology for inadvertence and the absence of more careful preparation.

"There is, I think, a prevailing erroneous opinion in regard to the differences and causes of differences between President Johnson and Secretary Stanton and General Grant, to each of whom he gave his willing confidence until convinced that each was unfaithful. Ultimately inexorable truth will appear, and it seems to me the facts may well be brought out over the grave of the departed statesman. I have, therefore, mentioned to you some of the more prominent of the many circumstances of the differences between the President and his subordinates, and the consequences to the country. You will please make use of these facts as you may deem best.

"I will thank you for a copy of your address when published, and shall be always happy to hear from you. Very respectfully,

[Signed.] "GIDEON WELLES."

Apart from its interesting statement as to naval affairs at the close of the war, and its account of the act of the Naval Secretary, September 30th, 1867, in relinquishing to the Treasury sixty-five millions of dollars, despite Congressional failure to care for the funds remaining from unspent appropriations and from the sale of vessels and other property, the foregoing epistle is entitled to a significant place in the history of the last generation. It is the first expression of the kind that has reached the press from a member of President Johnson's Cabinet. It is a full, frank, free revelation of its author's careful estimate of contemporary events, and of certain controlling figures in the most thrilling drama that has transpired since the surrender of Lee—a drama that affected at once the fate of statesmen and the existence of States themselves. It is proper here to say that, in preparing his oration, Mr. Fowler failed to use a number of important facts which the letter contains, forbearing, likewise, to delineate the alleged conduct of Grant and of Stanton in a manner commensurate with the severity which Mr. Welles himself employs in recounting the movements of the President, and the origin, progress, and end of the impeachment; and hence, after reading the oration, the ex-Secretary was impelled to supplement his former by the subjoined letter, the terms of which, in portraying the writer's conception of Secretary Seward, Senator Sumner, General Grant, Edwin M. Stanton, and John Covode, have but few parallels in epistolary composition:

II.

[COPY.]

"HARTFORD, *November* 9, 1875.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"On my return after ten days absence, I received your letter of the 25th ulto., and, also, the Nashville *American* containing your interesting, elaborate, and

carefully prepared address, which does justice to our deceased friend. I have read it with much satisfaction, and, when published in pamphlet form, do me the favor to send me a copy; for the facts, and incidents, and remarks are so well and clearly presented, that I wish to have them in a more enduring form than the columns of a newspaper.

"In some matters of opinion and estimate of the same men, we should, perhaps, entertain different views, although in most respects we agree. Your statement of the impeachment is the best I have seen, and yet it falls short of the measure of severity due to the chief actors in that great conspiracy. As regards Stanton, you give him credit which he does not deserve, and his perfidy and treachery are not fully told. I may say the same of Grant, who was false to the friend who gave him his confidence, and ungrateful for the trust and benefits bestowed.

"There is a mistake, or a misconception of the condition and understanding between President Johnson and Grant, in regard to the terms and tenure by which the latter received and held the office of Secretary of War when Stanton was displaced.

"You say that 'General Grant was assigned to the place for the time under the promise to surrender the office to the President if the decision of the Senate should be adverse to him, which was certain to happen.' Now, the fact is, the terms were precisely the reverse. The President knew, and so did Stanton, that the Tenure of Office law, under which Stanton held on when requested to resign, was unconstitutional. The President and Cabinet were satisfied the Supreme Court would so decide, if a case could reach them. He, therefore, determined that the suspension of Stanton should be taken before that tribunal. It was to be a test case. Grant promised to receive and hold the office until the Court decided the question of constitutionality, or, if he concluded not to retain the place, he would notify the President and resign in season for the President to select another man. But Grant was treacherous and false. He held on to the place until the Senate passed its adverse vote, and then immediately locked the Secretary's office, handed over the key to one of the attending officials, left the War Department and went to Army Headquarters. By this trick President Johnson was deprived of the opportunity of bringing the constitutionality of the act before the highest judicial tribunal. The factious conspirators in Congress well knew that the judicial department of the government would be against the legislative on that law, and with the Executive.

"Thad Stevens, Butler, Boutwell & Co. were unwilling to trust to constitutional remedies for constitutional wrongs; and Grant, by deception and trickery, was their willing instrument to perpetuate the injustice, and prevent the tribunal, which the Constitution has provided, from passing judgment on the legality of the legislative act. I never saw Grant appear more insignificant, or President Johnson to better advantage, than on the occasion when the latter summoned Grant to appear before him and explain his course and conduct. You will recollect that the falsehood of Grant was proved by all the members of the Cabinet who were present at that interview. I think it very essential that *that* part of the address should be put right in your pamphlet edition. In one or two other less important matters I might make suggestions, but this is the most important, and should be rightly presented. Grant took the office of Secretary of War with *an express agreement to stand in the gap until the Supreme Court virtually pronounced whether the Executive or the Senate was right;* or, if he flinched, the President should have timely warning to select another that would stand the test. Grant, false to the Chief Magistrate who trusted him, joined the conspirators and prevented a legal decision from the proper tribunal.

"As regards men, the time has not, perhaps, arrived to award each his true position, and I, therefore, for obvious reasons, would not publicly give a free and full opinion of some whom you name, and concerning whom I, in some respects, differ with you. For instance, neither Mr. Sumner nor Mr. Seward was strictly a constitutionalist, nor do I class either among the highest order of statesmen. Mr. Sumner was a scholar, and better read on the subject of our foreign relations, international law, our treaties and traditions, than any other man in Congress. He better filled the position of Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations than any of his associates could have done. But he was not a *practical* man, nor a constitutionalist—knew not how to construct or build up a government, though he could pull down; was an idealist and theorist; could criticise, find fault, and take exceptions, and could tell Stanton to "stick" and defy his principal. There was violent partisanship, but no enlarged and enlightened statesmanship, in such counsel at any time; it was unworthy of a senator in such a crisis of public affairs.

"Mr. Seward was a skillful politician, full of expedients, strongly wedded to party—much stronger than to principles; with little reverence for the Constitution, which he treated much as he would legislative enactments. In his speech of January 12th, 1861, and in propositions subsequently made at that session, as well as in his course of policy during the first few weeks of Mr. Lincoln's Administration, you have the characteristics of which I speak. He was for calling a National Convention, revising or remodeling the Constitution, conceding to the secessionists their demands, incorporating a provision that should be irrevocable, perpetuating slavery. This was the key to his ninety days' prophecy of harmony and peace. His policy was to concede, to yield to his antagonists. Our rights he almost invariably surrendered to foreign demands during the war. He was always ready, always superficial—not a profound thinker, nor with any pretensions to the scholarly culture and the attainments of Sumner. The two men were of different temperaments—had differently constituted minds. Each of them had a large party following, and a host of *claquers* and journalists to extol and glorify them. Sumner was imperious, ready to break down the States and their governments to carry out his schemes, regardless of the Constitution; and made war on President Johnson because he would not assume and exercise undelegated and illegal power. Seward, while he had little deference for State rights, and would have been willing to let Thad Stevens, Stanton, and Butler have their way in reconstructing the Southern States, was not unfaithful to President Johnson, and acquiesced in the President's policy.

"I have written more of the two leading but differing minds of men of whom you make mention than I intended; but my remarks are drawn out unconsciously. Grant has none of the redeeming qualities of either Sumner or Seward; nor had he a single qualification for the office of Chief Magistrate. He is a man of little reading, limited capacity, vulgar habits, and was in employment more suitable to his mind and taste when serving as a porter in a leather store at Galena than as the official head of a great nation. Covode, who introduced the impeachment resolution, was a coarse, cunning man, without culture, fond of intrigue, and craving notoriety. These comments on men are made not for publicity, or to induce any change or modification of your excellent address.

"I am desirous that the paragraph relative to Grant's holding the office of Secretary, *whatever might be the action of the Senate, until the Court decided the constitutionality of the Tenure of Office Act*, should be corrected. He was, by *express* agreement, to *stand by the President* and meet the anticipated conflict with the Senate, until the *Judiciary*, the expounder of the law and Constitution, should pass upon the question. Justice to President Johnson, to the country, and

to truth requires this matter, wherein Grant was treacherous and false, should be put right. Please excuse the freedom and frankness of my criticism, which I am confident you will properly appreciate. It will always give me pleasure to hear from you. My son, to whom you send remembrance, is now in Europe, but his return is expected in December. Yours truly,

[Signed] "GIDEON WELLES.

"Hon. Joseph S. Fowler."

The letters here disclosed from the late Naval Minister may convey to the reader a useful lesson: Two decades have vanished since the trying days of 1867–8, and, meantime, the asperities of "reconstruction" have been subdued. Party ties and partisans have alike been changed by time, and new relations mark the face of American politics. Johnson and Stanton, Grant and Seward, Sumner, Covode, and Welles himself, are in their graves, and all they did and said in their busy day belongs to history. The Republic, purified by blood and strengthened by sacrifice, has long since quickened its majestic stride; and the views of men, like current measures of State, have grown with the widening scope of affairs. Popular thought has been liberalized, political toleration broadened, and public sympathy deepened. It is remembered that Mr. Welles figured, as others did, in a decade of passion, of revenge, and of hate; he became an indignant foe of Stanton and of Grant, and, in reproducing now his severities of opinion—the sharpness of which was acquired on the very edge of a fratricidal war—it does not follow that the phrase in which they are couched shall be approved. The picture which he paints is upheld simply because it offers a portraiture of the time, and thereby reflects, in its own way, a chapter of the past.

Whatsoever criticism be evoked by the invectives that are used by the author of these letters to characterize the conduct of Stanton and of Grant toward President Johnson in reference to the Secretaryship of War, the Tenure of Office law, and the measure of impeachment, it must be conceded that he has presented a potent defense of his illustrious chief; and, furthermore, that in view of the malignant assaults that have been incessantly made upon the fame of that chief, there is ample reason for this publication. These letters inspire another suggestion, viz., that the seven Republican Senators—Trumbull, Fessenden, Fowler, Grimes, Henderson, Van Winkle, and Ross—who, "facing the wrath of the party with which they had been so long identified," on that day so fatal to impeachment, voted with the Democrats for the

acquittal of the President, averted a new revolution, and displayed a courageous patriotism that deserved the nation's gratitude. They stood

> "Against allurement, custom, and a world
> Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
> Or violence!"

The attitude of Andrew Johnson in that critical hour was unequaled and heroic, and his acquittal by the Senate is ratified by the dispassionate judgment of his countrymen.

GEORGE BABER.

ENGLISH WOMEN AS A POLITICAL FORCE.

THE origin, rise, and progress of the Primrose League has been already too amply given to necessitate repetition. My province is simply to touch on the part taken by the ladies of the League in this great political organization. I believe I am not wrong in saying that it is to a certain degree a social revolution, for it is the first time in England that women have taken an open and avowed part in political movement and have been recognized as political agents. The Primrose League, as is well known, was founded by a few gentlemen, of whom Lord Randolph Churchill, Rt. Hon. Sir H. Drummond Wolff, Sir John Goret, Sir Algernon Borthwick, and Colonel Burnaby were amongst the earliest members. The first meetings were held in a small second-floor room in Essex street, Strand, where the ten original founders met constantly for discussion, and were soon joined by others.

A few paragraphs in the newspapers awakened public curiosity, and adherents speedily sent in their names. Not many weeks had elapsed when some hundred persons had joined, and the work of forming clubs or habitations was begun; hundreds soon became thousands, and a large public demonstration was held with unprecedented success in Free Mason's Tavern. Since that day the League has steadily increased, and has now attained its present gigantic proportions. It numbers now close upon six hundred thousand members and nearly thirteen hundred habitations.

The aim and object of this new society was, first, the maintenance of religion, law, order, and the integrity of the Empire; secondly, to encourage voluntary canvass at the time of elections; thirdly, the establishment of habitations or clubs all over the Kingdom, which should hold meetings and elect members for the furtherance of those principles; fourthly, a strict inquiry into the registration of all Conservative voters.

The Primrose League had already been started two years when a prominent member expressed a wish that Lady Wimborne and the writer of this article should call together a committee of ladies, and enroll them as members with power to act on the part of the League. After some consideration, this was done, and the first committee was held on the 2d of March, 1885, at 139 Piccadilly.

"At which meeting it was resolved to form a ladies' branch of the League, composed of the following ladies, who each guaranteed to subscribe an annual sum toward the funds of the League, viz.:

Lady Borthwick (in the chair),	Julia, Countess of Jersey,
The Duchess of Marlborough,	Mrs. Hardman,
Lady Wimborne,	Lady Dorothy Nevill,
Lady Randolph Churchill,	Miss Nevill,
Lady Charles Beresford,	Lady Campbell (of Blythswood),
Dow. March'ss of Waterford,	Hon. Mrs. Armytage,
Julia, March'ss of Tweedale,	Mrs. Bischoffsheim."

Meetings were at once held, often two and three times a week, and much attentive work was required for the drawing out of the rules, which till then had never been written; but good will was shown, as well as steady application, and at the end of a few weeks the new branch made rapid progress.

Members from all classes joined. Many of the great employers of labor gave powerful aid, and now at this moment no less than 106 habitations have been founded by the Dames of the League, some of them numbering from two to sixhundred persons in a club or habitation. An Executive Council was then formed, of which the Duchess of Marlborough became Acting President. Six officials, viz., three Presidents, the Duchess of Marlborough, Marchioness of Salisbury, and Countess Iddesleigh, and three Vice-Presidents, Lady Wimborne, Lady Borthwick, and Baroness Bolsover, were elected for life. A Grand Council was formed, with the right of voting. Since March, 1885, the League has numbered 1,043 Dames of the Grand Council, and 34,400 Dames of the League. These numbers are constantly increasing, and during the late elections sometimes as many as 2,000 male and female members joined in a day.

The work of the ladies was of an intricate description, that of forming clubs or habitations, each of which should be composed of a president, vice-president, secretary, dames, and associates.

They had in each district to find places where such clubs might meet for discussion and work. The next important question was that of the literature to be dispensed at such habitations, and a separate committee was formed for the purpose of editing and publishing the leaflets. As the ladies' branch rapidly increased, so did also their financial prosperity, and two ladies were appointed, Lady Gwendoline Cecil and Lady Hardman, as treasurer and secretary of the committee. It would be difficult to enumerate all the many services rendered by the women of the League, but it will give some idea of how well they have worked, when I say that no fewer than 371 clasps have been conferred for special services. These are only given for some unusual amount of work. There have also been 53 orders of merit awarded. One among many cases of work and discipline I must name, as it came under my special notice. During the time of the second election for South Kensington, a Radical candidate was started five days before going to the poll. The time being so short, there was some difficulty in getting out the voting papers. At once some 80 or 100 ladies enrolled themselves, and so admirably, so steadily, so efficiently did they work, that in less than 24 hours 10,000 voting cards were written, directed, stamped and posted. This is one of many examples of the united work of the League. Among those whose names may be mentioned, as having helped greatly to further the cause, should be named Lady Wimborne, who has started numbers of habitations; Lady Campbell of Blythswood, who started seven habitations in three months in Scotland, and turned out a Radical who had started in Renfrewshire.

Miss Nevill, who worked most efficiently in personally canvassing east and west St. Pancras, and drove about for days in taking voters to the poll. The Hon. Mary Henniker founded 13 habitations in Suffolk, and framed the by-laws to suit each locality. Lady Bolsonn, Lady Pembroke, and Lady Jersey have also been most successful in their efforts. But it would be impossible here to mention all the valuable work performed by the ladies of the League and carried out by their undaunted perseverance, courage, and energy. I cannot resist quoting a few lines from the address of Mrs. Fawcett to the students of Bedford College, last November, who, though opposed in politics, has given a most generous commendation, to the women of the League.

"It is an undeniable fact that the Primrose League has done more to give women the position which has been so long and so rigidly withheld than any other organization in this or any period of the world's history. The originators of the movement showed their judgment and discrimination when they included women in their ranks, and, so far, I do not think there is one who has betrayed the confidence reposed in her by showing that she in any way merits the legal stigma of being classed with lunatics and that ilk. It is an admitted fact, by friend and foe, that the Primrose League throughout the length and breadth of the land has rendered the organized help of women in such a way as no help has ever been given before at Parliamentary or municipal elections. It has been the frank and universal admission of successful Conservative candidates that they have been lifted into Parliament by the Primrose League."

I fully believe that a wide future is opening to women. As yet their capacity has been to a great degree untried ; they have proved themselves to be endued with quick perception, foresight, energy ; we know they have shown a great power of devotion, of unselfishness, of patience under suffering, of calm courage in danger. We know them to be at once to be the good and bad angels of the opposite sex, capable alike of inciting them to higher aims, noble ambition, and lofty aspirations, as they are alike capable of ruining them by their demoralizing influence. That woman's power is unbounded, is undeniable. It has been shown in every great movement, religious or political, since the world began. Let that influence be turned to some good account. But to make noble women, you must give them responsibility; they must feel they have a place in the universe, that their actions are important, that their word is sacred, that they stand before the world not as mere irresponsible puppets, but as rational human beings, capable of good and evil, both in themselves and in influencing others.

I believe that the great faults attributed to woman are the faults rather of education and of public opinion than of nature. Had she a more recognized and important position, I fully believe that the trivialities, the petty jealousies, the spitefulness, the scandalmongering, the untruthfulness, would all disappear before the serious work of life.

But while we give to woman the place that is fully her due, let us not run to the other extreme. Let her not try to emulate

man in the many qualities he alone possesses; let her rather try to excel as woman in all that is most feminine and womanly. Woman was created to be the complement of man's stronger qualities, not the rival of his intellect. Their very contrast should make their strength. Neither is complete without the other. Let us then work, not only for the good cause, but for the education of our own better nature.

"Woman's mind, and special gifts, and ways
Should ever join with man's to solve the problems of our days."

ALICE B. BORTHWICK.

THE INTER-STATE RAILWAY SOLVENT.

THE Inter-State Commerce problem does not seem to have advanced much towards a satisfactory solution, although we have had what was so long delayed, and what has been all the time essential to its solution, Congressional action. A specific, however, is not likely to cure a chronic disease, but even if the disease can be brought to the surface, and present for a time a more aggravated appearance, it may be a step in advance. Faults in the legislation of this country are not a new thing; we do not address ourselves to the application of remedies with the directness of an absolute government, nor even with that of a popular government where the people surrender their prerogatives for a time to the sway of a responsible officer—which is the present characteristic of Great Britain—but there is a holding back by the party or individuals of the party in power, and a timidity in action that is unfavorable to the expression of pronounced and highly intelligent ideas. Power is held by so slight a tenure with us, not only by a party, but, presuming the party stays in power, by particular individuals of the party, that the thing first to do is to hug the popular sentiment, even though that sentiment be ignorant, misled, and utterly without grasp of the necessity of the situation. Our statesmanship then does not so much seek to grasp the situation as the popular interpretation of the situation, and public spirit ordinarily does not get further than to seek office, and retain it afterwards. It is natural for a man of ordinary disinterestedness to believe that he can administer an office to which he aspires equally well or better than another man, and, having obtained an office, he feels it is better to make what he regards, perhaps, only a slight surrender of his best wisdom, rather than to turn over his position to another; but "the only way into truth is to enact your insight," and the man who halts and holds back from the expression of his highest wisdom is not the man to grapple with and

bring out of confusion a matter intertwined with truth and falsehood, and with conflicting private and public advantage.

In saying this there may be no special value, but it calls attention to the unpreparedness of the national legislative mind and the lack of surrender of that mind to the solution of the railroad problem, and that it is but natural, consequently, that the country should grope in getting out of the difficulty.

The administration of railroads has become bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of the public affairs of this country, and these affairs are so public that they no longer admit of a purely private administration; and it has been the fault of government with us that this point has not been foreseen, that it has become a serious matter before it has been taken up, and, worse than this, that we are even now destitute of any special wisdom as to how we should grapple with it.

The present Inter-State Commerce Law does not fairly combine even any two schools of thought in regard to the solution of the Inter-State railroad problem, and much less is it the expression of any one school of thought. Nobody, consequently, supports the law as it now stands with any heartiness. It is supported because it is a law, because it is the presumed wisdom, or compromised wisdom, of Congress upon the subject, and it has a special body of officers, selected with great care by the President, whose duty it is to see that it is enforced. The main feature of its passage was that the country wanted something upon the subject, that it was not best even to leave it over until another Congress, and, in the conflicting ideas, there was a general consensus to let something go through upon the subject, not very special reference being had as to what that something might be. Under this pressure of showing a result, the law fell short of showing the "average" wisdom of Congress upon the subject. This first act of "something" having been done, and that something having been demonstrated to possess no particular wisdom upon the subject, the next step to get at is—what is wisdom upon it?

In the first place, the force of the law is mostly spent upon the long and short haul clause, which has not been one of the burning questions of railroad administration in this country. The long and short haul clause affects localities, whereas the chief objection in our railroading is in the aggrandizement of individuals—the wealth and the power, in railroading and out of it,

that has come to individuals, that in a measure has changed the character of our institutions, that has greatly changed the relative condition of individuals, and that is threatening further changes of these kinds, and is alarming to the public mind.

This enormous power and wealth to individuals is, first, in the individual ownership and management of railroads, and, second, in the control of the business of the country, that has been given over to other individuals by those controlling the railroads. The former power comes, stating it in the most succinct form, through stock manipulation, the latter through freight discrimination.

In advancing this subject towards a solution, I cannot see wherein it is not unfortunate that such prominence should have been given to the long and short haul clause—that is, to locality—when this is not, and it is not possible that it should be, a national issue. The extreme aggrandizement of individuals is a national issue, as the great railroad man, holding his power through changes of party administration and through a succession of individuals holding high offices, is more important in the affairs of the country than one holding any elective office, and this is a change of the most extraordinary kind, not of our written, but of our unwritten constitution. The constitution of no country or government can be embodied in a state paper for any great length of time ; the men of one generation cannot lay down the law completely for the men of another generation, nor can the subtle changes from one period to another be recognized as changes and find a formal constitutional record. Each generation has to govern itself very largely without help from any preceding generation, and too much and too greatly revered automatic governing machinery may be an evil. As soon as a man ceases to be alone he has to be more or less goverened ; this pertains to marriage, to the family, to private and natural defense and aggrandizement ; and transportation in the development it has received in the nineteenth century is perhaps the chief of these. Transportation in this country undoubtedly exceeds its importance in any other country. This is on account of our extent, the promise of development before us, and the greatly variegated products of the different parts of the country, making exchange of these products over great distances of the utmost consequence. The chief nations of Europe have international affairs, and the preser-

vation of their own boundaries and autonomies, to develop statesmanship of the first class. We do not have these spurs to statesmanship, and are of the order of people, supposed to be the most happy order, that has the least history. In this way transportation becomes for us of this country the greatest subject of our time. As our government has been constituted since the rebellion, its administration has not offered the greatest prizes for individual ambition, but these have been found in the administration of the affairs of railroads and other branches of transportation. This is because the tenure of power is longer, and the opportunities of individual wealth much greater. The office-holder may have the shadow of power, but the transportation magnate has the substance. If, to the holder of high office, there was the tenure of power such as rules, say, in Great Britain, the equilibrium of the affairs of this nation would be better, the railroad man would be held in check,—he would not weigh so heavily in courts, Congress, legislatures, lobbies, conventions, caucuses, and at the polls; and there awaits us development in one of two directions—men powerful in office, able to impose a policy and regimen upon the country, or transportation affairs so passed over into the affairs of the administration of the relations of one to another,—become affairs of government,—that the transportation magnate sinks to the level of the competitive citizen, although he may be a very rich one, as is now the case with many bankers and merchants. Unless one of these courses is pursued, our institutions, as they have been known, are substantially at an end. Free institutions cannot exist with the wealth of the country practically at the command of irresponsible individuals, as has been the case since the railroads arrived at their pre-eminence. As I have cited, this has come through stock manipulation and freight discrimination. It is the old problem of government, whether individual or national, taking new form: there cannot be two masters. The individual cannot serve God and Mammon. Our predecessors could not live on territory part slave and part free, nor can we live under an oligarchy with unrestrained power for the absorption of wealth and maintain free institutions. A cursory view of this absorption of wealth shows: 1st, the railroads "manipulated" into the hands of a comparatively few; 2d, manufacturing, trading, mining, and stock-raising annex businesses to railroading through discriminations; 3d, the pockets of Eastern

land-holders emptied into the pockets of railroad magnates, who are the chief Western land-holders, by the cheap means of mechanical transportation East and West, and the consequent depreciation of the values of Eastern lands. He who has saved money by other occupations is likely, sooner or later, to have it swallowed up by one of these vortexes, as a surplus of money implies some form of investment.

It is the misfortune of the country that a law has been enacted that overslaughs by diversion of attention the most important features of railroad administration, discrimination and stock manipulation; that has attempted to substitute arbitrary law where natural law should control, nature having preceded railroads in establishing favored places by sea, and lake, and river transportation, and that destroys the last result of highly organized transportation, the railroad federation or pool.

A patient trial of the present law might inhibit the evils of discrimination and stock manipulation, as the first is positively forbidden, and the publicity of facts, made obligatory, might in time root out the latter. But the energies of the Commission, as the law now stands, with the pressure upon it from the long and short haul clause, can but imperfectly reach this portion of the act.

It is impossible to equalize, in points of advantage, all parts of this country; and, as nature established the precedent of favoring one locality at the expense of another, it is not reasonable to expect that, in changing the chief method of transportation from water to rail, this precedent can be annulled, although the favored localities may not be entirely the same as they were before.

The pool is an extraordinary convenience at least. With an uncontrolled private ownership of railroads, it might be a terrible instrument of oppression, and by rooting out competition, and by fixing such rates of transportation as it might choose, and directly, or through its agents, entering upon the business of trading, as well as transporting (which was at one time the case with the Standard Oil Company—that company acting as the pool agent for oil transportation), it might absorb in an extraordinarily short time the wealth of the country. But the pool with an intelligent and honest government supervision takes all complication out of transportation, and raises its powers to the highest efficiency.

It is possible there may come a time in the affairs of trans-

portation when there will be more or less regulation regarding locality, but this is one of the niceties of the question that cannot be successfully reached while government oversight is in a crude state. This issue cannot well be national, as the friends of action for locality (which I repeat is the principle of the long and short haul) are likely to be arrayed each for his own locality, and against another locality when specific action comes. The attempt to treat this, in the present inchoate state of the subject, disappoints the country on the relation of the government to transportation. It makes the judicious grieve, but the magnate of transportation laugh. And fancy the feelings of a Commissioner, with discretionary powers, trying to do that which nature never did, and which no way has yet been invented for finite man to do!

The preponderating fault of the law is that it attempts to do altogether too much; it is a nineteenth century bull against the comet, a Texan steer running amuck in a china shop.

It is grounded first on the idea that the railroad manager must not be scotched but killed, that there has been no evolution worth preserving in railroad management, that the whole subject can be reconstructed on *á priori* ideas, that railroading in its entirety is reeking with abuse, and that the true American has not come to the front in its management.

Speaking more definitely, Mr. Reagan in the House represented the *á priori* idea of settling the railroad problem, and was able to impose his views upon the majority, while Mr. Cullom in the Senate, with the majority of that body with him, accepted principles that have been plainly evolved as good ones, and attempted to discriminate against the abuses that have grown up in the system. Between these forces, neither party yielding to the other, but both willing to give way that something might be done without much reference to how intelligent that something might be, we have the present hotchpotch of a law, which has resulted in giving the railroads advantages over the public that they did not possess before.

We have it now demonstrated that one law does not settle the railroad problem, and, unfortunately, this law has not put us in the way to learn much upon the subject, as what it has done more than anything else is to establish confusion where confusion did not exist, and divert attention from the true gist of the question. Under these circumstances, it is not to be expected that the next

Congress will be able to act very wisely; the subject is vastly too intricate for ready solution, and all now living and taking an interest in public affairs are likely to see their course pretty well advanced before it can be eliminated from a controversial position in the public mind.

The difficulties of settling the question are congenital, as the framers of our constitution knew not railroads, and, in looking into it to see what may be formulated there that applies to them, there is the greatest room for latitude of opinion. This is unfavorable to the development of knowledge upon the subject, except as that is forced by dire experience. The public mind of the country ignored the whole subject of the relation of the government to railroads until it was forced by events; but now the point is reached that something has to be done, that it is right to do something, and that to do something is harmonious with the constitution. We have been getting "judge-made law" on the subject pretty fast for a few years, and now stand on the ground, from the federal standpoint, that no state can legislate on transportation that pertains to two states, and that the federal government has full power, and exclusive power, on all transportation from one state to another state. With the volume of our inter-state commerce, this makes the judicial and legislative field of the federal government in transportation very large.

Railroad transportation of the country as it pertains to regulation, may be classified as follows:

1st. Railroads that run from state to state.

2d. Commodities and passengers that are moved from state to state.

3d. Railroads that are located wholly in one state.

4th. Commodities and passengers moved wholly within one state.

There is no further controversy to take place on the first two of these propositions, as it is settled in the public mind and in the courts that the federal authority has exclusive jurisdiction. The establishment of the federal authority regarding the second proposition also establishes it in a measure regarding the third proposition, as a railroad located wholly in one state participates in moving commodities from one state to another, and this brings it in a measure under the domain of the federal authority. But is it reasonable, practicable, and in the line of efficient

regulation to let it stop here? It is a nice division in the business of a railroad to know what is state and what is inter-state, almost too nice to follow with exactness for practical results. A railroad participates in inter-state commerce; it sells tickets to passengers that are good over its line and over lines in other states; it honors tickets in the same way held by passengers coming from other states, and the same principle is true regarding the movement of commodities. It is too much of an abstraction to draw a line and say, the part of the business of the railroad that is done wholly in one state the authority of the federal government in no way relates to and cannot touch. The fact that the railroad participates in the national and federal business at all—is an instrument of inter-state commerce—is sufficient to make it amenable in all its business to the national and federal law. The adoption of this principle would not include the railroads of municipalities, the ordinary street car lines, where no recognition is taken of a passenger's destination or whence he comes.

But it is desirable in this country to localize the exercise of authority as much as possible, to distribute it among the various states. And this is specially true regarding neighboring citizens and corporations. Let the federal law on the subject be so framed that a state law, made in harmony with and to carry out the same provisions as those of the federal law shall have jurisdiction, within the territory of that state, and if a state does not legislate to this effect the federal law to be supreme. This would give to each state the option to do for its own citizens what otherwise the federal law would do: it would establish uniformity of law regarding railroad transportation throughout the country, and at the same time it would maintain the local jurisdiction of each state, unless it voluntarily surrenders it.

JOHN C. WELCH.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE GLACIAL THEORY.

FIFTY years have now elapsed since the glacial theory was first formulated and promulgated. This brilliant scientific conception is commonly supposed to have originated with the Swiss *savant*, Louis Agassiz; but Dr. Otto Volger, in a recent paper published in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, of Munich (February 17th and 18th), affirms and clearly proves that Agassiz borrowed this idea from Karl Schimper, and that he was not only fully conscious of this indebtedness, but also most carefully concealed it. In the interests of truth and justice, and as a matter of scientific history, it certainly seems desirable that the facts in the case should be presented to the English-reading public.

Karl Schimper, eminent as a botanist, and esteemed as a poet, was born in Mannheim, February 15th, 1803. From 1826 to 1829, he pursued his studies at the Universities of Heidelberg and Munich, in intimate daily association with Agassiz and Alexander Braun, and made, during this period, several original and exceedingly important contributions to the morphology of plants. In recognition of his discoveries, and for the purpose of facilitating the further prosecution of his scientific researches, he received a small annual stipend from the Bavarian Academy of Sciences, which, by enabling him to make frequent excursions among the Bavarian and Tyrolese Alps, turned his attention more and more to geognostic investigations. Gradually his interest in mountain flora was overshadowed by the curiosity excited in him by the gigantic bowlders, near which it grew, and he was led irresistibly to inquire as to the nature and origin of these exotic and erratic blocks. As a botanist, he was first attracted to them by the foreign character of the lichens and mosses, which he found growing upon the bowlders scattered over the Bavarian plains. He continued these observations for several years, and finally embodied the results in a course of lectures, delivered at Munich, in the winter of 1835–36.

In these lectures, Schimper not only unfolded the main features of the glacial theory, but he also seems to have anticipated Mr. Croll in attributing the glacial epoch to astronomical influences, which produced an alternation of "cosmic summers and cosmic winters." According to the Bavarian Privy Councilor, the late Gustav von Bezold, who attended and took notes of these lectures, Schimper proved conclusively that the erratic blocks of granite, or so-called "foundlings," had been transported to their present position, not by water, as had been hitherto supposed, but by the agency of ice, masses of which, several thousand feet thick, once covered all Europe. He also expressly stated that it was due to this method of transportation that the alluvion and drift did not fill up the lakes and the valleys, which would have been the case with diluvial deposits of detritus.

In July, 1836, Schimper was present at a meeting of Swiss naturalists in

Solothurn, where he made the acquaintance of Charpentier and Hugi, with whom he discussed the glacial theory. Agassiz was also there, but showed no interest in this subject, being wholly absorbed in fossil fishes, echinoderms, and mollusks. At this time Schimper investigated the glacial phenomena on the slopes of the Jura and in the Black Forest, where he discovered unmistakable traces of glacial action. In September of the same year he visited Charpentier at Bex, where he remained till December. On his arrival, he found Agassiz already there, who, however, had come, not for the purpose of studying glaciers, as is stated in his biography (p. 261), but solely for the sake of examining Charpentier's fine collection of fossil fishes and shells. He listened to the conversation of the two friends, but took little or no part in it, and only once accompanied them, with his brother-in-law, Francillon, on an excursion conducted by Schimper, to the Col de Balme and the Trient Glacier.

On the 16th of December Schimper arrived at Neuchâtel, and on the 19th discovered the famous glacier marks near Landeron, in the chalk rocks of the Jura. Agassiz, to whom he communicated this discovery, now showed the liveliest interest in it, as well as in the general doctrine of a great glacial epoch, towards which he had hitherto maintained a decidedly skeptical attitude. His constant intercourse with Schimper, who imparted the results of his daily researches without reserve, kindled in him an ardent enthusiasm for this subject, and he resolved to present it to his fellow-citizens of Neuchâtel in a series of public lectures, which were accordingly announced in the *Courrier Neuchâtelois* for January 24th, 1837.

In order to carry out this purpose more successfully Agassiz requested Schimper to let him have the manuscript of the lectures, which the latter had, as already stated, delivered in Munich a year before. But as Schimper was unable to procure this manuscript, owing to the fact that it was locked up in his room at Munich, he wrote to Gustav Bezold, a former pupil, to send with all possible haste the notes which he had taken of the aforementioned lectures. These notes were received in January, and early in February Agassiz began his course of lectures, and continued them at the rate of five a week until the beginning of March. But in the very first lecture Agassiz betrayed so great ignorance of the subject and made so many blunders, especially concerning the nature and constitution of ice, that Schimper generously offered to aid him henceforth in the preparation of each lecture, and this offer was gratefully accepted. Schimper also wrote an ode entitled "Die Eiszeit. Für Freunde gedruckt am Geburtstage Galilei's, 1837" (The Ice Period. Printed for Friends on Galilei's Birthday, 1837), which Agassiz distributed among his auditors. It was signed "Dr. K. F. Schimper," and dated "Neuchâtel, February 15th, 1837." Here the word "Eiszeit" appears for the first time in print, and the date of Schimper's ode is, therefore, regarded by Dr. Volger as the nativity of the glacial theory, although it was really born into the scientific world a twelve-month earlier.

It was perfectly natural that the people of Neuchâtel should have looked upon their distinguished townsman as the author of the strange and striking theory which he promulgated. The local newspapers gave him the full credit of it and probably had not the slightest conception of Shimper's real and originary connection with it. At any rate, it was more pleasing to the proverbially provincial spirit of the Swiss and the cantonal conceit of the Neuchâteles, already restive under Prussian domination, to think that "our Agassiz" should explain the cosmic significance of "our glaciers," than that they should be indebted to a foreigner for the interpretation of their familiar phenomena.

In the summer of 1837, the twenty-second session of the "Helvetic Society of Natural Sciences" was held at Neuchâtel. As Schimper was then in Karlsruhe

and unable to be present at the meeting of the association, he wrote to Agassiz, urging him as a brother (Schimper was betrothed to a sister of Agassiz's first wife) to bring the glacial theory before the assembled *savants*, in *his stead*, and to make use of the fit opportunity afforded to secure the scientific recognition of this "immensely important truth." My discovery, he adds, has already been to me the source of much annoyance, since it offends the inveterate prejudices of neptunists and plutonists alike, and runs counter to the traditional "unbiological notion of a merely mechanically progressive diminution of the earth's temperature." He also refers to some glacial phenomena in the vicinity of Neuchâtel, to which the Helvetic Society should be conducted, and gives the necessary instructions. In view of this letter, the greater part of which is published in the "*Actes de la Société Helvétique des Sciences Naturelles*, Neuchâtel, 1837," no one can doubt, says Dr. Volger, "who was the teacher, and who the pupil."

A comparison of the "*Discours préliminaire*," with which Agassiz, as President of the Helvetic Society is said to have "startled" his auditors, shows how greatly he was indebted to Schimper's communication in the preparation of this address, as it appears in the printed proceedings. He speaks of his exposition of the glacial theory as a "fusion of his views with those of Mr. Schimper;" and it is clear that where he does not follow Schimper, he usually errs, as, for example, when he asserts that the transportation of bowlders by glaciers was due to a gliding or sliding motion on an inclined plane produced by the upheaval of the Alps. Indeed, Dr. Volger declares that Agassiz, notwithstanding all his later glacial investigations, never acquired a knowledge of ice and its peculiar energies. In his preliminary discourse he passes over points which he could not explain, with the phrase, "*Comme ils sont en partie connus, je ne m'y arrête pas;*" adding "*M. Schimper a fait un beau travail sur les effets de la glace, auquel je renverrais mes lecteurs, s'il était publié.*" The rage of Leopold von Buch, mentioned in Mrs. Agassiz's biography of her husband (p. 264), was directed against Schimper, as the real author of the mischief, if we are to believe the account of the affair given shortly afterwards by Agassiz himself to Schimper in Karlsruhe.

But whatever glory emanated from the new doctrine haloed round the brow of Agassiz as its public expounder, and naturally enough he soon grew fond of the easily-won fame. The nimbus of the saint is a covetable head-gear, provided one is not compelled to win it by the thorny crown of martyrdom. It would seem as though Agassiz had so often heard it said that he was the originator of the glacial theory, that he finally began to believe it himself. At this time a certain tension becomes apparent in the personal relations of the two friends. Schimper wrote to Agassiz calling his attention to the fact that the press uniformly attributed to him the theory of a glacial epoch, and earnestly entreating him not to consent by silence to this wrong, but to publish fully and frankly the true state of the case. To this reasonable request Agassiz replied, October 23d, 1837, in a somewhat lofty manner, that he neither read the newspapers nor had anything to do with their contents, butthat in the official report of the society's proceedings everything would have its due place.

In his "*Etudes sur les Glaciers*" (published in 1840), Agassiz does not make the slightest allusion to Schimper; and in a letter to Alexander Braun, accompanying a presentation copy of this work, he remarks: "You need not wonder that Schimper's name is no where mentioned. I wished thus to punish his presumption. Whatever he could call his own, in the remotest degree, I have passed over, even when I was compelled to agree with him." Wherein consisted this "presumption," which Agassiz wished to punish by a policy of utterly ignoring the achievements of a colleague, in a manner which, in the interests of

true learning and to the honor of human nature, one would gladly think is rare in the annals of scientific research? Merely in the modest expression of a desire to have his name publicly mentioned in connection with a theory, of which, as is now clearly shown, he was the real and only author.

Schimper urged Braun, who was fully cognizant of the facts, to uphold him in the defense of his rights. But Braun declined to take part in the controversy, on the ground that he "could not approve of the angry attitude of the two friends." Nevertheless, in a letter addressed to Professor Röper, of Rostock, and dated February 22d, 1840, he refers to the glacial theory and declares that "Agassiz and Charpentier, who are now doing most in this matter, are both Schimper's pupils."

Schimper died at Schwetzingen, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, December 21st, 1867. At Munich he was the favorite pupil of Schelling, who predicted a brilliant future for him. That his subsequent career did not fully realize the promise of his youth was due partly to a certain idealistic indifference to worldly emoluments, but, in a great measure, to the persistent enmity of Leopold von Buch, who could not forgive the young botanist for having introduced into geology a new ice-epoch-making idea, of which he, the veteran geognost, had never dreamed. There is a grim irony in the fate, which, on the one hand, robbed him of the honor of being recognized as the originator of the theory, for which, on the other hand, he appears to have suffered no little persecution.

The ignoring policy which Agassiz inaugurated in his first work on glaciers, he pursued to the bitter end. In the recently published "Life and Correspondence," edited by Mrs. Agassiz, Schimper is mentioned about half a dozen times. He is spoken of as a "most congenial companion," "a young botanist of brilliant promise," and is playfully referred to as "our professor of philosophy;" but there is no intimation that he ever saw a glacier, or took the slightest interest in glacial phenomena.

Dr. Volger's article, of which we have given an abstract, has already attracted considearble attention among scientific men in Germany, and, unless its statements can be refuted, will seriously injure the reputation of Agassiz as a *savant*, and leave an indelible stain upon his character as a man.

E. P. EVANS.

II.

IRISH AID IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

WITH one glance at Faneuil Hall, and the Irish "love of liberty" that would prevent Englishmen from using it in polite and harmless celebration of "Queen Victoria's Jubilee," permit me to correct the public misapprehension that the Irish were of any great and special service to this republic of ours, in the days of the Revolution. Among Irish-Americans and the politicians who court their votes, the claim of such service usually comes up at public meetings about as follows:

"Ill would it become us to turn a deaf ear to the cry of suffering Ireland when we remember how, in the hour of our own travail—in the hour when our own country was coming into the world amid roar of cannon and groans of anguish—it was Ireland that held out to us the hand of fellowship, etc., etc."

Those who read the papers doubtless remember many orations framed upon this model. Sometimes the speaker goes farther, and attempts to particularize; and then we see something like the recent effort of a Massachusetts statesman and ex-governor who, in recounting the benefits received, says: "She sent us Montgomery! and also remarks with unconscious humor, "Remember the memorial

which Congress addressed to Ireland !" He does not give Ireland's response, but leaves us to believe that a beggar is indebted to him he asks for alms, even though no alms be forthcoming.

Now, let us look, first, at the individual cases of prominent Irishmen in the Revolution.

There were soldiers of fortune from almost every country in Europe, who thronged to the revolutionary army, even to the extent that Congress was seriously embarrassed to provide offices for a host of applicants who looked for nothing less than major-generalships and separate commands. Among these there were doubtless Irishmen, but, unfortunately for the force of the demagogues' plea, we do not find that our Irish auxiliaries were unmitigated blessings. They cannot point to a single name like Lafayette, Kosciusko, Pulaski, or Steuben ; but there was Conway, whose restless, scheming spirit, and selfish treachery, well nigh imperiled the cause of liberty, and whose conspiracy to degrade Washington, to drive him from the service with a blackened reputation and to install the shallow Gates as commander-in-chief of the American army is registered in history as " Conway's Cabal." Fortunately the attempt failed.

I do not include the name of Richard Montgomery, the name that is most often quoted by the Irish panegyrist—first, because he did not come here to assist us, but was a resident in the colonies before the war broke out, and second, because, though born on Irish soil, he was certainly not an Irishman. His name alone discloses his Scotch lineage, and, as a matter of fact, he was a descendant of one of Cromwell's settlers—one of that class upon whom the vials of Irish wrath are ever emptied, and who, as Macauley informs us, would resent the name " Irish " as a deadly insult.

I must be pardoned for mentioning, also, the historical circumstance that the soldier who, for an English bribe, undertook to poison George Washington, was an Irishman. But I have no wish to dwell on this part of the subject. It is not just to charge the acts of isolated individuals against their race, any more than it is just to credit to the race the virtues of stray individuals.

And now for a few hard facts which really bear upon the issue,—only a few out of many, but enough to explode forever the fiction of American indebtedness to Ireland on the score of revolutionary succor.

In the first place, as to the disposition of the rank and file of Irish immigrants, I quote from Bancroft's " History of the United States," Vol. X., page 175 (first octavo edition) :

" While it was no longer possible for the Americans to keep up their army by enlistments, the British gained numerous recruits from immigrants. In Philadelphia, Howe had formed a regiment of Roman Catholics. With still better success, Clinton courted the Irish. They had fled from the prosecutions of inexorable landlords to a country which offered them freeholds. By flattering their nationality, and their sense of the importance attached to their numbers, Clinton allured them to a combination directly averse to their own interests, and raised for Lord Rawdon a large regiment, in which officers and men were exclusively Irish. *Among them were nearly five hundred deserters from the American army.*"

The italics are mine.

So much for the spirit of the Irish immigrants.

Now let us see about the sympathy of the Irish in Ireland.

In 1779 the Spanish government, then at war with England, sent an emissary, a Catholic priest, to see what could be done in the way of creating a diversion in Ireland to aid the cause of the allies in Europe and America. Bancroft speaks of his mission as follows :

"He could have no success. After the first shedding of American blood in 1775, one hundred and twenty-one Irish Catholics, having indeed no formal representative authority, yet professing to speak not for themselves only, but 'for all their fellow Roman Catholic Irish subjects,' had addressed the English Secretary in Ireland, 'in proof of their grateful attachment to the best of kings, and their *just abhorrence of the unnatural American rebellion*,' and had 'made a tender of two millions of faithful and affectionate hearts and hands in defense of his person and government in any part of the world.'"

The italics are again my own. My references are Bancroft's "History," Vol. X., page 252, and Froude's, "The English in Ireland," Vol. II., page 176.

Now turn to Ireland as represented in her Parliament; for she had a Parliament of her own then. I quote again from Bancroft, Vol. X., page 453.

"When the tidings from Lexington and Bunker Hill reached them (the Irish), their Parliament came to a vote that 'they heard of the rebellion with abhorrence, and were ready to show to the world their attachment to the sacred person of the King.' Taking advantage of its eminently loyal disposition, Lord North obtained its leave to employ four thousand men of the Irish army for service in America. That army should by law have consisted of twelve thousand men; but it mustered scarcely more than nine thousand. Out of these the strongest and best, without regard to the prescribed limitation of numbers, were selected, and eight regiments, all that could be formed, were shipped across the Atlantic."

This, it may be said, was the act of the Irish Parliament as a whole. But to close the last loophole of doubt, let us examine the position taken by the Irish patriots, with Henry Grattan at their head. Bancroft again says, on page 454:

"When, in 1778, it appeared how much the commissioners sent to America had been willing to concede to insurgents for the sake of reconciliation, the patriots of Ireland awoke to a sense of what they might demand. . . . At the opening of the session of October, 1779, Grattan moved an amendment to the address, that the nation could be saved only by free export and free import, or according to the terser words that were finally chosen, by free trade. The friends of government dared not resist the amendment, and it was carried unanimously. New taxes were refused. The ordinary supplies, usually granted for two years, were granted for six months. The house was in earnest, the people were in earnest. . . . Great Britain being already taxed to the uttermost by its conflict with America, Lord North persuaded its Parliament to concede the claims of the neighboring island to commercial equality."

Here we have the patriot party of Ireland signalizing the American revolution, not by sympathy, not by aid, but making use of the occasion for obtaining advantages for themselves in return for the resources they furnished England to help suppress the cause of American independence! Comment is entirely unnecessary; and, while, perhaps, we should not blame them, under the circumstances, for the course they took, yet when they claim our *gratitude* for it, they exhibit an ignorance or an impudence for which they should occasionally, at least, be snubbed. There may have been isolated instances of Irish sympathy with "the spirit of '76," which I have been unable to discover; but it would require a long list of them to weigh much against the recorded facts. Let us hear somewhat less of this "debt to Ireland," save, of course, from the lips of the Irish agitator or American demagogue. By giving to the Irishman or German praise which has not been earned, we belittle the gratitude which we do owe to one and only one European race, for aiding our American Revolution. To France as a nation, and to the French as individuals, we are deeply indebted; and those who, for political capital, harp other names and display other flags, should remember that by so doing they insult the country to which America owes most, but whose citizens are not here in sufficient numbers to incite the politician to defend their merits.

DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

III.

THE SISTER OF THE DRAMA.

PERMIT me to offer a few objections to Mr. Boucicault's interesting article in your April number, and correct some inaccuracies of statement. The form of drama called opera was invented nearly 300 years ago, instead of 200, as he says. As early as 1594 Peri composed an opera, and in 1600 the work was published and performed in honor of Maria Medici and Henry the 4th of France. Conceding the point, that opera is not a drama in the realistic sense in which Mr. Boucicault so amusingly represents it, to those who have been thrilled and delighted by the indescribable power of song, enhanced with the adjuncts of chorus and orchestra, it would seem more appropriate to say that opera is not a drama any more than an angel is a woman.

Opera is essentially an idealization of the drama. No character can remain on the plane of reality in lyric works. It is unnatural for *Romeo* and *Juliet* to sing their thoughts of love even, and from a realistic (dramatic) standpoint silly for the nurse, *Mercutio*, and the rest of them to utter their ideas in sustained tones; yet a serenade introduced for the one, and a comic song for the other, would be perfectly proper and logical. For this reason it is necessary that operatic subjects should be ideals rather than realities. For this reason the masters chose always classic subjects, Orpheus, Iphegenia, etc., characters of fable sufficiently unreal to wear with grace the garments of music. It is not more absurd for your neighbor Jones to go about chanting, "How do you do this morning, sir?" "What's the price of stocks?" etc., than it would be to appear on change wrapped in a Roman toga with a laurel wreath on his brow.

Therefore, I do not wonder at Mr. Boucicault's disgust at the dramatic inconsistencies in Sir Julius Benedict's treatment of his "Rose of Killarney." But, in spite of these inconsistencies and monstrous absurdities, let me draw attention to some facts which seem to have escaped his notice.

In the first place, his operatic experiences have been of an era dating nearly fifty years back. No doubt his own activity on the boards has prevented him from attending many more modern works, and thus much has escaped his attention which I doubt not he would have enjoyed, even from a dramatic standpoint. To prove that musical treatment of a dramatic work may be successful, let me remind him that Gounod's opera, "Faust," has driven Goethe's drama of the same name off the stage. Here the characters were *ideal*, and the French master's inspiration clothed them with a charm and beauty that the drama itself could not have represented. Even so realistic a subject as the troubadour, "Il Trovatore," has been given a vital strength of enduring impressiveness which, it seems to me, no drama on the same subject could have sustained.

And who that has witnessed the mental agonies of the king's jester in "Rigoletto," when performed by a good actor and singer like Galassi, has not felt a sympathy as deep, if not so horrible, as when the "Fool's Revenge" is enacted even by Booth?

Again, Wagner, in his operas, the "Flying Dutchman" but more especially in "Lohengrin," has given a happy wedding of ideal characters in action, with music that does not offend the sense of logic, while it transforms them to the dignity of demi-gods, and lifts the listeners into a lofty realm of emotion where speech is awed into silence, and thought is merged into adoration and ecstasy. Of the thousands who have been uplifted and transfused with these divine inspirations, you will find few to admit that opera is a thing of the past, "evanescent," an "exotic," etc.

Dramatists use music as a valuable adornment to add charms to their creations. Musicians use the drama for the sake of giving them greater opportunities for power and variety. The power and enduring qualities of music are best shown when it is remembered that for generations a "Don Juan," by Mozart, with its utterly inane libretto, can remain attractive. And so, if it be true that our operatic artists are not histrionic geniuses, it is equally true that the librettos usually call for little acting. And the same pieces presented by the best actors in the world *without music* would not attract any one at all. So, if it be true that many vocal artists might find no place as juvenile tragedians or leading ladies, should they loose their voices, it is equally true that your actors appearing in "Lucia," "Carmen," or other operas *without music*, would fare as badly. I also deny the implied inferior histrionic abilities of Gerster, Patti, Lucca, Nilsson, Hastreiter, Hauk, Brandt, and other singers, as compared to Miss Terry, Ada Rehan, and others, whose talents grace the dramatic arena. If these singers should lose their vocal art, I believe there is not one but could, if she chose, appear with advantage in the drama. If in opera they appear at a disadvantage, it is because the opportunity is not offered to demonstrate their talent in that direction, and not because of lack of histrionic power.

Who that has seen Marianne Brandt in the "Prophet," "Fidelio," and "Lohengrin," can deny her wonderful dramatic power? And did not Madame Hastreiter present a consummate characterization of *Ortrud*, the embodiment of hatred, hypocrisy, and revenge?

The sextette of "Lucia," of which Mr. Boucicault speaks in such (logically just) ridicule, I have never yet heard given without its moving audiences to enthusiasm; and who that has witnessed a Lucca as *Marguerite*, a Nilsson as *Valentine*, in the "Huguenots," and the matchless Patti in "Traviata," would deny that they were *actresses* as well as *singers?*

Again, the opera is not dependent upon government support abroad any more than the drama, and in Italy it is self-supporting. That music is an art continually changing is true. The music of the seventeenth century is not the music of the nineteenth. Our day has absorbed the best of the past. But turning to the drama, does not the same picture present itself? Where is Boccaccio, where Katzebue, Congreve and others? Perhaps no writer of plays knows as well as Mr. Boucicault himself where the best of these authors may be found in modern dramas, for no doubt he is conscious of having assimilated much in his own works.

Music is the youngest of the arts, poetry the oldest; yet the spirit of transmigration is shown even in poetry. For is not Homer a compilation of various men's recitations; Æsop's fables a collection of stories of many generations' filterings of wisdom; and does not Dante absorb and reiterate the gloomy superstitions and bigotries of hundreds of mediæval fanatics? At the present day there is not found in England a single theatre where Shakspere's immortal works can be seen and heard, and the waves of but two centuries have washed the tablets of his soul's deep thought-carvings. How long will the process of disintegration of this greatest combination of mortal talents be retarded? At the most but a century; for it is in nature that the centuries devour each other and reproduce in some new form their vital qualities.

If this is true of the oldest of the arts, with a definite speech to aid in crystallizing it for enduring, is it strange that change should be written on the face of music, yet a child in the family of the true and beautiful? Permit me to remind Mr. Boucicault that despite this apparent fickle character of music, the Gregorian chants have been sung for more than a thousand years. The Hallelujah, still sung in the Jewish synagogues, is thousands of years old. The music of Palestrina

is yet in vogue in the church service. Thus it would seem that the "divine art" possessed a vital individuality almost equal to that of its older sister.

But the power of music in connection with the drama has asserted itself in spite of logical absurdities, and while it is true that it appeals in these instances to the senses rather than to the intellect, it is not that the opera is appreciated by the illiterate masses as compared with the educated classes ; for music is a matter of special cultivation. Only a small minority are usually found who enjoy it in the higher forms, such as oratorio, opera, and symphony. To the many educated thousands who recognize the adage that "fiction hath in it a higher aim than fact," Mr. B. will appeal in vain for the destruction of opera. For while admitting the service and power, not alone for entertaining, but of instructing and improving the mind, of the drama, I must claim that music hath in it a higher aim than realism, an aim which tints our sorrow-clouds with golden sunlight of hope, gives joy wings to soar above mundane things, and lifts the soul in inexpressible adoration before the Creator of the Universe.

S. G. PRATT.

IV.

MORLEY ON EMERSON.

THE essay on Emerson by Mr. John Morley is read with extreme pleasure, because one feels that, although the writer's views of the world differ fundamentally from those of Emerson, he yet endeavors to render the fullest justice. Therefore, it is that, when he seems inadequately to interpret our seer, the impulse arises to set the matter right. I find Mr. Morley at fault when he views Emerson's solution of the great problem of individual deprivation. I will quote his words:

"One radical tragedy in nature Emerson admits. If I am poor in faculty, dim in vision, shut out from opportunity, in every sense an outcast from the inheritance of the earth, that seems indeed to be a tragedy. 'But see the facts clearly and these mountainous inequalities vanish. Love reduces them, as the sun melts the icebergs in the sea. The heart and soul of all men being one, this bitterness of His and Mine ceases. His is mine.' Surely words, words, words ! What can be more idle, when one of the world's bitter puzzles is pressed on the teacher, than that he should betake himself to an attitude whence it is not visible, and then assure us that it is not only invisible, but non-existent ? This is not to see the facts clearly, but to pour the fumes of obscuration around them."

But what are the "facts ?" A person who is blind, for instance, through the loving devotion of another, receives so much he may almost be said to have gained his sight. It is the constant effort on the part of the good to equalize conditions. The *causes* of deprivation, whether of body, mind, or environment, are being investigated to the intent that they be *removed.* In those few terse words of Emerson, where he speaks of "love" and the "inequalities" that "vanish," he suggests the *process* whereby men are to become equal partakers of their inheritance—are becoming so, in fact. Who can look around him and see the work being done for the amelioration of the less-favored, and not declare that Emerson truly answered the problem ? Every new discovery of science that can be turned into this channel of help is so turned, and so each decade sees the problem lessened in a wonderful ratio. The larger share of humanity's woe and loss seems to have been the result of man's own infliction; it only remains for man to undo his work.

The words quoted from Emerson by Mr. Morley were from the essay on Compensation. In another, on "Heroism," Emerson shows how the puzzle, when the threads are untangled, proves to be of the eternal law of debit and credit, and

hence what had been seen to be incredible, as connected with a moral system of things, is yet justified:

"A lockjaw that bends a man's head back to his heels; hydrophobia that makes him bark at his wife and babes; insanity that makes him eat grass; war, plague, cholera, famine, indicate a certain ferocity in nature, which, as it had its inlet by human crime, must have its outlet by human suffering. Unhappily, no man exists who has not in his own person become, to some extent, a stockholder in the sin, and so made himself liable to a share in the expiation."

A. M. GANNETT.

V.

"THE COURT OF PUBLIC OPINION."

MANY, who are neither the friends nor legal champions of the New York Aldermen or Chicago Anarchists, do not consider it one of the "admitted duties" of the press to arraign upon rumor, try on heresay evidence, and pass judgmen upon one charged with a crime. The arrogant assumption of such a tribunal is equaled only by the futility of its attempts. It is commonly supposed that courts, juries, and counsel constitute the proper tribunal ordained by the people for the trial of alleged criminals. It has remained for the author of the "Court of Public Opinion" to assume that such is not the case, and that the machinery of justice exists merely for the purpose of automatically registering the prejudiced decision of a self-constituted tribunal. And woe betide the daring lawyer who attempts the defense of one against whom the judgment of this august tribunal has been passed. A trial court whose judgment is infallible, and from whose decision no appeal lies, is a very unsafe tribunal for the people of this country to adopt.

It matters not how heinous the offense charged, or how degraded the offender, no circumstances can alter the unalterable rule that it is the sole and exclusive province of court, jury, and counsel, to conduct the trial of alleged criminals, and reach a decision. Any attempted interference with the exercise of these duties by the press is presumptuous, unwarrantable, and often productive of a great wrong. Many egregious blunders made by this "infallible" court might be cited, but one will suffice for the present purpose. In the summer of 1883, Mrs. Carlton, of Boston, was brutally murdered, and Roger Amero was charged with the crime, extradition proceedings were instituted to bring the accused from Nova Scotia. The justice before whom the proceedings were held was of the opinion that the evidence was insufficient, but yielded to the force of public opinion and the clamor of the press. Amero was taken to Boston and imprisoned. For days the columns of the press teemed with "evidence" against the accused, the shrewdness of the detectives was praised, and the speedy conviction and execution of the accused demanded. After a six months imprisonment Amero was released upon the statement of the prosecuting attorney that there was no evidence upon which a trial, much less a conviction, could be had. Then the opinion of the "infallible" court was reversed, and so great was the sense of the wrong committed against the accused, that a bill for compensation to him was introduced in the legislature, and barely defeated upon the sole ground that it would be a bad precedent.

And this is not a solitary instance. Let the press keep to its own well defined province, and leave the trial of alleged criminals to the tribunals ordained by the people, although they lay no claim to infallibility.

WALLACE F. CAMPBELL.

CURRENT AMERICAN LITERATURE.

It is a patriotic duty, as well as one consistent with the best literary ethics, to recognize attempts in fiction towards giving American life that halo of romance and picturesqueness which the old world owes to the poets and novelists. The great Sir Walter has made all aliens love Scottish moors and crags, and London has a glamor over it, due to the romancing of Thackeray, Dickens, and even Ainsworth. We welcome, then, with pleasure, two recent American novels,* "The Yoke of the Thorah" and "The Story of a New York House." Mr. Sydney Luska, author of the first, has produced a new flavor in American literature by describing certain phases of Jewish life in New York. "As It Was Written" was his first effort in this line. "The Yoke of the Thorah" is a distinct advance. Mr. Luska has worked, notably in his description of the Koch household, a vein of humor which is without bitterness; it admirably relieves the sombreness of Elias Bacharach's sombre love story. The young Jewish artist, bred under Talmudic influences, which, in spite of the corrective action of energetic, materialistic New York life, have a strong grip on his mind, is a personage requiring strength, as well as subtleness of touch, to prevent him from seeming mock heroic or melodramatic. Elias, amid scenes of realism that throw Mr. Howell's dainty touches into the shade, falls in love with a young New York girl, "a graduate of the Normal School." He resolves to marry her. His uncle, a rabbi, threatens him with the curse of that unwritten law, whose yoke Elias, with all other orthodox Jewish youth, has undertaken to bear. He asks his uncle what is the most accursed crime under the Thorah. "To marry a Goy," the rabbi answers, and then quotes the blood-freezing curses called down by the orthodox on the heads of those who break the law. Elias is moved by the superstitions of his childhood, and the author wisely provides that he shall wander through Central Park on the day of the wedding in a rain-storm: the epileptic fit which strikes him at the most important part of the ceremony would otherwise have been too much of a *coup de théâtre*. He is persuaded by the rabbi to jilt the "Goy"—by which name all who are not of the Jewish creed are known to the very orthodox. He marries a commonplace and characteristic Jewess, attempts to go back to his old love, and dies one of the most pathetic deaths ever described with a few simple touches in a novel. Union Square and other parts of New York are struck by Mr. Luska with a ray or two of that "light that never was on sea or land," and Bacharach and Christine Redwood will always be connected with Steinway Hall, and Delmonico's with the little supper, after the concert, when Bacharach began to love this "daughter of Heth" and ate of the unclean meal, to the rabbi's displeasure. Mr. Luska's style smacks of American *argot* at times. A man who will write "swallowtail" for evening coat

* "The Yoke of the Thorah." By Sydney Luska. New York: Cassell & Co. "The Story of a New York House." By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner.

seems almost capable of writing "gent." But the author of a good strong study of American life, written as if we had a vitality of our own, may be indulged in some eccentricities, when they are not affectations, and Mr. Luska has no affectations. Mr. Bunner, who writes "The Story of a New York House," is more civilized, more sophisticated than Mr. Luska. He has an exquisite sense of form and the truest artistic reticence. In fact, he keeps his story in so low a key that any burst of sound, such as the appearance of the prodigal son in chase of a runaway slave, and the death of old Mr. Dolph, seem almost too melodramatic. Mr. Bunner's story is true of many New York houses, in which the children of the old world now swarm, ignorant of the moving and pathetic histories of the past. It is much better in every sense, and certainly less artificial, than Mr. Bunner's earlier story, "The Midge." Here we have two genuine American novelists growing in strength before our eyes. And now that the "international school" has gone out of fashion, let us hope that fresh, frank, and careful presentments of American life, which is so complex and picturesque, may come in.

* Miss Bayle is elevated to the position of a heroine of romance because she is represented to be a girl of that class which the average Englishman has learned from the novelists to consider typical of America. She is simply a pert and vulgar creature, entirely in keeping with the English and American sets in which she moves. It is a cheap trick to array a set of dummies and call them "Jay Gould," the "Prince of Wales," and other noted and notorious names, and the author of "Miss Bayle's Romance" plays it very clumsily. He is not a good master of marionettes.

Mr. Gilmore's biography of John Sevier,† the patriotic founder and ruler of the State of Tennessee, contains some conclusions with which many old Tennesseans and those who come much in contact with them will not agree. Mr. Gilmore recognizes this, and with the frankness of a single-minded desire for the truth, he asserts that he maintains these opinions until facts disproving them shall have been brought to light. It is the absence of a theory on which facts are strung as beads on a string which makes Mr. Gilmore's work so satisfactory. Mr Gilmore follows his facts, and therefore, even in his severe remarks on John Tipton, we must agree that he follows his premises, although persons familiar with the oral traditions of Tennesseans may reserve the right of considering these premises ill-founded. Mr. Gilmore's sketch of the causes that made North Carolina inferior to Virginia in public spirit and generous treatment of good citizens shows that he believes in "blood" and, however aristocratic this may seem, he still follows his facts. John Sevier was a well-bred gentleman, not in the French or English sense. M. de Bacourt, coming to Washington as Minister from that very Louis Philippe who in former days had stood on Governor Sevier's cherished rug in a Knoxville log cabin, expressed his amazement at finding President Van Buren so gentlemanly, "although it was said he had kept an inn." John Sevier, the founder and hero of Tennessee, made a competence by managing a grocery store, and when he was not fighting Indians, he was weighing sugar. Nevertheless, the last royal Governor of Virginia, Lord Dunmore, was charmed by his manners, and in 1772 gave him a commission in the corps in which Washington was then colonel. He left his influential place among the Virginians and went to the western slope of the Alleghanies, to fight and to work. He may have been actuated by that instinct

* "Miss Bayle's Romance." New York: Henry Holt & Co.

† "John Sevier: The Commonwealth Builder." By James R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke). New York: D. Appleton & Co.

which leads a man to find out his vocation. No other reason appears. He found North Carolina a shrewish, grasping stepmother to the new settlers, and from her exactions Sevier and his friends cut loose. Mr. Gilmore tells us that in those early days the skins of animals were currency,—coon-skins being especially prominent. It was thought that this currency could not be counterfeited. "It was mostly of skins, which passed from hand to hand in bundles or bales, from the ends of which the caudal appendages were allowed to protrude, to designate the species of the animal. Before long, acute financiers affixed the tail of the otter to the skin of the fox and the raccoon, and thus got the better of the receiver in the sum of four shillings and nine pence upon each peltry." Sevier's policy in regard to the Indians was one of attack. He was never treacherous, though, in open war, no measures were too hard for him. The Indians respected him; and, cutthroats as they were, they did not usually torture fighters who had met them fairly in the field. It was to the sneaking and underhanded enemy that they meted out their refinements of cruelty. Mr. Gilmore paints John Tipton, Sevier's rival, in dark colors. Tennesseans believe that he was hot-headed and imperious, but that, in accordance with Mr. Gilmore's belief in the virtue of good blood, his descendants are fair evidence of the character of their ancestor. And one of them—a mere boy—in battle, blood-stained and powder-marked, was asked, "Where is your colonel?" "Dead." "Where is your captain?" "Dead." "Who commands this regiment?" "I—Ensign Tipton." Apart from a few opinions,—apparently well founded,—this story of John Sevier's remarkable career ought to be received with a hearty welcome by all Americans. As a keen thinker recently said, ideals have greater influence in the world than ideas. And the story of a patriot like John Sevier, told as well as Mr. Gilmore tells it, must make the ideals of the young citizen,—and the old one, too, for that matter,—higher and purer. Books like "John Sevier" show Americans that the foreign idea of gentlemanhood is not, after all, the only true idea, and that a man may be a knight and gentleman, a governor and groceryman, without losing real dignity or truest effectiveness for high aims.

Mr. Lecky's two new volumes,* large as they seem, are so full of genuine, even thrilling, interest, that one hardly knows how to find salient points. There is little color in them, except that which comes from the incidents of Mr. Lecky's chapters. Readers fed on Froude will miss the attractive garnishings of Carlyle's biographer. But Mr. Lecky's exactness of statement and full reference-list make up for the lack of romantic enticements of style. Besides, there is romance and gossip enough in the periods in which Mr. Lecky dwells. Are there not strange doings among Lords and Ladies, in which the Prince Regent is not unmentioned? Does not Egalité disport himself in London? Lecky holds, with the best authorities, that the selfish and corrupt "first gentlemen in Europe,"—the Mr. Turvey-drop of his time,—was married to the famous Mrs. Fitzherbert. The chapter on the causes of the French Revolution is more valuable and more comprehensive than De Tocqueville's "*Ancien Régime*," to which thoughtful men have hitherto gone for those philosophical analyses of the causes of that great outburst of humanism, which Carlyle's phantasmagoria fails to give. Then we have Mr. Lecky's estimate of Pitt, in which, unfortunately, we find some opinions that seem illogical, but not unfair. Mr. Lecky is disposed to hold that Pitt's Irish policy was the result of Irish opinion rather than the creation of a great mind foreseeing the future. So strong, however, is the effect of Mr. Lecky's desire not to be partisan, that even the most earnest Pitt worshipers will not be exasperated by the summing-up. Mr.

* "History of England in the Nineteenth Century." By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Vols. V. and VI. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Lecky believes that the unspeakable mass of corruption in which the France of Louis XVI. festered would have been easily removed by a strong man, arising at the proper time. We may exclaim in answer that Mirabeau was a strong man, who attempted to save the monarchy; and yet, in spite of this intellectual giant, the monarchy died with him, before Louis and Marie Antoinette even expected death. Mr. Lecky thinks that if Louis XVI. had found a Cavour, a Bismarck, or a Richelieu, the revolution would have been averted. Most Americans, having read the chapter on the causes of the French Revolution, will be inclined to think that in all the array of financiers that had crossed the threshhold of the French Court, Franklin alone could have saved it. What, in Mr. Lecky's showing, was most needed, was clear vision, determination, and common sense. Common sense above all. Necker, Loménie de Brienne, and the rest were blinded by the most insidious thing that Rousseau, Voltaire, and their followers could have created,—a pseudo-classic sentimentality. Franklin understood what was practical in the theories of the new teachers, and he could apply them, laughing at the travesties of classical speeches and actions which resulted in the death of the king as well as of Marat, of Madame Roland as well as Egalité. On the Irish question, Mr. Lecky is more satisfactory as a narrator than as a deductive philosopher. He does not bring us in his sixth volume down to the suicide of the Irish Parliament, and the consummation of the union. Mr. Lecky's picture of the prosperity of Dublin under the Irish Parliament would seem overdrawn if he were a Parnellite. But he makes very evident that he has no sympathy with the "Jacobin" policy of the Irish party. According to his account, Moore's young lady, who went through Ireland clothed principally in beauty and "rich and rare" jewels, was as safe in the time of the Parliament as she is said to have been in the palmy days of Brian Boru. The commercial prosperity of Ireland, following the loosening of restrictions on Irish trade, the return of capitalists before kept out of the country by the penal laws, and the increased intercourse on almost equal terms with England was so great, that in 1790 the Chancellor of the Exchequer declared that he did not think that any nation could have improved so much in six years as Ireland had done. Both agriculture and manufacture were stimulated, and the whole country felt the impetus. Dublin, as was to be expected in an Irish capital, became even more splendid than the resources of the country warranted, and Mr. Lecky does not hesitate to say that, if Dublin was extravagant, the reason of that extravagance was in the sure hope that Ireland's wealth was not to be evanescent, provided the Parliament's policy of low taxes and industrial encouragement were continued. Logically, we would deduce from all this that the most certain way to make Ireland prosperous would be to restore her Parliament. Mr. Lecky's facts, which he piles up with stern precision, giving all the time the best authorities for the process, lead him, however, to sneer at modern schemes for reconstructing the Irish Parliament—at once the means of Ireland's aggrandizement and of her further enslavement. He thinks that the new Parliament would be made up of irresponsible adventurers,—in a word, of ultra Democrats. The old Parliament showed itself, in the end,—which Mr. Lecky will relate in his next volume,—to be composed of ultra and venal aristocrats. A new Parliament, however "irresponsible" in Mr. Lecky's eyes, would be directly and closely responsible to the people. Mr. Lecky does not see this. But, after all, we go to a historian for stated facts, not for deductions; we tolerate the deductions out of respect for scrupulous and careful work which, in Mr. Lecky's case, has never been surpassed by any of the array of great German historians. In Mr. Lecky's hands we feel, as somebody said of Longfellow, "safe." He is free from the contortions of the sibylline and force-of-destiny class of historians. He writes, not as a seer obliged to force a confirmation

of his prophecies, but as an honest student giving the actual truth without curtailment.

*The sudden renaissance of the author of "The Blessed Damozel" in popular favor is more comprehensible than the growth of the Browning cult. Rossetti is sensuous, full of color, thoroughly exotic, wonderfully musical, and, in the whole, easily comprehended, and when not comprehended, replete with the drowsy effect of poppy-seeds. He flashes in red and gold; and strikes angular Byzantine postures, which are taken for the genuine Italian mediæval manner. This translation of the poems,—mostly sonnets,—of the writers before and around Dante is chiefly valuable for the light it casts on the literary influences in which the great poet lived. It is interesting to know what manner of man Dante Cavalcanti was, and to understand the thought and manners of Florentine Bohemians and the ladies they adored. It seems a pity that Rossetti should have attempted to translate from Italian into English the metre and form of the delightful series of poems in this book. It was too much for even him, knowing both languages so well, to attempt. The rhymes are sometimes exceedingly forced; and, as it is easy to find a hundred rhymes in Italian to one in English, one grows tired of the iteration of "love" and "of," and other equally hackneyed assonances.

* "Dante and His Circle." Translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Boston: Roberts Bros.

MAR 24 1888

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CCCLXIX.

AUGUST, 1887.

STATE INTERFERENCE.

I DESIRE, in this paper, to give an explanation and justification of extreme prejudice against state interference, and I wish to begin with a statement from history of the effect upon the individual of various forms of the state.

It appears, from the best evidence we possess, according to the most reasonable interpretation which has been given to it, that the internal organization of society owes its cohesion and intensity to the necessity of meeting pressure from without. A band of persons, bound by ties of neighborhood or kin, clung together in order to maintain their common interests against a similar band of their neighbors. The social bond and the common interest were at war with individual interests. They exerted coercive power to crush individualism, to produce uniformity, to proscribe dissent, to make private judgment a social offence, and to exercise drill and discipline.

In the Roman state the internal discipline gave victory in contests with neighbors. Each member of the Roman community was carried up by the success of the body of which he was a member to the position of a world-conqueror. Then the Roman community split up into factions to quarrel for the spoils of the world, until the only escape from chronic civil war and anarchy was a one man

power, which, however, proved only a mode of disintegration and decay, not a cure for it. It has often been remarked with astonishment how lightly men and women of rank at Rome in the first century of our era held their lives. They seem to have been ready to open their veins at a moment's notice, and to quit life upon trivial occasion. If we can realize what life must have been in such a state we can, perhaps, understand this. The Emperor was the state. He was a mortal who had been freed from all care for the rights of others, and his own passions had all been set free. Any man or woman in the civilized world was at the mercy of his caprices. Any one who was great enough to attract his attention, especially by the possession of anything which mortals covet, held his life at the utmost peril. Since the Empire was the world, there was no escape save to get out of the world. Many seemed to hold escape cheap at that price.

At first under the Empire the obscure people were safe. They probably had little to complain of, and found the Empire gay and beneficent; but it gradually and steadily absorbed every rank and interest into its pitiless organization. At last industry and commerce as well as all civil and social duties took the form of state functions. The ideal which some of our modern social philosophers are preaching was realized. The state was an ethical person, in the strictest sense of the word, when it was one man, and when every duty and interest of life was construed towards him. All relations were regulated according to the ethics of the time, which is, of course, all that ethical regulation ever can amount to. Every duty of life took the form and name of an "obsequium," that is, of a function in the state organism.

Now the most important relation of the citizen to the state is that of a soldier, and the next is that of a tax-payer, and when the former loses importance the latter becomes the chief. Accordingly the obsequia of the citizens in the later centuries were regulated in such a way that the citizen might contribute most to the fiscus. He was not only made part of a machine, but it was a tax-paying machine, and all his hopes, rights, interests, and human capabilities were merged in this purpose of his existence. Slavery, as we ordinarily understand the term, died out, but it gave way to a servitude of each to all, when each was locked tight in an immense and artificial organization of society. Such must ever be the effect of merging industry in the state. Every attempt

of the Roman handicraftsmen to better themselves was a breach of the peace; disobedience was rebellion; resistance was treason; running away was desertion.

Here, then, we have a long history, in which the state power first served the national interest in contest with outside powers, and then itself became a burden and drew all the life out of the subject population.

In the Middle Ages a society which had been resolved into its simple elements had to re-form. The feudal form was imposed upon it by the conditions and elements of the case. It was as impossible for a man to stand alone as it had been on the hunting or pastoral stage of life, or on the lower organizations of civilization. There was once more necessity to yield personal liberty in order to get protection against plunder from others; and, in order to obtain this protection, it was necessary to get into a group, and to conform to its organization. Here again the same difficulty soon presented itself. Protection against outside aggression was won, but the protecting power itself became a plunderer.

This oppression brought about guild and other organizations for mutual defense. Sometimes these organizations themselves won civil power; sometimes they were under some political sovereign, but possessed its sanction. The system which grew up was one of complete regulation and control. The guilds were regulated in every function and right. The masters, journeymen, and apprentices were regulated in their relations, and in all their rights and duties. The work of supplying a certain community with any of the necessaries of life was regarded as a privilege, and was monopolized by a certain number. The mediæval system, however, did not allow this monopoly to be exploited at the expense of consumers, according to the good will of the holders of it. The sovereign interfered constantly, and at all points, wherever its intervention was asked for. It fixed prices, but it also fixed wages, regulated kinds and prices of raw materials, prescribed the relation of one trade to another, forbade touting, advertising, rivalry; regulated buying and selling by merchants; protected consumers by inspection; limited importations, but might force production and force sales.

Here was plainly a complete system, which had a rational motive and a logical method. The object was to keep all the organs of society in their accepted relations to each other, and to pre-

serve all in activity in the measure of the social needs. The plan failed entirely. It was an impossible undertaking, even on the narrow arena of a mediæval city. The ordinances of an authority which stood ready to interfere at any time and in any way were necessarily inconsistent and contradictory. Its effect upon those who could not get into the system, that is, upon the vagabondage of the period, has never, so far as I know, been studied carefully, although that is the place to look for its most distinct social effect. The most interesting fact about it, however, is that the privilege of one age became the bondage of the next, and that the organization which had grown up for the mutual defense of the artisans lost its original purpose and became a barrier to the rise of the artisan class. The organization was a fetter on individual enterprise and success.

The fact should not be overlooked here that, if we are to have the mediæval system of regulation revived, we want it altogether. That system was not, in intention, unjust. According to its light it aimed at the welfare of all. It was not its motive to give privileges, but a system of partial interference is sure to be a system of favoritism and injustice. It is a system of charters to some to plunder others. A mediæval sovereign would never interfere with railroads on behalf of shippers, and stop there. He would fix the interest on bonds and other fixed charges. He would, upon appeal, regulate the wages of employés. He would fix the price of coal and other supplies. He would never admit that he was the guardian of one interest more than another, and he would interfere over and over again as often as stockholders, bondholders, employés, shippers, etc., etc., could persuade him that they had a grievance. He would do mischief over and over again, but he would not do intentional injustice.

After the mediæval system broke up, and the great modern states formed, the royal power became the representative and champion of national interests in modern Europe, and it established itself in approximately absolute power by the fact that the interest of the nations to maintain themselves in the rivalry of states seemed the paramount interest. Within a few months we have seen modern Germany discard every other interest in order to respond to the supposed necessity of military defense. Not very long ago, in our civil war, we refused to take account of any thing else until the military task was accomplished.

In all these cases the fact appears that the interest of the individual and the social interest have been at war with each other, while, again, the interests of the individual in and through the society of which he is a member are inseparable from those of the society. Such are the two aspects of the relation of the unit and the whole which go to make the life of the race. The individual has an interest to develop all the personal elements there are in him. He wants to live himself out. He does not want to be planed down to a type or pattern. It is the interest of society that all the original powers it contains should be brought out to their full value. But the social movement is coercive and uniformitarian. Organization and discipline are essential to effective common action, and they crush out individual enterprise and personal variety. There is only one kind of co-operation which escapes this evil, and that is co-operation which is voluntary and automatic, under common impulses and natural laws. State control, however, is always necessary for national action in the family of nations, and to prevent plunder by others, and men have never yet succeeded in getting it without falling under the necessity of submitting to plunder at home from those on whom they rely for defense abroad.

Now, at the height of our civilization, and with the best light that we can bring to bear on our social relations, the problem is: Can we get from the state security for individuals to pursue happiness in and under it, and yet not have the state itself become a new burden and hindrance only a little better than the evil which it wards off?

It is only in the most recent times, and in such measure as the exigencies of external defense have been diminished by the partial abandonment of motives of plunder and conquest, that there has been a chance for individualism to grow. In the latest times the struggle for a relaxation of political bonds on behalf of individual liberty has taken the form of breaking the royal power, and forcing the king to take his hands off. Liberty has hardly yet come to be popularly understood as anything else but republicanism or anti-royalty.

The United States, starting on a new continent, with full chance to select the old world traditions which they would adopt, have become the representatives and champions in modern times of all the principles of individualism and personal liberty. We

have had no neighbors to fear. We have had no necessity for stringent state discipline. Each one of us has been able to pursue happiness in his own way, unhindered by the demands of a state which would have worn out our energies by expenditure simply in order to maintain the state. The state has existed of itself. The one great exception, the Civil War, only illustrates the point more completely *per contra*. The old Jeffersonian party rose to power and held it, because it conformed to the genius of the country, and bore along the true destinies of a nation situated as this one was. It is the glory of the United States, and its calling in history, that it shows what the power of personal liberty is —what self-reliance, energy, enterprise, hard sense, men can develop when they have room and liberty, and when they are emancipated from the burden of traditions and faiths which are nothing but the accumulated follies and blunders of a hundred generations of "statesmen."

It is, therefore, the highest product of political institutions so far, that they have come to a point where, under favorable circumstances, individualism is, under their protection, to some extent possible. If political institutions can give security for the pursuit of happiness by each individual, according to his own notion of it, in his own way, and by his own means, they have reached their perfection. This fact, however, has two aspects. If no man can be held to serve another man's happiness, it follows that no man can call on another to serve his happiness. The different views of individualism depend on which of these aspects is under observation. What seems to be desired now is a combination of liberty for all with an obligation of each to all. That is one of the forms in which we are seeking a social philosopher's stone.

The reflex influence which American institutions have had on European institutions is well known. We have had to take as well as give. When the United States put upon their necks the yoke of a navigation and colonial system which they had just revolted against, they showed how little possible it is, after all, for men to rise above the current notions of their time, even when geographical and economic circumstances favor their emancipation. We have been borrowing old-world fashions and traditions all through our history, instead of standing firmly by the political and social philosophy of which we are the standard bearers.

So long as a nation has not lost faith in itself, it is possible for

it to remodel its institutions to any extent. If it gives way to sentimentalism, or sensibility, or political mysticism, or adopts an affectation of radicalism, or any other *ism*, or molds its institutions so as to round out to a more complete fulfillment somebody's theory of the universe, it may fall into an era of revolution and political insecurity which will break off the continuity of its national life, and make orderly and secure progress impossible. Now that the royal power is limited, and that the old military and police states are in the way of transition to jural states, we are promised a new advance to democracy. What is the disposition of the new state as regards the scope of its power? It unquestionably manifests a disposition to keep and use the whole arsenal of its predecessors. The great engine of political abuse has always been political mysticism. Formerly we were told of the divine origin of the state and the divine authority of rulers. The mystical contents of "sovereignty" have always provided an inexhaustible source of dogma and inference for any extension of state power. The new democracy having inherited the power so long used against it, now shows every disposition to use that power as ruthlessly as any other governing organ ever has used it.

We are told that the state is an ethical person. This is the latest form of political mysticism. Now, it is true that the state is an ethical person in just the same sense as a business firm, a joint stock corporation, or a debating society. It is not a physical person, but it may be a metaphysical or legal person, and, as such, it has an entity, and is an independent subject of rights and duties. Like the other ethical persons, however, the state is just good for what it can do to serve the interests of man, and no more. Such is far from being the meaning and utility of the dogma that the state is an ethical person. The dogma is needed as a source from which can be spun out again contents of phrases and deductions previously stowed away in it. It is only the most modern form of dogmatism devised to sacrifice the man to the institution which is not good for anything except so far as it can serve the man.

One of the newest names for the coming power is the "omnicracy." Mankind has been trying for some thousands of years to find the right -ocracy. None of those which have yet been tried have proved satisfactory. We want a new name on which to pin new hopes, for mankind "never is, but always to be

blessed." Omnicracy has this much sense in it, that no one of the great dogmas of the modern political creed is true if it is affirmed of anything less than the whole population, man, woman, child and baby. When the propositions are enunciated in this sense, they are philosophically grand and true. For instance, all the propositions about the "people" are grand and true if we mean by the people every soul in the community, with all the interests and powers which give them an aggregate will and power, with capacity to suffer or to work; but then, also, the propositions remain grand abstractions beyond the realm of practical utility. On the other hand, those propositions cannot be made practically available unless they are affirmed of some limited section of the population, for instance, a majority of the males over twenty-one, but then they are no longer true in philosophy or in fact.

Consequently, when the old-fashioned theories of state interference are applied to the new democratic state, they turn out to be simply a device for setting separate interests in a struggle against each other, inside the society. It is plain on the face of all the great questions which are offered to us as political questions to-day, that they are simply struggles of interests for larger shares of the product of industry. One mode of dealing with this distribution would be to leave it to free contract under the play of natural laws. If we do not do this, and if the state interferes with the distribution, how can we stop short of the mediæval plan of reiterated and endless interference, with constant diminution of the total product to be divided?

We have seen above what the tyranny was in the decay of the Roman Empire, when each was in servitude to all; but there is one form of that tyranny which may be still worse. That tyranny will be realized when the same system of servitudes is established in a democratic state; when a man's neighbors are his masters; when the "ethical power of public opinion" bears down upon him at all hours, and as to all matters; when his place is assigned to him, and he is held in it, not by an emperor or his satellites, who cannot be everywhere all the time, but by the other members of the "village community," who can.

So long as the struggle for individual liberty took the form of a demand that the king or the privileged classes should take their hands off, it was popular, and was believed to carry with it the

cause of justice and civilization. Now that the governmental machine is brought within every one's reach, the seduction of power is just as masterful over a democratic faction as ever it was over king or barons. No governing organ has yet abstained from any function because it acknowledged itself ignorant or incompetent. The new powers in the state show no disposition to do it. Nevertheless, the activity of the state, under the new democratic system, shows itself every year more at the mercy of clamorous factions, and legislators find themselves constantly under greater pressure to act, not by their deliberate judgment of what is expedient, but in such a way as to quell clamor, although against their judgment of public interests. It is rapidly becoming the chief art of the legislator to devise measures which shall sound as if they satisfied clamor while they only cheat it.

There are two things which are often treated as if they were identical, which are as far apart as any two things in the field of political philosophy can be: 1. That every one should be left to do as he likes, so far as possible, without any other social restraints than such as are unavoidable for the peace and order of society. 2. That "the people" should be allowed to carry out their will without any restraint from constitutional institutions. The former means that each should have his own way with his own interests; the latter, that any faction which for the time is uppermost should have its own way with all the rest.

One result of all the new state interference is that the state is being superseded in vast domains of its proper work. While it is reaching out on one side to fields of socialistic enterprise, interfering in the interests of parties in the industrial organism, assuming knowledge of economic laws which nobody possesses, taking ground as to dogmatic notions of justice which are absurd, and acting because it does not know what to do, it is losing its power to give peace, order and security. The extra-legal power and authority of leaders over voluntary organizations of men throughout a community, who are banded together in order to press their interests at the expense of other interests, and who go to the utmost verge of the criminal law, if they do not claim immunity from it, while obeying an authority which acts in secret and without responsibility, is a phenomenon which shows the inadequacy of the existing state to guarantee rights and give security. The boycott and the plan of campaign are certainly not industrial instru-

mentalities, and it is not yet quite certain whether they are violent and criminal instrumentalities, by which some men coerce other men in matters of material interests. If we turn our minds to the victims of these devices, we see that they do not find in the modern state that security for their interests under the competition of life which it is the first and unquestioned duty of the state to provide. The boycotted man is deprived of the peaceful enjoyment of rights which the laws and institutions of his country allow him, and he has no redress. The state has forbidden all private war on the ground that it will give a remedy for wrongs, and that private redress would disturb the peaceful prosecution of their own interests by other members of the community who are not parties to the quarrel; but we have seen an industrial war paralyze a whole section for weeks, and it was treated almost as a right of the parties that they might fight it out, no matter at what cost to bystanders. We have seen representative bodies of various voluntary associations meet and organize by the side of the regular constitutional organs of the state, in order to deliberate on proposed measures, and to transmit to the authorized representatives of the people their approval or disapproval of the propositions, and it scarcely caused a comment. The plutocracy invented the lobby, but the democracy here also seems determined to better the instruction. There are various opinions as to what the revolution is which is upon us, and as to what it is which is about to perish. I do not see anything else which is in as great peril as representative institutions, or the constitutional state.

I, therefore, maintain that it is at the present time a matter of patriotism and civic duty to resist the extension of state interference. It is one of the proudest results of political growth that we have reached the point where individualism is possible. Nothing could better show the merit and value of the institutions which we have inherited than the fact that we can afford to play with all these socialistic and semi-socialistic absurdities. They have no great importance until the question arises: Will a generation which can be led away into this sort of frivolity be able to transmit intact institutions which were made only by men of sterling thought and power, and which can be maintained only by men of the same type? I am familiar with the irritation and impatience with which remonstrances on this matter are received. Those who know just how the world ought to be reconstructed are, of

course, angry when they are pushed aside as busybodies. A group of people who assail the legislature with a plan for regulating their neighbor's mode of living are enraged at the "dogma" of non-interference. The publicist who has been struck by some of the superficial roughnesses in the collision of interests which must occur in any time of great industrial activity, and who has therefore determined to waive the objections to state interference, if he can see it brought to bear on his pet reform, will object to absolute principles. For my part, I have never seen that public or private principles were good for anything except when there seemed to be a motive for breaking them. Any one who has studied a question as to which the solution is yet wanting may despair of the power of free contract to solve it. I have examined a great many cases of proposed interference with free contract, and the only alternative to free contract which I can find is "heads I win, tails you lose" in favor of one party or the other. I am familiar with the criticisms which some writers claim to make upon individualism, but the worst individualism I can find in history is that of the Jacobins, and I believe that it is logically sound that the anti-social vices should be most developed whenever the attempt is made to put socialistic theories in practice. The only question at this point is: Which may we better trust, the play of free social forces or legislative and administrative interference? This question is as pertinent for those who expect to win by interference as for others, for whenever we try to get paternalized we only succeed in getting policed.

W. G. SUMNER.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

In some remote corners of Europe, legends linger of phantom hosts appearing at certain periods, and waging through the night aerial warfare over battlefields where they anciently contended in the flesh. The superstition is recalled by the ghostly conflict between St. George and St. Patrick, which made the mild sensation of the Queen's Jubilee in America. A hundred years ago our Union was founded, and for the first generation thereafter the wars raging in Europe were reflected in violent political struggles in the United States. The new republic had no domestic politics. This situation did not end without war, but it ended. America was detached from European broils and entanglements, and Old World notions and institutions have become more and more shadowy to us with every year of this century. Nay, even for English and Irish colonies, the American atmosphere seems to change transatlantic forms to phantoms. The Victoria eulogized by St. George does not exist in the flesh; the Queen denounced by St. Patrick does not exist.

On a Sunday, in the Jubilee, I attended a historical American church, owning some allegiance to Canterbury, which for a time was made over to St. George. The solid Englishman who preached on the occasion seemed to me adrift in seas of mental confusion. He invited us to leave contemplation of the Queen and consider her excellence as a woman. He pronounced her the "typical wife, typical mother, typical woman," but none of his anecdotes or illustrations warranted any inference that Alexandrina Victoria was any better than hundreds of good women, wives, and mothers, around him. A cynical critic might have interpreted such personal eulogy as a sarcasm on royalty, as implying wonder that even ordinary womanly virtues could co-exist with it. We were also called to admire because Victoria sent sympathetic messages to Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Garfield. What marvelous self-sacrifice!

The prayers and lamentations of millions of ordinary people, in many countries, may pass without notice,—but think of these royal regrets! What are Presidents that the Queen should be mindful of them!

Unquestionably it is not for the woman,—who long ago passed her fiftieth birthday without parade,—but for the Queen that peculiar honor may be claimed. Yet, when we turn from colonial canonization of the woman to Celtic denunciation of the Queen, we find the latter equally phantasmal. The Queen has officially as little responsibility for the sufferings of Ireland as Mrs. Cleveland. To ascribe to the English monarch powers similar to those of an American President is a delusion into which many migrate when they reach this country. It is our constitutional superstition. The Mayor of New York declared that he paid honor to the Queen because, while visiting England during our war, he learned that the non-intervention of England was due to Her Majesty's personal friendship for us. Now, I was there, too, and am certain that the non-intervention was due to the friendship for us of the English masses, and of their leaders,—Bright, Cobden, Peter Taylor, and others. The Mayor's theory, if true, would justify personal animosity to the Queen on the part of all censors of English wrongs. If she could successfully intervene in behalf of the American Union and emancipation, why has she not intervened against British oppressions in Ireland, Egypt, the Soudan, Burmah? If she could control the hand of Palmerston, why not that of Salisbury?

The Queen has no power of that kind at all. That she has made her throne the tomb of every last relic of personal authority is the immediate jewel of her crown. The royal prerogative has been exercised once by Gladstone and once by Disraeli, but never by Queen Victoria. As the greatest writer on the English Constitution has said, the Queen would certainly sign her own death-warrant were it laid before her by the Ministers. On her accession, contemporaneous historians remarked that the youthful maiden followed the instructions and words of her Ministers with an intent exactness; the literal fidelity at that ceremony has been followed by fifty years of intelligent fidelity to the constitution. It needed but such a reign to sum up and consolidate all the results of English revolutions, to embody the liberal progress of a thousand years, to send all arbitrary laws to their fossil bed, to

make England what its Laureate has claimed, the Crowned Republic.

The last time an attempt was made to utilize the Queen politically is especially memorable as bearing upon her sex. In the agitation for female suffrage some of the American advocates of that measure had spoken of the Queen as representing the principle of the participation of woman in political power, and this notion found some echo among the more ignorant friends of that cause in England. But a few years ago, when the subject was before Parliament, a member read an extract from "Our Life in the Highlands," in which the Queen declared women unfit for politics, and that good women will leave these things to men. There were cries of "Order!" throughout the House of Commons, even the majority, to whom the sentiment was agreeable, recognizing that it was unconstitutional to bring influence from the throne to bear on a debate in the Legislature. But the arrow had sped to its mark. The woman's declaration against the political aspirations of her sex was even feathered by cries of "order" which recognized the throne's abdication of political power. At the same time the many eminent and worthy women now claiming the franchise in England felt sore about the incident. The question naturally suggests itself whether submissive readiness to sign measures passed by Parliament, however repugnant to herself, is consistent with the highest character. No one can doubt that the Queen has often done this, and that she would have signed Gladstone's Home Rule bill as promptly as Salisbury's Coercion bill. To those who realize that every assertion of personal prerogative, even on their own side, forges a precedent that may be used on the other side, and restores a weapon which has normally proved fatal to human liberty, it will appear that the wisdom of Victoria as a woman is reflected in her strict constitutionality as a Queen. This is the open secret of the homage paid by the English people to a Queen who is neither beautiful nor brilliant, and whose withdrawal of the throne from all political power has not been accompanied by its usual lustre as a social centre. For though to Puritanism and prosaic Radicalism the Court in mourning has been agreeable, as showing the needlessness of any Court at all, the majority of the English people desire a splendid Court, and have felt aggrieved by its long eclipse. Also the leading political thinkers of England

place a high value on the throne, especially since it has ceased to be a political institution. What is that value ?

To the superficial view England appears made up politically of ancient and moldy institutions, trying to maintain themselves in an age that has outgrown them. A nearer study reveals the fact that this apparent antiquity is unreal, and that amid archaic walls, names, decorations, machinery of a modern and even advanced kind is at work. It is true that this implies that each institution is turned to some work for which it was not originally intended, and in some cases the adequacy to modern exigencies is doubtful. But an American is apt to look for such defects where they least exist; in the House of Lords, for instance, where under a delusive show of hereditary legislation sits a Supreme Court not inferior to any in the world. The throne also, from which England was so long ruled, is now turned to other purposes altogether. Its political purpose may be fairly, if paradoxically, described as the reverse of that for which it was founded: the throne is England's defense against monarchy. Were the throne abolished this year it would surely be succeeded by some monarchy, either of the German or the American type, planted by a revolution. Evolutionary ages have determined that complex England cannot be ruled by any individual. By alternate revolutions and bribes the English people have turned their throne to a historic symbol, and the royal family into its guardians. A royal family, by intermarriages and hospitalities, can surround the politically vacant throne with entrenchments of international interest and etiquette which no foreign despot will pass for its seizure. In this direction it is fortunate for England, in the epoch of the consolidation of the German Empire, that its throne is already occupied by a German family. And the same circumstance is advantageous as a check on the royal family itself. It is a guest in England, and feels that it reigns by sufferance. When to this timidity of alienage is added the feminine timidity, it will be seen how, under this Guelph lady, the people have been able to surround their throne with such walls of precedent that no future monarch will be able to break through them. That is, so long as the country is at peace; for if a great war should find a military genius on the throne there might be a relapse from the progressive work of generations. At present there is no such perilous prospect.

A royal family defends England from internal as well as

foreign ambitions. By gathering the supreme social lustre around a non-political centre, political offices are thrown into a sort of atrophy, so far as glory is concerned. No politician will seek office for the sake of any social splendor. It cannot be found there. The statesman or the minister must depend on his services for his renown. Only by intellect, toil, patriotism can he be great. The tinsel and the powers of chieftainship are bestowed in separate estates. The artificial glories are permanently monopolized; there remains open to personal ambition only the lustre that emanates from personal qualities and deeds. Thus, while the British throne is the gilded sepulchre of monarchy, its occupants,—non-elective, alien, depositories of all fictitious honors,—guard that sepulchre against any resurrection of monarchy from without or within.

Carlyle raised his lamentations over this grave of kingship, but it was an intolerable evil in England, chiefly because it could only exist by preserving the militant age in which it originated. The resources of England were of old seen to be immeasurable could it only enter on an industrial age. What it needed was domestic peace. It mattered not how many of its roughs and plumed captains might go off to fight in Russia, India, Africa; the more the better for itself; England was drained of them and left free to develop its science, literature, and arts. England's two literary ages bear the names of women, and alike were the products of peace. The greatness of the Elizabethan age was based on its forty-five years of rarely interrupted peace at home, and therein the Victorian age is like it. An age of great generals cannot produce a Shakespeare or a Darwin. Elizabeth, more a king than a queen, was yet not really interested in anything outside of England. She compelled religion to speak English and to respect an English Pope. From her time the people were left but one throne to deal with—their own; this they have steadily shaped to their own ends, however rough-hewn to others by this or that occupant; and all the thank-offerings now surrounding it are really to an island divinity, ideal embodiment of the average comfort of England. It is this divinity the Archbishop of Canterbury has addressed the jubilee thanksgiving for "the abundance of dominion with which Thou hast exalted and enlarged her empire." The Gods of other nations are idols. The cost of maintaining this composite English divinity is considerable; it is, however, not mere

commutation money; it is a bribe by which the imperial wolf, which used to ravage the fold, has been domesticated, induced to accept a jeweled collar, and to guard the flock against invasion of the wild race from which it sprung. The English throne has long been the traitor to the European family of crowned heads; it has harbored and protected the conspirators against them; it has patronized a literature and science which undermine every throne. It has equally betrayed the privileged class it originally created, signing away its powers, until the House of Commons, once petitioners at its lordly door, now holds the purse and the sword of the nation. Nothing but the divinity that doth hedge about a legitimate member of the royal fraternity of Europe could have restrained these powerful classes at home and abroad from arresting this steady reduction of their privileges, and transfer of their powers to the people.

As to the mere pecuniary cost of the throne, it must be borne in mind that the greater part of it returns to the people. The castle, the palace, the park, the royal paraphernalia, besides supporting many lives, constitute a distributed museum of antiquities with many useful and agreeable adjuncts. But a few closets are reserved for individual persons amid the magnificence. Emptied of political power, the throne is turned to the functions of landscape gardener, social impresario, and festive masquerader for their Majesty the People. The only serious cost of the throne is moral—the snobbery it engenders. But, if distance lends enchantment to some views, it may occasionally lend horror to others. The traditional American prejudice against the aristocracy of birth is derived from a period when there existed in England a hereditary legislature. The House of Lords has now been reduced to a debating society; its power to alter or defeat an act of the Legislature has been changed to a mere right of demanding reconsideration. It cannot even require that the measure it temporarily suspends shall be repassed by an increased majority. Now and then, indeed, the peers are permitted to exercise their antiquarian privilege in defeating some non-political measure of infinitesimal interest, such as marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The exception proves the rule. The hereditary political and legislative power being thus extinct, we may view with impartial calmness the English aristocracy.

An aristocracy of birth is, at least, not so vulgar as that of

wealth, which seems the only alternative in a democratic age. In the natural influence of high breeding there is something scientific, at any rate, something Darwinian; it will be easier to evolve an intellectual aristocracy out of that than from an upper-tendom of millionaires. Just now, when the English nobility are ignobly fighting for a landlord interest with which their class is historically identified, to the sacrifice of humanity, they appear to the worst advantage. It cannot be forgotten, however, that many members of the aristocracy have espoused the cause of Home Rule, and that even Lord Salisbury has brought in a land bill for Ireland which would have been deemed radical by his ancestors.

An aristocracy of birth, relieved of any discredit on account of political or landed privileges, would be a phenomenon not without philosophical interest in this time when the "survival of the fittest" has become a familiar law, while survival of the unfittest seems a no less familiar fact. The conjunction of the Queen's jubilee and our Constitution's centenary may remind us that some things which the English have found unfit to survive, save in name, survive among ourselves in all except name. As regards snobbery, it is doubtful whether we can safely throw stones.

A member of the English aristocracy, also of the House of Commons, familiar with and friendly to society in America, expressed the opinion that more attention is paid to precedence in Washington than in London. Such is my own impression after residence in both cities. Recently an eminent American author, lecturing before a fashionable audience on "Literature in the Republic," spoke with almost passionate horror of the precedence given to title over scholarship on ceremonial occasions. He seemed to think that literature must deteriorate under such conditions. Apart from the non-justification of his theory by the facts, the lecturer showed an amusing unconsciousness that he was manifesting an interest in "precedence" unknown to English scholars. The fact that such ceremonial etiquette in England has been settled for ages, that for centuries it has ceased to be any test of merit or esteem, while conveniently relieving hosts of the responsibility of making distinctions, deprives the arrangement of such serious interest as that which attaches to it in this country. The same lecturer, when presently referring to complaints of under-payment among

American authors, admonished them that they ought not to expect to attain the wealth gained by those who devote themselves to making money. Business men have their reward, literary men theirs, and these ought not to ask the gains of the others. An English author would have paralleled the reasoning. The hereditary noblemen, he would say, has his reward; he goes in to dinner first. But that is not the kind of advantage we are seeking. That does not interest us. For a lord to precede Browning to dinner is, if anything, a compliment to the poet; if he were supposed to be so commonplace as to aspire to the first place on that plane of baubles, he would not be invited. Not only Carlyle, but many literary men, might have had such decorations for the seeking. Tennyson refused title for many years, accepting it at last only because it seemed selfish to withhold the social advantage from his son and daughter-in-law,—his expressed wish to have the title pass to them first being inconsistent with the regulations.

The right way in which to estimate England is to study it as a development out of certain conditions of its own. It can no more be transmuted to our America than its chalk cliffs can be changed to granite hills. Its political and social system has been built by slow-working ages, and refashioned by the genius of the people in necessary obedience to the material given them to work on. Inside feudal walls they have cultivated the fruits of liberty, they have established a republic with decorations of royalty, they have evolved a free-thinking church amid symbols of ecclesiasticism. These facts have become recognized, and have been assured, mainly during the last fifty years; and, because they represent the genius of the English people, in whose face no individual can glory, they are all the more strikingly symbolized in the homely representative of a disfranchised sex whose common sense and unostentatious character have left her nation free to govern itself without interference for this memorable half century.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

AN OPEN LETTER TO ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

DEAR SIR : I am glad that I know you, even though some of my brethren look upon you as a monster because of your unbelief. I shall never forget the long evening I spent at your house in Washington ; and in what I have to say, however it may fail to convince you, I trust you will feel that I have not shown myself unworthy of your courtesy or confidence.

Your conversation then and at other times interested me greatly. I recognized at once the elements of your power over large audiences, in your wit and dramatic talent—personating characters and imitating tones of voice and expressions of countenance—and your remarkable use of language, which even in familiar talk often rose to a high degree of eloquence. All this was a keen intellectual stimulus. I was for the most part a listener, but as we talked freely of religious matters, I protested against your unbelief as utterly without reason. Yet there was no offence given or taken, and we parted, I trust, with a feeling of mutual respect.

Still further, we found many points of sympathy. I do not hesitate to say that there are many things in which I agree with you, in which I love what you love and hate what you hate. A man's hatreds are not the least important part of him ; they are among the best indications of his character. You love truth, and hate lying and hypocrisy—all the petty arts and deceits of the world by which men represent themselves to be other than they are—as well as the pride and arrogance, in which they assume superiority over their fellow-beings. Above all, you hate every form of injustice and oppression. Nothing moves your indignation so much as "man's inhumanity to man," and you mutter "curses not loud but deep" on the whole race of tyrants and oppressors, whom you would sweep from the face of the earth. And yet you do not hate oppression more than I, nor love liberty more.

Nor will I admit that you have any stronger desire for that intellectual freedom, to the attainment of which you look forward as the last and greatest emancipation of mankind.

Nor have you a greater horror of superstition. Indeed, I might say that you cannot have so great, for the best of all reasons, that you have not seen so much of it; you have not stood on the banks of the Ganges, and seen the Hindoos by tens of thousands rushing madly to throw themselves into the sacred river, even carrying the ashes of their dead to cast them upon the waters. It seems but yesterday that I was sitting on the back of an elephant, looking down on this horrible scene of human degradation. Such superstition overthrows the very foundations of morality. In place of the natural sense of right and wrong, which is written in men's consciences and hearts, it introduces an artificial standard, by which the order of things is totally reversed: right is made wrong, and wrong is made right. It makes that a virtue which is not a virtue, and that a crime which is not a crime. Religion consists in a round of observances that have no relation whatever to natural goodness, but which rather exclude it by being a substitute for it. Penances and pilgrimages take the place of justice and mercy, benevolence and charity. Such a religion, so far from being a purifier, is the greatest corrupter of morals; so that it is no extravagance to say of the Hindoos, who are a gentle race, that they might be virtuous and good if they were not so religious. But this colossal superstition weighs upon their very existence, crushing out even natural virtue. Such a religion is an immeasurable curse.

I hope this language is strong enough to satisfy even your own intense hatred of superstition. You cannot loathe it more than I do. So far we agree perfectly. But unfortunately you do not limit your crusade to the religions of Asia, but turn the same style of argument against the religion of Europe and America, and, indeed, against the religious belief and worship of every country and clime. In this matter you make no distinctions: you would sweep them all away; church and cathedral must go with the temple and the pagoda, as alike manifestations of human credulity, and proofs of the intellectual feebleness and folly of mankind. While under the impression of that memorable evening at your house, I took up some of your public addresses, and experienced a strange revulsion of feeling. I could hardly be-

lieve my eyes as I read, so inexpressibly was I shocked. Things which I held sacred you not only rejected with unbelief, but sneered at with contempt. Your words were full of a bitterness so unlike anything I had heard from your lips, that I could not reconcile the two, till I reflected that in Robert Ingersoll (as in the most of us) there were two men, who were not only distinct, but contrary the one to the other—the one gentle a nd sweet-tempered ; the other delighting in war as his native element. Between the two, I have a decided preference for the former. I have no dispute with the quiet and peaceable gentle man, whose kindly spirit makes sunshine in his home ; but it is *that other man* over yonder, who comes forward into the arena like a gladiator, defiant and belligerent, that rouses my antagonism. And yet I do not intend to *stand up* even against him ; but if he will only *sit down* and listen patiently, and answer in those soft tones of voice which he knows so well how to use, we can have a quiet talk, which will certainly do him no harm, while it relieves my troubled mind.

What then is the basis of this religion which you despise ? At the foundation of every form of religious faith and worship, is the idea of God. Here you take your stand ; you do not believe in God. Of course you do not deny absolutely the existence of a Creative Power : for that would be to assume a knowledge which no human being can possess. How small is the distance that we can see before us ! The candle of our intelligence throws its beams but a little way, beyond which the circle of light is compassed by universal darkness. Upon this no one insists more than yourself. I have heard you discourse upon the insignificance of man in a way to put many preachers to shame. I remember your illustration from the myriads of creatures that live on plants, from which you picked out, to represent human insignificance, an insect too small to be seen by the naked eye, whose world was a leaf, and whose life lasted but a single day ! Surely a creature that can only be seen with a microscope, cannot *know* that a Creator does not exist !

This, I must do you the justice to say, you do not affirm. All that you can say is, that if there be no knowledge on one side, neither is there on the other ; that it is only a matter of probability ; and that, judging from such evidence as appeals to your senses and your understanding, you do not *believe* that there is a

God. Whether this be a reasonable conclusion or not, it is at least an intelligible state of mind.

Now I am not going to argue against what the Catholics call "invincible ignorance"—an incapacity on account of temperament—for I hold that the belief in God, like the belief in all spiritual things, comes to some minds by a kind of intuition. There are natures so finely strung that they are sensitive to influences which do not touch others. You may say that it is mere poetical rhapsody when Shelley writes :

> "The awful shadow of some unseen power
> Floats, though unseen, among us."

But there are natures which are not at all poetical or dreamy, only most simple and pure, which, in moments of spiritual exaltation, are almost *conscious* of a Presence that is not of this world. But this, which is a matter of experience, will have no weight with those who do not have that experience. For the present, therefore, I would not be swayed one particle by mere sentiment, but look at the question in the cold light of reason alone.

The idea of God is indeed the grandest and most awful that can be entertained by the human mind. Its very greatness overpowers us, so that it seems impossible that such a Being should exist. But if it is hard to conceive of Infinity, it is still harder to get any intelligible explanation of the present order of things without admitting the existence of an intelligent Creator and Upholder of all. Copernicus, when he swept the sky with his telescope, traced the finger of God in every movement of the heavenly bodies. Napoleon, when the French savants on the voyage to Egypt argued that there was no God, disdained any other answer than to point upward to the stars and ask, "Who made all these?" That is the first question, and it is the last. The farther we go, the more we are forced to one conclusion. No man ever studied nature with a more simple desire to know the truth than Agassiz, and yet the more he explored, the more he was startled as he found himself constantly face to face with the evidences of MIND.

Do you say this is "a great mystery," meaning that it is something that we do not know anything about? Of course, it is "a mystery." But do you think to escape mystery by denying the Divine existence? You only exchange one mystery for another.

The first of all mysteries is, not that God exists, but that *we* exist. Here we are. How did we come here? We go back to our ancestors; but that does not take away the difficulty; it only removes it farther off. Once begin to climb the stairway of past generations, and you will find that it is a Jacob's ladder, on which you mount higher and higher until you step into the very presence of the Almighty.

But even if we know that there is a God, what can we know of His character? You say, "God is whatever we conceive Him to be." We frame an image of Deity out of our consciousness—it is simply a reflection of our own personality cast upon the sky, like the image seen in the Alps in certain states of the atmosphere—and then fall down and worship that which we have created, not indeed with our hands, but out of our minds. This may be true to some extent of the gods of mythology, but not of the God of Nature, who is as inflexible as Nature itself. You might as well say that the laws of nature are whatever we imagine them to be. But we do not go far before we find that, instead of being pliant to our will, they are rigid and inexorable, and we dash ourselves against them to our own destruction. So God does not bend to human thought any more than to human will. The more we study Him, the more we find that He is *not* what we imagined Him to be; that He is far greater than any image of Him that we could frame.

But, after all, you rejoin that the conception of a Supreme Being is merely an abstract idea, of no practical importance, with no bearing upon human life. I answer, it is of immeasurable importance. Let go the idea of God, and you have let go the highest moral restraint. There is no Ruler above man; he is a law unto himself—a law which is as impotent to produce order, and to hold society together, as man is with his little hands to hold the stars in their courses.

I know how you reason against the Divine existence from the moral disorder of the world. The argument is one that takes strong hold of the imagination, and may be used with tremendous effect. You set forth in colors none too strong the injustice that prevails in the relations of men to one another—the inequalities of society; the haughtiness of the rich and the misery of the poor; you draw lurid pictures of the vice and crime which run riot in the great capitals which are the centres of civilization; and when

you have wound up your audience to the highest pitch, you ask, "How can it be that there is a just God in heaven, who looks down upon the earth and sees all this horrible confusion, and yet does not lift His hand to avenge the innocent or punish the guilty?" To this I will make but one answer: Does it convince yourself? I do not mean to imply that you are conscious of insincerity. But an orator is sometimes carried away by his own eloquence, and states things more strongly than he would in his cooler moments. So I venture to ask: With all your tendency to skepticism, do you really believe that there is no moral government of the world—no Power behind nature "making for righteousness?" Are there no retributions in history? When Lincoln stood on the field of Gettysburg, so lately drenched with blood, and, reviewing the carnage of that terrible day, accepted it as the punishment of our national sins, was it a mere theatrical flourish in him to lift his hand to heaven, and exclaim, "Just and true are Thy ways, Lord God Almighty!"

Having settled it to your own satisfaction that there is no God, you proceed in the same easy way to dispose of that other belief which lies at the foundation of all religion—the immortality of the soul. With an air of modesty and diffidence that would carry an audience by storm, you confess your ignorance of what perhaps others are better acquainted with, when you say, "This world is all that *I* know anything about, *so far as I recollect.*" This is very wittily put, and some may suppose it contains an argument; but do you really mean to say that you do not *know* anything except what you "recollect," or what you have seen with your eyes? Perhaps you never saw your grandparents; but have you any more doubt of their existence than of that of your father and mother whom you did see?

Here, as when you speak of the existence of God, you carefully avoid any positive affirmation: you neither affirm nor deny. You are ready for whatever may "turn up." In your jaunty style, if you find yourself hereafter in some new and unexpected situation, you will accept it and make the best of it, and be "as ready as the next man to enter on any remunerative occupation!"

But while airing this pleasant fancy, you plainly regard the hope of another life as a beggar's dream—the momentary illusion of one who, stumbling along life's highway, sits him down by the roadside, footsore and weary, cold and hungry, and falls asleep,

and dreams of a time when he shall have riches and plenty. Poor creature! let him dream; it helps him to forget his misery, and may give him a little courage for his rude awaking to the hard reality of life. But it is all a dream, which dissolves in thin air, and floats away and disappears. This illustration I do not take from you, but simply choose to set forth what (as I infer from the sentences above quoted and many like expressions) may describe, not unfairly, your state of mind. Your treatment of the subject is one of trifling. You do not speak of it in a serious way, but lightly and flippantly, as if it were all a matter of fancy and conjecture, and not worthy of sober consideration.

Now, does it never occur to you that there is something very cruel in this treatment of the belief of your fellow-creatures, on whose hope of another life hangs all that relieves the darkness of their present existence? To many of them life is a burden to carry, and they need all the helps to carry it that can be found in reason, in philosophy, or in religion. But what support does your hollow creed supply? You are a man of warm heart, of the tenderest sympathies. Those who know you best and love you most, tell me that you cannot bear the sight of suffering even in animals; that your natural sensibility is such that you find no pleasure in sports, in hunting or fishing; to shoot a robin would make you feel like a murderer. If you see a poor man in trouble your first impulse is to help him. You cannot see a child in tears but you want to take up the little fellow in your arms, and make him smile again. And yet, with all your sensibility, you hold the most remorseless and pitiless creed in the world—a creed in which there is not a gleam of mercy or of hope. A mother has lost her only son. She goes to his grave and throws herself upon it, the very picture of woe. One thought only keeps her from despair: it is that beyond this life there is a world where she may once more clasp her boy in her arms. What will you say to that mother? You are silent, and your silence is a sentence of death to her hopes. By that grave you cannot speak: for if you were to open your lips and tell that mother what you really believe, it would be that her son is blotted out of existence, and that she can never look upon his face again. Thus with your iron heel do you trample down and crush the last hope of a broken heart.

When such sorrow comes to you, you feel it as keenly as any

man. With your strong domestic attachments one cannot pass out of your little circle without leaving a great void in your heart, and your grief is as eloquent as it is hopeless. No sadder words ever fell from human lips than these, spoken over the coffin of one to whom you were tenderly attached: "Life is but a narrow vale, between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities!" This is a doom of annihilation, which strikes a chill to the stoutest heart. Even you must envy the faith which, as it looks upward, sees those "peaks of two eternities," not "cold and barren," but warm with the glow of the setting sun, which gives promise of a happier to-morrow?

I think I hear you say, "So might it be! Would that I could believe it!" for no one recognizes more the emptiness of life as it is. I do not forget the tone in which you said: "Life is very sad to me; it is very pitiful; there isn't much to it." True indeed! With your belief, or want of belief, there is very little to it; and if this were all it would be a fair question whether life were worth living. In the name of humanity, let us cling to all that is left us that can bring a ray of hope into its darkness, and thus lighten its otherwise impenetrable gloom.

I observe that you not unfrequently entertain yourself and your audiences by caricaturing certain doctrines of the Christian Religion. The "Atonement," as you look upon it, is simply "punishing the wrong man"—letting the guilty escape, and putting the innocent to death. This is vindicating justice by permitting injustice. But is there not another side to this? Does not the idea of sacrifice run through human life, and ennoble human character? You see a mother denying herself for her children, foregoing every comfort, enduring every hardship, till at last, worn out by her labor and her privation, she folds her hands upon her breast. May it not be said truly that she *gives her life* for the life of her children? History is full of sacrifice, and it is the best part of history. I will not speak of "the noble army of martyrs," but of heroes who have died for their country or for liberty—what is it but this element of devotion for the good of others that gives such glory to their immortal names? How then should it be thought a thing without reason that a Deliverer of the race should give His life for the life of the world?

So, too, you find a subject for caricature in the doctrine of "Regeneration." But what is regeneration but a change of

character shown in a change of life? Is that so very absurd? Have you never seen a drunkard reformed? Have you never seen a man of impure life, who, after running his evil course, had, like the prodigal, "come to himself"—that is, awakened to his shame, and turning from it, come back to the path of purity, and finally regained a true and noble manhood? Probably you would admit this, but say that the change was the result of reflection, and of the man's own strength of will. The doctrine of regeneration only adds to the will of man the power of God. We believe that man is weak, but that God is mighty; and that when man tries to raise himself, an arm is stretched out to lift him up to a height which he could not attain alone. Sometimes one who has led the worst life, after being plunged into such remorse and despair that he feels as if he were enduring the agonies of hell, turns back and takes another course: he becomes "a new creature," whom his friends can hardly recognize as he "sits clothed and in his right mind." The change is from darkness to light, from death to life; and he who has known but one such case will never say that the language is too strong which describes that man as "born again."

If you think that I pass lightly over these doctrines, not bringing out all the meaning which they bear, I admit it. I am not writing an essay in theology, but would only show, in passing, by your favorite method of illustration, that the principles involved are the same with which you are familiar in every-day life.

But the doctrine which excites your bitterest animosity is that of Future Retribution. The prospect of another life, reaching on into an unknown futurity, you would contemplate with composure were it not for the dark shadow hanging over it. But to live only to suffer; to live when asking to die; to "long for death, and not be able to find it"—is a prospect which rouses the anger of one who would look with calmness upon death as an eternal sleep. The doctrine loses none of its terrors in passing through your hands; for it is one of the means by which you work upon the feelings of your hearers. You pronounce it "the most horrible belief that ever entered the human mind: that the Creator should bring beings into existence to destroy them! This would make Him the most fearful tyrant in the universe—a Moloch devouring his own children!" I shudder when

I recall the fierce energy with which you spoke as you said, "Such a God I hate with all the intensity of my being!"

But gently, gently, Sir! We will let this burst of fury pass before we resume the conversation. When you are a little more tranquil, I would modestly suggest that perhaps you are fighting a figment of your imagination. I never heard of any Christian teacher who said that "the Creator brought beings into the world to destroy them!" Is it not better to moderate yourself to exact statements, especially when, with all modifications, the subject is one to awaken a feeling the most solemn and profound?

Now I am not going to enter into a discussion of this doctrine. I will not quote a single text. I only ask you whether it is not a scientific truth that *the effect of everything which is of the nature of a cause is eternal.* Science has opened our eyes to some very strange facts in nature. The theory of vibrations is carried by the physicists to an alarming extent. They tell us that it is literally and mathematically true that you cannot throw a ball in the air but it shakes the solar system. Thus all things act upon all. What is true in space may be true in time, and the law of physics may hold in the spiritual realm. When the soul of man departs out of the body, being released from the grossness of the flesh, it may enter on a life a thousand times more intense than this: in which it will not need the dull senses as avenues of knowledge, because the spirit itself will be all eye, all ear, all intelligence; while memory, like an electric flash, will in an instant bring the whole of the past into view; and the moral sense will be quickened as never before. Here then we have all the conditions of retribution—a world which, however shadowy it may seem, is yet as real as the homes and habitations and activities of our present state; with memory trailing the deeds of a lifetime behind it; and conscience, more inexorable than any judge, giving its solemn and final verdict.

With such conditions assumed, let us take a case whieh would awaken your just indignation—that of a selfish, hard-hearted, and cruel man; who sacrifices the interests of everybody to his own; who grinds the faces of the poor, robbing the widow and the orphan of their little all; and who, so far from making restitution, dies with his ill-gotten gains held fast in his clenched hand. How long must the night be to sleep away the memory of such a hideous life? If he wakes, will not the recollection cling to him

still? Are there any waters of oblivion that can cleanse his miserable soul? If not—if he cannot *forget*, surely he cannot *forgive* himself for the baseness which now he has no opportunity to repair. Here, then, is a retribution which is inseparable from his being, which is a part of his very existence. The undying memory brings the undying pain.

Take another case—alas! too sadly frequent. A man of pleasure betrays a young, innocent, trusting woman by the promise of his love, and then casts her off, leaving her to sink down, down, through every degree of misery and shame, till she is lost in depths which plummet never sounded, and disappears. Is he not to suffer for this poor creature's ruin? Can he rid himself of it by fleeing beyond "that bourne from whence no traveler returns?" Not unless he can flee from himself: for in the lowest depths of the under-world—a world in which the sun never shines—that image will still pursue him. As he wanders in its gloomy shades, a pale form glides by him like an affrighted ghost. The face is the same, beautiful even in its sorrow, but with a look upon it as of one who has already suffered an eternity of woe. In an instant all the past comes back again. He sees the young, unblessed mother wandering in some lonely place, that only the heavens may witness her agony and her despair. There he sees her holding up in her arms the babe that had no right to be born, and calling upon God to judge her betrayer. How far in the future must he travel to forget that look? Is there any escape except by plunging into the gulf of annihilation?

Thus far in this paper I have taken a tone of defence. But I do not admit that the Christian religion needs any apology,—it needs only to be rightly understood to furnish its own complete vindication. Instead of considering its "evidences," which is but going round the outer walls, let us enter the gates of the temple and see what is within. Here we find something better than "towers and bulwarks" in the character of Him who is the Founder of our Religion, and not its Founder only, but its very core and being. Christ *is* Christianity. Not only is He the Great Teacher, but the central subject of what He taught, so that the whole stands or falls with Him.

In our first conversation, I observed that, with all your sharp comments on things sacred, you professed great respect for the ethics of Christianity, and for its author. "Make the Sermon on

the Mount your religion," you said, "and there I am with you." Very well! So far, so good. And now, if you will go a little further, you may find still more food for reflection.

All who have made a study of the character and teachings of Christ, even those who utterly deny the supernatural, stand in awe and wonder before the gigantic figure which is here revealed. Renan closes his "Life of Jesus" with this as the result of his long study: "Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will be renewed without ceasing; his story [légende] will draw tears from beautiful eyes without end; his sufferings will touch the finest natures; ALL THE AGES WILL PROCLAIM THAT AMONG THE SONS OF MEN THERE HAS NOT RISEN A GREATER THAN JESUS;" while Rousseau closes his immortal eulogy by saying, "SOCRATES DIED LIKE A PHILOSOPHER, BUT JESUS CHRIST LIKE A GOD!"

Here is an argument for Christianity to which I pray you to address yourself. As you do not believe in miracles, and are ready to explain everything by natural causes, I beg you to tell us how came it to pass that a Hebrew peasant, born among the hills of Galilee, had a wisdom above that of Socrates or Plato, of Confucius or Buddha? This is the greatest of miracles, that such a Being has lived and died on the earth.

Since this is the chief argument for Religion, does it not become one who undertakes to destroy it to set himself first to this central position, instead of wasting his time on mere outposts? When you next address one of the great audiences that hang upon your words, is it unfair to ask that you lay aside such familiar topics as Miracles or Ghosts, or a Reply to Talmage, and tell us what you think of JESUS CHRIST; whether you look upon Him as an impostor, or merely as a dreamer—a mild and harmless enthusiast; or are ready to acknowledge that He is entitled to rank among the great teachers of mankind?

But if you are compelled to admit the greatness of Christ, you take your revenge on the Apostles, whom you do not hesitate to say that you "don't think much of." In fact, you set them down in a most peremptory way as "a poor lot." It did seem rather an unpromising "lot," that of a boat-load of fishermen, from which to choose the apostles of a religion —almost as unpromising as it was to take a rail-splitter to be the head of a nation in the greatest crisis of its history! But perhaps in both cases there was a wisdom higher than ours, that

chose better than we. It might puzzle even you to give a better definition of religion than this of the Apostle James: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world;" or to find among those sages of antiquity, with whose writings you are familiar, a more complete and perfect delineation of that which is the essence of all goodness and virtue, than Paul's description of the charity which "suffereth long and is kind;" or to find in the sayings of Confucius or of Buddha anything more sublime than this aphorism of John: "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

And here you must allow me to make a remark, which is not intended as a personal retort, but simply in the interest of that truth which we both profess to seek, and to count worth more than victory. Your language is too sweeping to indicate the careful thinker, who measures his words and weighs them in a balance. Your lectures remind me of the pictures of Gustave Doré, who preferred to paint on a large canvas, with figures as gigantesque as those of Michael Angelo in his Last Judgment. The effect is very powerful, but if he had softened his colors a little,—if there were a few delicate touches, a mingling of light and shade, as when twilight is stealing over the earth,—the landscape would be more true to nature. So, believe me, your words would be more weighty if they were not so strong. But whenever you touch upon religion you seem to lose control of yourself, and a vindictive feeling takes possession of you, which causes you to see things so distorted from their natural appearance that you cannot help running into the broadest caricature. You swing your sentences as the woodman swings his axe. Of course, this "slashing" style is very effective before a popular audience, which does not care for nice distinctions, or for evidence that has to be sifted and weighed; but wants opinions off-hand, and likes to have its prejudices and hatreds echoed back in a ringing voice. This carries the crowd, but does not convince the philosophic mind. The truth-seeker cannot cut a road through the forest with sturdy blows; he has a hidden path to trace, and must pick his way with slow and cautious step to find that which is more precious than gold.

But if it were possible for you to sweep away the "evidences

of Christianity," you have not swept away Christianity itself; it still lives, not only in tradition, but in the hearts of the people, entwined with all that is sweetest in their domestic life, from which it must be torn out with unsparing hand before it can be exterminated. To begin with, you turn your back upon history. All that men have done and suffered for the sake of religion was folly. The Pilgrims, who crossed the sea to find freedom to worship God in the forests of the New World, were miserable fanatics. There is no more place in the world for heroes and martyrs. He who sacrifices his life for a faith, or an idea, is a fool. The only practical wisdom is to have a sharp eye to the main chance. If you keep on in this work of demolition, you will soon destroy all our ideals. Family life withers under the cold sneer—half pity and half scorn—with which you look down on household worship. Take from our American firesides such scenes as that pictured in the Cotter's Saturday Night, and you have taken from them their most sacred hours and their tenderest memories.

The same destructive spirit which intrudes into our domestic as well as our religious life, would take away the beauty of our villages as well as the sweetness of our homes. In the weary round of a week of toil, there comes an interval of rest; the laborer lays down his burden, and for a few hours breathes a serener air. The Sabbath morning has come:

> "Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky."

At the appointed hour the bell rings across the valley, and sends its echoes among the hills; and from all the roads the people come trooping to the village church. Here they gather, old and young, rich and poor; and as they join in the same act of worship, feel that God is the maker of them all. Is there in our national life any influence more elevating than this—one which tends more to bring a community together; to promote neighborly feeling; to refine the manners of the people; to breed true courtesy, and all that makes a Christian village different from a cluster of Indian wigwams—a civilized community different from a tribe of savages?

All this you would destroy: you would abolish the Sabbath, or have it turned into a holiday; you would tear down the old church, so full of tender associations of the living and the dead, or at least

have it "razeed," cutting off the tall spire that points upward to heaven; and the interior you would turn into an assembly room—a place of entertainment, where the young people could have their merry-makings, except perchance in the warm Summer-time, when they could dance on the village green! So far you would have gained your object. But would that be a more orderly community, more refined or more truly happy?

You may think this a mere sentiment—that we care more for the picturesque than for the true. But there is one result which is fearfully real: the destructive creed, or no creed, which despoils our churches and our homes, attacks society in its first principles by taking away the support of morality. I do not believe that general morality can be upheld without the sanctions of religion. There may be individuals of great natural force of character, who can stand alone—men of superior intellect and strong will. But in general human nature is weak, and virtue is not the spontaneous growth of childish innocence. Men do not become pure and good by instinct. Character, like mind, has to be developed by education; and it needs all the elements of strength which can be given it, from without as well as from within, from the government of man and the government of God. To let go of these restraints is a peril to public morality.

You feel strong in the strength of a robust manhood, well poised in body and mind, and in the centre of a happy home, where loving hearts cling to you like vines round the oak. But many to whom you speak are quite otherwise. You address thousands of young men who have come out of country homes, where they have been brought up in the fear of God, and have heard the morning and evening prayer. They come into a city full of temptations, but are restrained from evil by the thought of father and mother, and reverence for Him who is the Father of us all—a feeling which, though it may not have taken the form of any profession, is yet at the bottom of their hearts, and keeps them from many a wrong and wayward step. A young man, who is thus "guarded and defended" as by unseen angels, some evening when he feels very lonely, is invited to "go and hear Ingersoll," and for a couple of hours listens to your caricatures of religion, with descriptions of the prayers and the psalm-singing, illustrated by devout grimaces and nasal tones, which set the house in roars of laughter, and are received with tumultuous applause. When it is

all over, and the young man finds himself again under the flaring lamps of the city streets, he is conscious of a change; the faith of his childhood has been rudely torn from him, and with it "a glory has passed away from the earth;" the Bible which his mother gave him the morning that he came away, is "a mass of fables;" the sentence which she wished him to hang on the wall, "Thou, God, seest me," has lost its power, for there is no God that sees him, no moral government, no law and no retribution. So he reasons as he walks slowly homeward, meeting the temptations which haunt these streets at night—temptations from which he has hitherto turned with a shudder, but which he now meets with a diminished power of resistance. Have you done that young man any good in taking from him what he held sacred before? Have you not left him morally weakened? From sneering at religion, it is but a step to sneering at morality, and then but one step more to a vicious and profligate career. How are you going to stop this downward tendency? When you have stripped him of former restraints, do you leave him anything in their stead, except indeed a sense of honor, self-respect, and self-interest?—worthy motives, no doubt, but all too feeble to withstand the fearful temptations that assail him. Is the chance of his resistance as good as it was before? Watch him as he goes along that street at midnight! He passes by the places of evil resort, of drinking and gambling—those open mouths of hell; he hears the sound of music and dancing, and for the first time pauses to listen. How long will it be before he will venture in?

With such dangers in his path, it is a grave responsibility to loosen the restraints which hold such a young man to virtue. These gibes and sneers which you utter so lightly, may have a sad echo in a lost character and a wretched life. Many a young man has been thus taunted until he has pushed off from the shore, under the idea of gaining his "liberty," and ventured into the rapids, only to be carried down the stream, and left a wreck in the whirlpool below!

You tell me that your object is to drive fear out of the world. That is a noble ambition: if you succeed, you will be indeed a deliverer. Of course you mean only irrational fears. You would not have men throw off the fear of violating the laws of nature: for that would lead to incalculable misery. You aim only at the terrors born of ignorance and superstition. But how are you going

to get rid of these? You trust to the progress of science, which has dispelled so many fears arising from physical phenomena, by showing that calamities ascribed to spiritual agencies are explained by natural causes. But science can only go a certain way, beyond which we come into the sphere of the unknown, where all is dark as before. How can you relieve the fears of others—indeed how can you rid yourself of fear, believing as you do that there is no Power above which can help you in any extremity; that you are the sport of accident, and may be dashed in pieces by the blind agency of nature? If I believed this, I should feel that I was in the grasp of some terrible machinery which was crushing me to atoms, with no possibility of escape.

Not so does Religion leave man here on the earth, helpless and hopeless—in abject terror, as he is in utter darkness as to his fate—but opening the heaven above him, it discovers a Great Intelligence, compassing all things, seeing the end from the beginning, and ordering our little lives so that even the trials that we bear, as they call out the finer elements of character, conduce to our future happiness. God is our Father. We look up into His face with childlike confidence, and find that "His service is perfect freedom." "Love casts out fear." That, I beg to assure you, is the way, and the only way, by which man can be delivered from those fears by which he is all his lifetime subject to bondage.

In your attacks upon Religion you do violence to your own manliness. Knowing you as I do, I feel sure that you do not realize where your blows fall, or whom they wound, or you would not use your weapons so freely. The faiths of men are as sacred as the most delicate manly or womanly sentiments of love and honor. They are dear as the beloved faces that have passed from our sight. I should think myself wanting in respect to the memory of my father and mother if I could speak lightly of the faith in which they lived and died. Surely this must be mere thoughtlessness, for I cannot believe that you find pleasure in giving pain. I have not forgotten the gentle hand that was laid upon your shoulder, and the gentle voice which said, "Uncle Robert wouldn't hurt a fly." And yet you bruise the tenderest sensibilities, and trample down what is most cherished by millions of sisters and daughters and mothers, little heeding that you are sporting with "human creatures' lives."

You are waging a hopeless war—a war in which you are certain

only of defeat. The Christian Religion began to be nearly two thousand years before you and I were born, and it will live two thousand years after we are dead. Why is it that it lives on and on, while nations and kingdoms perish? Is not this "the survival of the fittest?" Contend against it with all your wit and eloquence, you will fail, as all have failed before you. You cannot fight against the instincts of humanity. It is as natural for men to look up to a Higher Power as it is to look up to the stars. Tell them that there is no God! You might as well tell them that there is no Sun in heaven, even while on that central light and heat all life on earth depends.

I do not presume to think that I have convinced you, or changed your opinion; but it is always right to appeal to a man's "sober second thought"—to that better judgment that comes with increasing knowledge and advancing years; and I will not give up hope that you will yet see things more clearly, and recognize the mistake you have made in not distinguishing Religion from Superstition—two things as far apart as "the hither from the utmost pole." Superstition is the greatest enemy of Religion. It is the nightmare of the mind, filling it with all imaginable terrors—a black cloud which broods over half the world. Against this you may well invoke the light of science to scatter its darkness. Whoever helps to sweep it away, is a benefactor of his race. But when this is done, and the moral atmosphere is made pure and sweet, then you as well as we may be conscious of a new Presence coming into the hushed and vacant air, as Religion, daughter of the skies, descends to earth to bring peace and good will to men.

HENRY M. FIELD.

SEDENTARY MEN AND STIMULANTS.

THAT those somewhat indefinite, numerous, and entirely abominable disorders termed dyspepsia and biliousness belong peculiarly to sedentary men is a quite noticeable fact. The writer's memory recalls very few instances where out-of-door, daily laborers have applied for the relief of sufferings of this class, and, when this has been the case, their maladies have always proved to be true organic diseases, and not mere disorders, while, among professional or business men, similar symptoms usually indicate the presence of disorder only.

It is unnecessary here to attempt to depict a life rendered burdensome and often intolerable by these maladies. But the utter misery of the poor, melancholy, irritable victim must be felt to be appreciated. His whole physical, mental, and moral nature is vitiated. He becomes a curse to himself and to all who come in contact with him. This is the more deplorable since such martyrs, for the most part, rank among the leaders of the world in thought and action, among the delicate, refined, and educated, the choice products of civilization. Language fails to describe the aggregate of woe daily endured by this large class of our fellows, and by those who are dependent upon them. It cannot be exaggerated, and is the more lamentable since it certainly can be avoided or palliated to a very large extent.

It has been well said that "half that passes in the world for talent is nothing but exuberant health." And it might truthfully be added that sound thought, true emotion, and clear discrimination must originate in healthful organisms. As well expect good music from an organ out of tune as right thoughts, virtuous emotions, and just judgments from a brain not backed and sustained by a stomach and liver that functionate normally.

It may be that much that is weird and mystic in poetry and art, in philosophy and religion, much which is eccentric in life,

much even which has passed for genius among men, might never have dawned upon an entirely healthful race. But it may well be questioned whether mankind could not have advantageously dispensed with such vagaries. What has the world not suffered from cynical philosophers, morbid religionists, and fanatical reformers of every kind and degree, who but for foul stomachs and congested livers might have blessed it!

For these great organs stand at the very threshold of the body. Through both must pass, and undergo elaboration, all the food upon which life depends, and imperfect function here scatters havoc throughout the entire system.

It is assumed, then, that dyspepsia and biliousness are peculiarly and distinctively the maladies of sedentary men. Why is this the case? Is there a remedy? And, if not, how can these evils be reduced to a minimum?

To this result, doubtless, many causes contribute. *But the main and efficient cause lies in the destruction of the relations which should exist between food and the wants of the organism by the essential and unavoidable habits of sedentary life.*

To many, perhaps, this will appear an at least doubtful assertion. But, if it be not susceptible of exact proof, it can be shown that it is very possible—indeed, that it is a far more probable and sufficient theory than any heretofore propounded, while it surely is one which guides us to the most simple and effective means for the palliation of this melancholy state of things.

In the discussion of this subject, let us begin with distinct definitions and clear physiological principles.

Dyspepsia may be defined as indigestion, or digestion performed with pain or distress.

Biliousness includes a variety of symptoms, which are known to depend upon disordered function of the liver. It is unnecessary to repeat them here.

Turning now to physiology. It has been demonstrated that the phenomena of life are accompanied by, and, in some sort, are, dependent upon constant disintegration and waste, and equally constant renewal and repair of all the tissues.

It is also a law of the body that increased use of any tissue or organ involves an increase of waste, and consequent necessity for additional or more active repair in that special part.

To a large extent this truth has been established by direct

experiment. It is also confirmed by the failure of particular organs to perform their functions beyond a certain point. Especially marked is this in those whose action is under the control of the will, and which can, therefore, be compelled to prolonged and excessive effort.

But repair must come from fresh material derived from properly digested and assimilated food.

Excessive muscular exertion, then, causes an over-production of urea and other similar substances, and demands an excess of material suitable to muscular reconstruction.

So, also, excessive use of the brain involves excessive waste of the nervous tissues and a corresponding necessity.

But food is practically invariable in its constituents. Each mouthful contains a definite and fixed proportion of elements—so much for the skin, so much for the muscles, so much for the brain, etc.

Now, let it be granted that this is the proper proportion. That, under or without the direction of a higher power, the wit of man has enabled him to select suitable materials for food and properly prepare them for the stomach. But are there no conditions—no premises here? Surely. And these are, first, that the individual is physiologically perfect; and second, that he lives physiologically.

But where shall we find the normal man, and who lives or can live physiologically? We do not know a tithe of the laws of life, and violate those we do know constantly. Is it physiological to live in houses, to wear clothes? How much sleep is proper for each? Is it right to retire with the birds, or consistent to turn night into day? Is it even physiological to perform the labor compelled by the primal curse?

Our ignorance on these, and a multitude of other points, is very great. In short, to live in accord with the few of nature's laws which have been discovered is an utter impossibility. The demands of life will not admit of compliance with them, and the result is disorder, derangement, and disaster at every turn.

To take opposing classes as examples, let us consider the conditions of the laboring and sedentary man. The former wastes his muscles out of all proportion to his brain, while the latter does the exact reverse, and both thus destroy the relations which should exist between their food and necessary repair.

Both must eat the same food, and each is compelled to swallow more than he needs for one portion of his body in order that he may obtain sufficient nourishment for another.

To the laborer this condition of affairs is comparatively harmless, for two reasons. He can not use his muscles without employing his brain to some extent, and an excess of material for so small a part of the body as the nervous system is easily disposed of by the various emunctories. But with the sedentary the difficulty is much greater, for use of the brain does not include nor necessitate muscular action, and, forming, as do the muscles, the main bulk of the body, and the elements in the food adapted to their nutrition being far the most abundant, the disproportion is greater, and the injurious results more numerous and obvious. In order that his overtasked brain may obtain sufficient nutritive material, he must eat largely, and, of course, too abundantly for the unemployed portion of his body. And these are the inevitable and natural results, viz.: If his stomach is unable to accomplish the work put upon it, it complains—*voila dyspepsia!* If it does digest it, his portal circulation is overloaded, the liver fails to complete its functions, and behold, biliousness!

It is certain that sedentary men (unless their appetites are restricted) are quite as heavy eaters as laborers, and rarely escape the disorders mentioned. The exceptions named comprise those who already suffer from these maladies, or who, by the habitual use of the so-called paratriptics, tea, coffee, tobacco, wine, etc., daily lessen the waste of the brain, and thus diminish the amount of necessary food. Setting these aside, every hospitable housekeeper knows, and exact experiment proves, that sedentary men are quite as large consumers as an equal number of daily laborers. They must eat largely or fail to obtain sufficient brain supply from food which contains but a small proportion of it. Even then it is probable that the nervous tissues often suffer from starvation. Else why the frequent examples of collapse in this class of the community?

What can be done to modify this condition of affairs and to palliate its consequences?

No doubt a complete readjustment of the habits of sedentary men would do most toward eradicating these evils. A reduction of the hours of mental strain by one-half, and a devotion of the time thus exempt to suitable exercise and recreation would proba-

bly remove the whole difficulty. But such a revolution, unhappily, is Utopian, and therefore unworthy of consideration.

Much study and experiment has been bestowed upon modifications of diet to this end, and something has been accomplished. More perfect methods of preparing food have been adopted, and artificial aids to digestion have been introduced to assist the overtaxed stomach. But these only serve to shift the burden over upon the liver, which, having fewer sensitive nerves, has less voice with which to complain.

The only really effective and feasible means of palliation in this dilemma are to to be found in the judicious employment of those substances which nature has placed in our hands, apparently for this very purpose, and which the blind instinct of man has already discovered and applied. I refer to the use of the so-called paratriptics—or preventers of waste in the body. Of these the most common and best known are wine, tea, coffee, and tobacco. Other substances, such as the South American coca, the betel nut, and all the narcotics exhibit similar powers.

No doubt all of these substances exert a more or less deleterious influence, especially when first used. But it is not a little curious that to the poisonous properties of most of them the system soon becomes unresponsive, while the paratriptic effect persists and daily continues to manifest itself. The novice in the use of tobacco is nauseated and often greatly prostrated by it. But, after a more or less protracted time, these unpleasant symptoms cease to appear, while the daily habit still limits the amount of food consumed. The same is true of arsenic and of some other poisons, while others still produce cumulative effects. Of these latter, digitalis is an example. The tolerance mentioned is, however, in some persons, established with difficulty, and with certain temperaments and individuals certain of the paratriptics persistently disagree. Intelligent and careful adaptation is necessary. One man cannot endure the effects of tea, while coffee agrees with him. To another coffee is injurious, while tobacco is grateful and beneficial.

Now, no physiological fact is better established than that all these substances, while they differ widely in some respects, possess in common the power, in some way not fully understood, of limiting disintegration and waste in the tissues. And not only so but they manifest this influence especially, and more decidedly, in

those portions of the body which are most used. They act like oil on the joints of machinery, lubricating, preventing friction and wear. Testimony to these facts is abundant and convincing.

And still we find many who strenuously object to the use of these paratriptics, and consider them very harmful to mankind.

To the employment of tea and coffee little opposition is made at the present day. But time was when even these were objurgated severely. To tobacco and wine, however, there still exists the most violent objection, which, as a rule, proceeds from the very men who most need them.

To reply fully to such partisans would consume more space than is now at command. But of the devout, who believe in the guidance of the race toward ever better and higher conditions, and even in personal control by a beneficent Providence, we may properly ask why mankind has been led to the discovery and universal employment of such substances. Why, indeed, were tea, coffee, and tobacco ever created—plants which possess almost no other than a paratriptic value ?

Of the optimist we may inquire how it happens that no barbarous nation was ever found without some similar substitute for food ? How shall we explain the marvelous avidity with which the race has seized upon plants of this kind ? And, if their consumption is so extensive, as we know it to be, and so prejudicial as some would have us believe, how is it that, since their introduction, the average duration of life has so greatly increased ?

A very brief statement of well-known historical facts will be appropriate here.

It is about two hundred years since tea and coffee were brought into Europe, and now millions of tons of them are annually consumed.

Columbus discovered tobacco with America. Not till a century later was it much used. But since that date the rapidity and universality of its spread has been unequaled by any other substance. For every soul existing upon the entire planet, five pounds are now yearly demanded. This is far beyond what can be said of rice or maize, or any other vegetable product ever presented to the palate of man.

Wines, too, or equivalent stimulants, have been universally adopted.

Surely there must be some sound physiological reason for such

wonderful phenomena—for a craving common to the whole race. The rigors of climate have taught man everywhere to build houses and to wear clothes. His reason and taste have led him to cook and season his food. His habits in these regards have a self-evident origin. But no such explanation is competent to the above facts.

It will not serve to claim that man has chosen these things because they afford him pleasure or enjoyment. Doubtless some of them do; but tea and coffee can hardly be reckoned as sensual delights, and certainly, to the novice, tobacco is nauseous in a high degree. Still further, the pleasurable effects of haschisch and of opium have long been known to the world, and still men do not, and will not, use them as they use tobacco.

The fact is that these paratriptics meet some want in human life. And no better or more rational solution of the problem can be given than this, viz., that the demand for them is based upon their power to prevent waste in the body, so that, by their help, men can work longer and endure more privation with a smaller amount of food.

Who shall measure these benefits, or adequately depict them? Silently and unseen these tremendous influences are at work, and their effects, in the aggregate, must be astounding. It would be a small estimate of their powers to claim that they reduce the otherwise necessary food supply by one-tenth, and this in a world where even now famine and starvation are not unknown.

Wherever men are obliged to endure hardship and privation their aid is indispensable. The soldier, the sailor, the explorer, the sedentary man, the laborer, all fly to them for help. Moleschott calls them the "savings bank" of the tissues, and the common voice of physiologists unites with the almost universal testimony of mankind in pronouncing them a blessing to humanity.

It is now time to remark that it is the properly limited employment of paratriptics to which we refer. They are not food, although, temporarily and continuously, they supplement it. And excess in the use of any of them probably never fails to result in injury more or less extensive and lasting. But this is true of excess in any good thing. And it must be noted that excess is a purely relative term. Moderation for one is excess for another, and *vice versa*. Excess, too, in some of them is a far greater evil than excess in others.

Of those in common use, without doubt, the various forms of alcohol are capable of inflicting the greatest amount of injury. Separated by a long distance, follow, in their order, tea, tobacco, and coffee.

Much has been said of the dreadful results of the use of coca by etiological idiots, who attribute all the ailments of the debased Peruvian Indians to its consumption. They rival in wisdom those who lay all the physical woes of modern life at the door of vaccination. Some instances have been adduced in the public prints of insanity and death following over indulgence in its main derivative—cocaine. But these have never yet been properly linked as cause and effect.

Lack of space forbids more than a brief analysis of the effects of the paratriptics named. We cannot now give them more attention singly than will be germane to our subject.

All the world knows but too well the terrible results of the abuse of alcohol. But these should not blind our eyes to the beneficial effects of its proper employment. The latter are immeasurable and unseen even except by physicians, and, in the estimate, it should have no light weight that, while none know better than they the fearful consequences of excess, the most intelligent and conscientious physicians still universally prescribe alcoholic beverages.

They often find it impossible to save or to prolong life without them. In 1867 Sir Francis Skey stated that during the preceding forty years, the consumption of stimulants in the London hospitals had increased fourfold.

Some physiologists claim that they are true foods, since it is an undisputed fact that they are, in some way, at least partially consumed in the body. But, we do not need a scientist to proclaim their paratriptic power, for common observation shows how little the drunkard eats.

During a famine in Germany, Baron Liebig states that in temperance families where beer was rejected, and the money it would have cost given in its place, it was soon found that the monthly consumption of bread was so strikingly increased that the beer was twice paid for—once in money, and a second time in bread. With this conclusion also agree many other experiments.

It is a serious mistake to claim that all forms of dilute alcohol are, and can be, nothing but poison, because when concentrated or

in large quantities it has been proven to be such. Salt is a valuable ingredient of food, but strong solutions of it are poisonous.

Nor can we allow what reformers so vigorously claim, that moderation in stimulants necessarily leads to excess. Careful observation will convince any candid mind that of those who have long partaken moderately of wines, etc., but a very small minority ever become drunkards.

There appear to be two quite different temperaments regarding the effects of stimulants. One is pleasantly affected by them. The more he consumes the more happy he feels, the more vivid become his emotions, the more brilliant his conceptions, and drunkenness is the supreme point of enjoyment. Fortunately this is true of but a very small number. Upon the great majority of men stimulants have a stupefying effect, and even an approach to drunkenness is accompanied by such nausea, vertigo, and general discomfort, that one such experience forbids repetition. Of these two classes of men the former become drunkards with great uniformity. Moderation, to them, in stimulants, and usually in any delightsome thing, is an impossibility. But the majority form a class out of which drunkards are never made, unless it be by remorse or trouble.

To suppose, then, that there is any necessary connection between moderation and excess in alcohol, is not only to fly in the face of evidence, but to ignore physiology. Multitudes of men daily consume a certain amount of tea, coffee, tobacco, or wine with unvarying regularity for a lifetime, and never increase the amount. It must be remembered that the tissue of to-day is not the tissue of to-morrow. The particles acted upon to-day will not be living when fresh influences are applied to-morrow.

Whether the evil results of a use of alcoholic beverages as a whole outweigh the beneficial effects derived from their moderate use must ever remain an open question. There can be no doubt, however, that the former are palpable and cognizable, as well as enormous, while the latter are obscure and hidden; that the former are often exaggerated, and the latter entirely overlooked.

But, in any event, it cannot be truthfully denied that the various derivatives from the grape have a paratriptic influence of no small extent and value to mankind.

Next to alcohol in its injurious effects upon its consumers, I

have placed tea, and its proper position there will hardly be disputed by any observant physician, although, as remarked, an immense hiatus exists between the two substances. Chief among its bad effects must be ranked constipation and excessive nervousness. It contains about eighteen per cent. of tannin—a well-known astringent which notably restricts the normal action of the intestines. The evils of the habit thus induced need not be discussed here. It is sufficient to state that they are numerous and very great.

Again, when taken in strong solution and frequently, tea produces nervous tremors, irregular action of the heart, and, in animals, even paralysis. The excessive tea drinker starts and screams at every sudden incident. Very marked are its paratriptic effects among ordinary domestics who are greatly addicted to its use. Every housekeeper observes among her servants some who labor hard and continuously, who maintain their flesh and strength, and yet who eat almost nothing. Year after year they continue this custom without perceptible change. Such persons consume tea in great excess. But, though, often enough, it renders their lives miserable, I am not aware that it results in disease or shortens the natural term of existence. It is certainly a paratriptic of great value.

It is not a little remarkable that tobacco, one of the least harmful of these substances, should have been so long and so loudly decried. From the "counterblast" of King James to the fulminations of the latest gathering of the clergy, the diatribes uttered against its use have been equaled only by the denunciations of alcohol. In these, many physicians, who should know better, have heartily joined. And yet, in spite of this, not only, but in defiance of its nauseous properties, and of the disgusting forms in which it has often been used, the rapidity and universality of its adoption by the race speak volumes for its peculiar adaptation to the demands of life.

Quite incapable of producing the exhilarating effects of alcohol, mildly narcotic only as compared with opium and other substances of this class, almost destitute of power to give pleasurable sensations or to excite the emotions, its acceptance by man has no parallel in quickness and extent, its hold upon him is absolute, and its popularity ever continues to increase. It appeals equally to the savage, to the civilized, and to all classes in

the community. And for these truly wonderful facts there is no conceivable sufficient explanation, except this, viz.: that it is, of all others, the paratriptic which best meets the demands of customary life, is best adapted to the habits of men, and is practically found to produce but slight injurious results.

Certainly most of the bad effects which have been charged to its excessive and continued use are either entirely undeserved or greatly exaggerated.

It is matter for well-merited astonishment that even men of discernment are so ready often to select a single one out of the endless chain of causes, and attribute to it alone certain results. Surely of all sciences etiology is least entitled to respect. And no more glaring example of the foolish facility mentioned exists than that common even among eminent oculists, who charge upon the excessive use of tobacco a certain form of atrophy of the optic nerve. And this they persist in doing even though that opinion is based upon a mere supposition, and although competent colleagues of their own, residing in countries like Turkey, where the ordinary use of tobacco fully equals what we should term great excess, declare that this form of disease of the eye is there utterly unknown. There are nations where the smoking of tobacco is begun by infants before they can walk, and where the habit is universal, and were these wiseacres correct in their etiology, the entire adult population ought logically to be blind.

Ex uno disce omnes. Not a single charge brought against tobacco has a better basis. With great wisdom it is remarked, how much better health some individual has attained since ceasing to use tobacco. But any decisive change in long-continued habits —even what are termed "good habits"—is often temporarily beneficial. The great curative principle of change is what has been successfully appealed to here—the most powerful, and, in fact, broadly considered, the only existing curative principle.

In estimating the true influence of tobacco and its congeners, it is manifestly unfair to consider individual instances of their use. Only by taking masses of men who for years are under control as to their diet and habits, and who, therefore, live upon equal terms, can we approximate a fair estimate *ex uso.* And in this regard there could be no test more equitable than that made by Sir John Sinclair, and recorded in his "Code of Health" recently published. In the pension hospitals of England Sir John

found one hundred and fifty men over eighty years of age. Fifteen of them were over ninety, and four were over one hundred. These formed the remnant of the armies of England. The rest were dead, and of these survivors all but two had been consumers of "the weed" all their lives. It may be added that the use of tobacco by smoking forms the most desirable paratriptic for the dyspeptic, as it decidedly assists digestion by stimulating the secretion of gastric juice. It appears to be most useful to men of lymphatic temperament, and to disagree most decidedly with those of highly developed nervous organizations.

Regarding coffee little need be said. Its effects are similar to those of tea; but, since the proportion of tannin is much less, it does not constipate, as a rule, and, as it is less abused, its harmful powers are less manifest.

Concerning coca, the great South American analogue of tea and coffee, but few words are necessary, since it is only a recent importation in this country and in Europe. An experience of more than twenty years in its use by the writer, and by many others under his direction, however, enables him to state his conviction that, while it is the most powerful paratriptic known, it is also the one which least disturbs the functions of the body, and is, therefore, probably the least harmful of any. I have elsewhere* discussed its properties *in extenso*, and to that work the reader is referred for more complete information.

And now, of all these paratriptics, it should finally be said that only personal trial or skilled advice can determine which is best suited to each individual. The writer has often successfully prescribed them to many of the class to which reference has been made for the relief and cure of the maladies named. And, if to the use of these be added an entire avoidance of *the greatest gastronomic sin of the times, viz., an indulgence in all forms of freshly baked bread*, he has good ground for the opinion that biliousness and dyspepsia would largely cease to afflict sedentary men.

W. S. Searle, A. M., M. D.

* See Essay on Coca. Fords, Howard & Hurlburt, N. Y. 1881.

COQUELIN—IRVING.

M. COQUELIN is an accomplished comedian, whose great natural gifts were cultivated in the College of the Histrionic Art, the *Comedie Française,* where he graduated as a star.

Mr. Irving is a comedian who has had no collegiate training for the stage, as there is no school of art in England.

The Frenchman, therefore, acquired his principles before he acquired his experience. The Englishman acquired his practice from which he deduced his principles. These two artists discuss the pathology of tragedy. They describe the artistic process by which the tragic actor embodies the passions delineated by the tragic poet.

We cannot regard Mr. Irving as a tragedian. He is a versatile character actor, who, like Frederick Lemaitre, plays everything, but shines chiefly in character parts. Frederick was equally great in *Ruy Blas* and *Robert Macaire ;* Irving is equally great in *Louis the Eleventh* and *Jeremy Diddler.* But Frederick was not a Talma, and Irving is not an Edmund Kean.

It is questionable, therefore, whether these two eminent artists are equipped with experience of the kind required to pass judgment on this matter. Let us see !

Comedy aspires to portray by imitation the *weaknesses* to which human beings are subject; and, it may be, to correct such frailties by their exposure to our ridicule. Character, in our dramatic sense, is the distinction between individuals, and it is exhibited by *the manner* in which each bears and expresses his or her trouble, or deals with his neighbors.

Tragedy aspires to portray the *passions* to which strong natures are subject, and a resistance to their influence. But strong natures exhibit no distinctive character. Heroes are monotonous. *Othello, Richard, Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet,* are great sufferers from various causes, but they suffer alike; they all cry in the same histrionic key. Edwin Booth, Forrest, Macready, Kean, Salvini, always presented the same man in a different costume. Rachel was always Rachel. Bernhardt is always Bernhardt. But Irving in

Louis the Eleventh is not Irving in *Mephistopheles*. Coquelin in the *Lute Player of Cremona* is not Coquelin in the *Duc de Sept Monts*.

We may surmise, therefore, that as the object of the comedian differs so diametrically from the object of the tragedian, the principles and the practice of one of these branches of the same art may not be applicable to the other.

M. Coquelin denies poetic afflatus and impulsive effusion to the tragedian. He claims that every feature in the actor's face, every note in his voice must be under his complete control, as the musical instrument is to the performer. In this opinion he is backed by Shakspere, who counsels the tragedian "in the torrent and tempest of his passions to beget a temperance that will give it smoothness." But it may be said this is, meaningly, an advice to repress rant.

May I, without intrusion, exemplify from personal experience the action of the mind under the two different affections while engaged in tragic and comic composition? While writing comedy the mind of the dramatist is circumspect and calculating, careful in the selection of thoughts, a fastidious spectator of the details of his work, thoroughly self-conscious and deliberate. Such is not the condition of his mind when writing tragic scenes, or scenes of deep pathos. The mind of the poet becomes abstract, his thoughts shape themselves into language—the passion wields his pen. The utterance is impulsive—he is an actor, not a spectator in the scene, and when he awakes from this transport of the mind he looks round to recover consciousness of where he is! Surely every author must have experienced this illusion, and under these circumstances. I have never known, in all my experience, that scenes so composed have failed, when fairly acted, to convey a like emotion to the audience.

M. Coquelin says the voice of the heart is inartistic; it must be controlled and molded by the brain! Yes! in comedy—into which the emotions alluded to never enter, or, if so, in a very modified degree. I am not a tragedian; therefore can only speak with much reserve; but if the poet, under the great impulse of tragic composition, can lose his perfect self-control, and in that state his thoughts shape themselves into exquisite language, if grammar and spelling become instinctive work, as the pen follows the mind without circumspection or aforethought; if this can be with the poet, may it not be likewise with the tragedian? May

not the rules and principles of his art be so much a part of his nature that he can give rein to his passional spasm while retaining his seat and control of Pegasus ? If he fail to do so, he becomes, I admit, ridiculous ; but if he succeed, he mounts to the verge and edge of the sublime. Such a feat can only be safely attempted by the perfectly trained artist. When novices give way to their effusion they inevitably become grotesque.

M. Coquelin describes his method of building up a character. It affords an admirable lesson to comedians, and should be preserved as an imperishable record in the archives of our art. But as comedy is largely a physiological study, tragedy is largely pathologic. Doubtless there are many great tragic figures in the drama that should be treated from the outside, as are the great comic figures ; but this part of them is comedy ; such for example is the grim comedy of "Louis the Eleventh." And, in so far and so much, the play is less purely tragic. The process, therefore, so valuably detailed by the French comedian is applicable to comedy only, inasmuch as it is applicable only to the molding of character, and character belongs to comedy.

Salvini goes so far as to declare that domestic passions, such as love, are beneath the grandeur and dignity of the tragic muse. I suggested that "Othello" and "Lear," and even "Romeo and Juliet" were able to stand beside any works of Sophocles. He could not admit they were so. He regarded them as being on a lower plane.

I concede to M. Coquelin that the tragedian of the day follows the principles he has laid down, but with all the admiration justly due to great merit, I doubt the application of Zolaism to our art. For example : The last scene in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," as performed by Sara Bernhardt, exhibits a powerful scene of physical agony. The girl, under the excruciating torture of the poison she has inhaled, dies in convulsions, writhing between her two lovers, moaning over her loss of life, so young, so happy. The spectators watch the throes of death as if they were present at a terrible operation. It is very fine.

Many years ago I witnessed the performance of Rachel in the same play. I remember the gaze of wonder with which she recognized the first symptoms of the poison, then her light struggles against the pain that she would not acknowledge. And when the conviction came that she was dying, her whole soul went out

to her young lover—her eyes never left his, her arms clung to *him*, not to life, or only to life because life meant him. There was no vulgar display of physical suffering excepting in her repression of it. And she died with her eyes in his, as though she sent her soul into him.

I have known her pause hysterically in a scene when she heard the barking of a little dog confined in one of the dressing-rooms. If she had herself completely in control, as M. Coquelin describes, so small a matter need not have discomposed her.

Those who have traveled in Italy have seen artists making copies of the celebrated pictures in the galleries at Florence and Rome. I saw before the Beatrice Cenci, in the Barberini Palace, one of the most perfect duplicates imaginable, the minutest examination could not detect a touch in the original that was not reproduced. What was wanting? There was something. Out of the original there came that tender, reproachful, beseeching look that haunted the spectator. It was not in the copy. It marked the difference between talent and genius. There is in all great works an almost imperceptible something so fine that it evades description, sensible rather than palpable, and of that faint, heavenly light the aureole is made.

Surely this exquisite touch of the soul cannot be the effect of cerebro-mechanism such as M. Coquelin describes. May not such a process, applied to great minds, tend to crib, cabin, and confine their effulgence? Is it not just possible that with a little less of this mechanical practice in the Comedie Française, and a little less admiration for Zola, Sara would have been a head and shoulders (including her heart) higher than she is?

The dependence of the artist on mechanism, so eloquently and truthfully laid down by M. Coquelin, may be accepted as applicable to comedy and to such parts of tragic plays as may contain an infusion of comedy; but—with great respect to him—no further.

The independence of the artist from mechanism, claimed *per contra* by Mr. Irving, is admirable so far as pure tragedy is concerned, and only in scenes where such effusion is indicated by the eruptive language of the poet, which, if given with mechanical deliberation, might appear beneath the level of the volcanic passion.

DION BOUCICAULT.

OLD TIMES ON THE WESTERN RESERVE.

NOWHERE in this country can now be found a class of men like the first settlers on the Western Reserve of Ohio. They were the culled grain of Connecticut, as their fathers had been the culled grain of Massachusetts, and, transplanted into a new region, they developed a genius that is essentially Yankee—an adaptedness to circumstances, which, I think, belongs to no other than the New England people. They could drive an ox team, or a sharp bargain; chop cord-wood, or chop logic; throttle a bear, or solve knotty questions in theology; and the most illiterate among them could make the eagle scream on the Fourth of July in the most approved fashion. And their wives had the same universal genius. There was not one among them who could not brew and bake, turn a spinning-wheel, make her husband's clothes, or darn his stockings, and at the same time entertain guests, execute fine embroidery, or sing Watt's hymns in a way to set the birds a-listening. Before it had become a national question, they solved the servant-girl problem by doing their own housework,—employing "help" only on such occasions as harvest time, or when a raising-bee was going on in the neighborhood.

All of these old settlers have passed away—gone where, according to St. Paul, there are no house-raisings; but their immediate descendants are left behind, and they may still be seen here and there on the Western Reserve, standing like moss-grown mile-stones on the road which we all are journeying. More than five hundred of them linger there, and they come together once a year to live over again their early days, and to glorify the homely virtues of their ancestors. Their gatherings are enlivened with song, and social chat, and story of the olden time, and then many an ancient beau, of wrinkled visage and snow-white hair, tells how, arrayed in homespun and straight-combed locks, he used to "sit up" of Sunday nights with a rosy-cheeked, raven-haired girl, while

the old folks were snoring soundly behind a curtain in the corner. And the same rosy-cheeked girl, sitting by his side, smiles and blushes at the tale, though now her cheeks are withered, her hair is gray, and she is a great-grandmother.

The President of this association is a venerable man of eighty-six, with a face and eye remarkably like Whittier's. He is tall, erect, broad-shouldered, and he seems to be twenty years younger than he is; and this impression is confirmed by the fact that, though long retired from active life, he is still a worker in the affairs of a younger generation. He mingles almost daily among men, is an efficient co-operator in scores of benevolent societies, and within five years has written and published a volume of poems, and a book on the early settlers of the Western Reserve, that will keep one awake like a novel by Scott or Dickens.* It was my good fortune to pass a couple of evenings not long ago in the society of this gentleman and his venerable lady, and, I think, I shall not be accused of abusing hospitality if I take the reader with me in imagination into his cosey library, filled in every corner with odd knick-knacks, and lined with books to the very ceiling. In the centre of the room stood his writing-table, littered over with pamphlets and papers, and by his side was seated his companion of more than fifty years, her features wearing the beauty which falls on the faces of the good and the pure when they stand in the near light of the upper country. And thus they sit there, waiting for the dawn, but casting backward glances upon well-spent lives, crowned with the honor and esteem of all who know them. As they talked I listened, and some of the things they said I condense into that which follows.

This gentleman settled in Cleveland in 1820. The place was then but a small hamlet, to which a mail came only twice a week on horseback. When the mail arrived the postmaster delivered the letters personally, carrying them around in his hat; and that duty done, he would lock up his office and "go a fishing with the boys." His entire receipts for the first quarter were two dollars and eighty-three cents—not enough, certainly, to warrant an extravagant outlay in fishing tackle. The town had then a newspaper which professed to come out weekly, but it was so very weakly that it seldom appeared till the week following. It

* "Mount Vernon and Select Poems," and "Pioneers of the Western Reserve." Lee & Shepard, Boston, 1883.

was a sickly infant, and soon died for want of the "milk of human kindness." However, the "News-Letter," of which my host himself was editor, had a longer existence. It has, in fact, survived to this day—on the shelves of the Congressional Library. One of its time-worn issues is a curiosity of literature, and worthy of a cursory examination.

Over its editorial column is the cut of a printing press, radiating rays of light, from whose centre issues a scroll with the words, "The News-Letter. The Tyrant's Foe. The People's Friend." There are no market reports, no special correspondence, no Associated Press dispatches, or other modern inventions, of large cost and larger utility; but in their stead are several editorial columns that "go in, hammer and tongs," for Old Hickory. There is also a "Bank Note List," from which we perceive that the bills of the Ohio banks of that day were worth even less than our much abused trade dollar. But the advertisements of a journal are what carry down to other days "the very form and impress" of a preceding time. To the future historian they are worth more than the price they originally cost per square, for they let him into the homes, the shops, and the every-day lives of the people.

In this small sheet they occupy the first page, and were "conspicuously inserted three times, for one dollar per square, payable in grain, if delivered within three months." One advertisement is of a shooting-match—the prize, a forty-five dollar rifle. "Shots, one dollar each. Off-hand, fifteen rods; from a rest, twenty rods." Another offers a reward for a "Runaway Slave"—"Ten dollars if taken within, and twenty dollars if taken without, the State." Another promises one hundred dollars "for the detection of the person who fabricated a marriage notice, and clandestinely contrived to procure its insertion in this paper," showing that even in those primitive times there existed practical jokers who could sport with sensibilities long since buried under ground. Mr. Oviatt announces that he will sell his fine stock of dry goods and groceries "at lowest prices for cash or pork." Good board could be had in the town for from one dollar seventy-five to two dollars and seventy-five cents per week; and the "St. Clair Female Seminary" would teach reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and history for one hundred dollars per quarter, board included—towels, soap, and apothecary's bill at the

expense of parents. The dress of the young lady students was required to be uniform—namely, "two black bombazette frocks and one white one; two black capes and two white ones; and two black bombazette aprons. No colors permitted." Poor things! So many red cheeks, and not a red ribbon among them.

In those early days small currency was scarce, and silver dollars and halves were cut into pieces to make change, each piece passing for a shilling. To relieve this scarcity the village trustees, after a time, issued "shin-plasters" of small denominations. Provisions were decidedly cheap: flour two dollars per barrel, butter eight and ten cents a pound, and whiskey, of the exact price quoted by the Irishman who attempted to lure his friends to this country by the promise of whiskey at only twenty-five cents a gallon, and no hanging for stealing.

These are some of the things that I have gleaned from this time-worn hebdomadal. Others not less interesting were related to me by my host. At that primitive period it was the custom, when a family was at home, to leave the latch-string out, in token that the house was open to all comers. Its absence, except at night, indicated that all the household were away, and then a dwelling was as safe from intrusion as if locked and double-bolted. One of the early banks of Cleveland was, it is said, once robbed because the officers neglected to take the latch-string in when they closed for the day. There were a good many lawyers in Cleveland, but not much law, for all the laws of the State at that early time were contained in one thin volume, bound in flexible leather, and known as the "Sheepskin Code." Almost every one was in debt, and as few could pay in cash, a statute was enacted allowing debtors to turn over to creditors any kind of personal property at the appraisal of a jury. A Cleveland merchant sold goods to a farmer who failed to pay for them at the time agreed upon. Thereupon, the merchant brought suit and recovered judgment, when the farmer turned over to him fence rails and maple-sap troughs, which were duly appraised by a jury at about ten times their value. The result was the merchant forgave the debtor the debt, and allowed him to retain the sap troughs and fence rails. It was not till the Erie Canal was opened in 1824 that Ohio had a market for her surplus produce.

The Ohio farmers were a shrewd class, and, being in the majority, made such laws as suited their interests. They were not

overfond of lawyers. At a later time, one of them met on the steps of the court-house, the Hon. Ben Wade, and Joshua R. Giddings, who were law partners. Said the farmer to them : "Well, the wolves used to go about in sheep's clothing ; but wool has riz, so they've taken to broadcloth." The two M. C.'s laughed good-naturedly at the hit, and thus secured a fat client. A young lawyer of Cleveland, canvassing for a county office, once visited a country town, but he very soon left it on being told by a farmer that the men of his class had formed a league to tar and feather any lawyer who ventured into the neighborhood.

And some of these agriculturists had regard for neither law nor gospel. One of the wealthiest among them—Benjamin Tappan, the founder of Ravenna—was once applied to by a clergyman to aid in building a church in his settlement. Mr. Tappan declined to subscribe, on the ground that he never went to church—let those who did go, pay for the privilege. The clergyman persisted, urging that Mr. Tappan was merely a steward of the Lord, who owned all things—the rich man's granaries, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. "Is that so ?" asked Mr. Tappan, dryly. "Then why doesn't he sell off some of his live stock, and build his own meeting-houses."

Some of those who have gray in their beards remember Lorenzo Dow, the eccentric evangelist. He was announced to preach in Cleveland, in 1827, at two o'clock of a summer day, and a large concourse of people gathered under a wide-spreading butternut on the outskirts of the town, where he had appointed to hold services. Precisely at two o'clock he made his appearance, and, mounting a stump, took a leisurely survey of his audience. Then he began his harangue with, "Well, here you all are, rag, shag, and bob-tail." Taking then a small Testament from his pocket, he held it aloft and proceeded. "See here ! I have a commission from heaven to cast out devils, of which some of you are possessed, if I may judge from the dialect I have just heard spoken. Now, my friends, you are going straight to [Gehenna]—to a lake of fire, vastly deeper and broader than Lake Erie." He continued in this strain for an hour or more ; but it may be questioned if his hearers fared as badly as a poor sinner who once went to hear a Millerite preacher hold forth in the open air. He was an old professional, and somewhat under the influence of alcohol. With a lighted pipe in his mouth, he took a seat under a hay

stack, and falling asleep, set the hay on fire and was soon enveloped in the flames. Waking up suddenly, he vociferated, "In ——, just as I expected."

My host had been a prominent disciple of Blackstone, but a more celebrated lawyer of those early days was the Hon. Sherlock G. Andrews, who was somewhat noted for eccentricity. He was once employed to defend a clergyman against a charge of slander, and the opposite lawyer, who was an avowed atheist, asserted, in addressing the jury, that the clergyman had attempted to blackmail his client, adding that all clergymen preached for money, and there was nothing in religion but money. As Mr. Andrews rose to reply, he drew his watch from his pocket, and holding it towards the jury, said in a slow and measured tone, "The gentleman says there is nothing in religion but money; in other words, he asserts that this watch never had a maker, and this beautiful earth, and the glorious heavens over our heads, never had a Creator —that all this magnificent frame of earth and sky is the result of chance and accident. If that be so, has he no fear that chance may some day catch hold of him, and whirl him into some region where all is everlasting chance and chaos?" He said no more, made no allusion whatever to the charge against his client, but without leaving their seats the jury gave a verdict for the clergyman.

Another prominent attorney was Judge Austin, who was a high authority in matters of church as well as of state, and a leading Methodist. During a revival in his church a wretched wreck of a man was "hopefully converted," and applying for admission to the congregation, was referred to Judge Austin. The Judge, not having an abiding faith in the stability of the man's conversion, answered him as follows: "So many have come into our church during this awakening, sir, that it is just now completely full. Over the way there, at the Baptists, they're not so crowded. Perhaps they can find room for you."

Another professional associate of my host was the Hon. R. P. Spalding, who, from his readiness at drafting political resolutions, came to be known as Resolutionary P. Spalding. He is still living, at the great age of eighty-eight, highly respected. On a certain occasion in 1823, Mr. Spalding was on a visit to Judge Tod, at his farm at Brier Hill, near Youngstown. Vocal music was much the fashion in those days, and the Judge and his daughters

had entertained their guest with a variety of songs, when his Honor said to him, with somewhat of a boastful air, "All my children are singers, Mr. Spalding. They all sing well; but David is the sweet singer of Israel. Where is David? Do, some of you, call David."

Some one went for David, a lad of fifteen, who soon appeared, clad in homespun, and with a broad-brimmed felt hat on his head. Removing this last, and bowing to his father, he asked his wishes. When these were made known, the boy, without any apparent emotion, either of pleasure or diffidence, struck up the old tune of Mear, accompanying it with the dirge of "Old Grimes." The lugubrious strain being finished, the boy scraped an awkward bow and left the room. Then his father turned to Mr. Spalding, and said with much feeling, "That boy has more in him than shows on the surface; I wish I could give him the right schooling; I am too poor to educate my children properly."

"Send him to me," said Mr. Spalding. "He shall go to school and to college. As long as I have anything for dinner, he shall share it with me."

The boy went, and some forty years afterwards was heard of all over this broad country as the Hon. David F. Tod, the patriotic war governor of Ohio.

EDMUND KIRKE.

WHY AM I A HEATHEN?

MEN raised in a certain faith usually adhere to it, or drift into one of its cognates. Thus a heathen may wander from simple Confucianism into some form of Buddhism or Brahminism, just as a Christian may tire of following the Golden Rule, and adopt some special sect—one more latitudinarian or ceremonious, according to the temper of his religious conscientiousness; but the latter continues still a Christian, though a pervert; while the heathen, in Christian parlance, is still a pagan.

The main element of all religion is the moral code controlling and regulating the relations and acts of individuals towards "God, neighbor, and self;" and this intelligent "heathenism" was taught thousands of years before Christianity existed or Jewry borrowed it. Heathenism has not lost or lessened it since.

Born and raised a heathen, I learned and practiced its moral and religious code; and acting thereunder I was useful to myself and many others. My conscience was clear, and my hopes as to future life were undimmed by distracting doubt. But, when about seventeen, I was transferred to the midst of our showy Christian civilization, and at this impressible period of life Christianity presented itself to me at first under its most alluring aspects; kind Christian friends became particularly solicitous for my material and religious welfare, and I was only too willing to know the truth.

I had to take a good deal for granted as to the inspiration of the Bible—as is necessary to do—to Christianize a non-Christian mind; and I even advanced so far under the spell of my would-be soul-savers that I seriously contemplated becoming the bearer of heavenly tidings to my "benighted" heathen people.

But before qualifying for this high mission, the Christian doctrine I would teach had to be learned, and here on the threshold I was bewildered by the multiplicity of Christian sects,

each one claiming a monopoly of the only and narrow road to heaven.

I looked into Presbyterianism only to retreat shudderingly from a belief in a merciless God who had long foreordained most of the helpless human race to an eternal hell. To preach such a doctrine to intelligent heathen would only raise in their minds doubts of my sanity, if they did not believe I was lying.

Then I dipped into Baptist doctrines, but found so many sects therein, of different "shells," warring over the merits of cold-water initiation and the method and time of using it, that I became disgusted with such trivialities; and the question of close communion or not, only impressed me that some were very stingy and exclusive with their bit of bread and wine, and others a little less so.

Methodism struck me as a thunder-and-lightning religion—all profession and noise. You struck it, or it struck you, like a spasm,—and so you "experienced" religion.

The Congregationalists deterred me with their starchiness and self-conscious true-goodness, and their desire only for high-toned affiliates.

Unitarianism seemed all doubt, doubting even itself.

A number of other Protestant sects based on some novelty or eccentricity—like Quakerism—I found not worth a serious study by the non-Christian. But on one point this mass of Protestant dissension cordially agreed, and that was in a united hatred of Catholicism, the older form of Christianity. And Catholicism returned with interest this animosity. It haughtily declared itself the only true Church, outside of which there was no salvation—for Protestants especially; that its chief prelate was the personal representative of God on earth, and that he was infallible. Here was religious unity, power, and authority with a vengeance. But, in chorus, my solicitous Protestant friends beseeched me not to touch Catholicism, declaring it was worse than my heathenism —in which I agreed; but the same line of argument also convinced me that Protestantism stood in the same category.

In fact, the more I studied Christianity in its various phases, and listened to the animadversions of one sect upon another, the more it all seemed to me "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

Disgusted with sectarianism, I turned to a simple study of the "inspired Bible" for enlightenment.

The creation fable did not disturb me, nor the Eden incident; but some vague doubts did arise with the deluge and Noah's Ark; it seemed a reflection on a just and merciful Divinity. And I was not at all satisfied of the honesty and goodness of Jacob, or his family, or their descendants, or that there was any particular merit or reason for their being the "chosen" of God, to the detriment of the rest of mankind; for they so appreciated God's special patronage that on every occasion they ran after other gods, and had a special idolatry for the "Golden Calf," to which some Christians allege they are still devoted. That God, failing to make something out of this stiff-necked race, concluded to send his Son to redeem a few of them, and a few of the long-neglected Gentiles, is not strikingly impressive to the heathen.

It may be flattering to the Christian to know it required the crucifixion of God to save him, and that nothing less would do; but it opens up a series of inferences that makes the idea more and more incomprehensible, and more and more inconsistent with a Will, Purpose, Wisdom, and Justice thoroughly Divine.

But when I got to the New Dispensation, with its sin-forgiving business, I figuratively "went to pieces" on Christianity. The idea that, however wicked the sinner, he had the same chance of salvation, "through the Blood of the Lamb," as the most God-fearing—in fact, that the eleventh-hour man was entitled to the same heavenly compensation as the one who had labored in the Lord's vineyard from the first hour—all this was absolutely preposterous. It was not just, and God is Justice.

Applying this dogma, I began to think of my own prospects on the other side of Jordan. Suppose Dennis Kearney, the California sand-lotter, should slip in and meet me there, would he not be likely to forget his heavenly songs, and howl once more: "The Chinese must go!" and organize a heavenly crusade to have me and others immediately cast out into the other place?

And then the murderers, cut-throats, and thieves whose very souls had become thoroughly impregnated with their life-long crimes—these were they to become "pure as new-born babes"—all within a few short hours of a death-preparation—while I, the good heathen (supposing the case), who had done naught but good to my fellow-heathen, who had spent most of my hard earnings regularly in feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, and succoring the distressed, and had died of yellow

fever, contracted from a deserted fellow being stricken with the disease, whom no Christian would nurse, I was unmercifully consigned to hell's everlasting fire, simply because I had not heard of the glorious saving power of the Lord Jesus, or because the construction of my mind would not permit me to believe in the peculiar redeeming powers of Christ!

But, then, it was gently insinuated: "Oh, no! You heathen who had not heard of Christ will not be punished quite so severely when you die as those "who heard the gospel and believed it not."

The more I read the Bible the more afraid I was to become a Christian. The idea of coming into daily or hourly contact with cold-blooded murderers, cut-throats, and other human scourges, who had had but a few moments of repentance before roaming around heaven, was abhorrent. And suppose, to this horde of shrewd, "civilized" criminals should be added the fanatic thugs of India, the pirates of China, the slavers, the cannibals, *et al.* Well, this was enough to shock and dismay any mild, decent soul not schooled in eccentric Christianity.

It is not only because I want to be honest, and to be sure of a heavenly home, that I choose to sign myself "Your Heathen," but because I want to be as happy as I can, in order to live longer; and I believe I can live longer here by being sincere and practical in my faith.

In the first place, my faith does not teach me predestination, nor that my life is what the gods hath long foreordained, but is what I make it myself; and naturally much of this depends on the way I live.

Unlike Christianity, "our" Church is not eager for converts; but, like Free Masonry, we think our religious doctrine strong enough to attract the seekers after light and truth to offer themselves without urging, or proselytizing efforts. It pre-eminently teaches me to mind my own business, to be contented with what I have, to possess a mind that is tranquil, and a body at ease at all times,—in a word it says: "Whatsoever ye would not that others should do unto you do ye not even so unto them." We believe that if we are not able to do anybody any good, we should do nothing at all to harm them. This is better than the restless Christian doctrine of ceaseless action. Idleness is no wrong when actions fail to bring forth fruits of merit. It is these fruit-

less trials of one thing and another that produce so much trouble and misery in Christian society.

If my shoe factory employs 500 men, and gives me an annual profit of $10,000, why should I substitute therein machinery by the use of which I need only 100 men, thus not only throwing 400 contented, industrious men into misery, but making myself more miserable by heavier responsibilities, with possibly less profit?

We heathen believe in the happiness of a common humanity, while the Christian's only practical belief appears to be money-making (golden-calf worshiping); and there is more money to be made by being "in the swim" as a Christian than by being a heathen. Even a Christian preacher makes more money in one year than a heathen banker in two. I do not blame them for their money-making, but for their way of making it.

How many eminent Christian preachers sincerely believe in all the Christian mysteries they preach? And yet it is policy to be apparently in earnest; in fact, some are in real earnest rather from the force of habit than otherwise;—like a Bowery auctioneer who, to make trade, provides customers too—to keep up the appearance of rushing business. The more converts made, the more profit to the church, and the more wealth in the pocket of the dominie.

How would the hundreds of thousands of these Christian ministers in the United States make their living if they did not bulldoze it out of the pockets of the credulous by making the "pews" believe what the "pulpit" does not?

Nor do we heathen believe in a machine way of doing good. If we find a man starving in the streets we do not wait until we find the Overseer of the Poor, nor for the unwinding of other civilized red tape before relieving the man's hunger. If a heathen sees a man fall from a tree-top, and seriously injure himself, he does not first run to a hospital for an ambulance, nor does the ambulance-man first want to know what precinct the injured man belongs to; but forthwith he is cared for and taken to the nearest shelter for other needed treatment, and when the danger is over then red tape may come in—the Christian machinery.

If we do anything charitable we do not advertise it like the Christian, nor do we suppress knowledge of the meritorious acts of others, to humor our vanity or gratify our spleen. An instance

of this was conspicuous during the Memphis yellow-fever epidemic a few years ago, and when the Chinese were virulently persecuted all over the United States. Chinese merchants in China donated $40,000 at that time to the relief of plague-stricken Memphis, but the Christians quietly swallowed the sweet morsel without even a "thank you." But they did advertise it, heavily and strongly, all over the world, when they paid $137,000 to the Chinese Government as petty compensation for the massacre of 23 Chinamen by civilized American Christians, and for robbing these and other poor heathen of their earthly possessions.

In matters of charity Christians invariably let their right hand know what the left is doing, and cry it out from the housetops. The heathen is too dignified for such childish vainness.

Of course, we decline to admit all the advantages of your boasted civilization; or that the white race is the only civilized one. Its civilization is borrowed, adapted, and shaped from our older form.

China has a national history of at least 4,000 years, and had a printed history 3,500 years before a European discovered the art of type-printing. In the course of our national existence our race has passed, like others, through mythology, superstition, witchcraft, established religion, to philosophical religion. We have been "blest" with at least half a dozen religions more than any other nation. None of them were rational enough to become the abiding faith of an intelligent people; but when we began to reason we succeeded in making society better and its government more protective, and our great Reasoner, Confucius, reduced our various social and religious ideas into book form, and so perpetuated them.

China, with its teeming population of 400,000,000, is demonstration enough of the satisfactory results of this religious evolution. Where else can it be paralleled?

Call us heathen, if you will, the Chinese are still superior in social administration and social order. Among 400,000,000 of Chinese there are fewer murders and robberies in a year than there are in New York State.

True, China supports a luxurious monarch—whose every whim must be gratified; yet, withal, its people are the most lightly taxed in the world, having nothing to pay but from tilled soil, rice, and salt; and yet she has not a single dollar of national debt.

Such implicit confidence have we Chinese in our heathen

politicians that we leave the matter of jurisprudence entirely in their hands; and they are able to devise the best possible laws for the preservation of life, property, and happiness, without Christian demagogism, or by the cruel persecution of one class to promote the selfish interests of another; and we are so far heathenish as to no longer persecute men simply on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, but treat them all according to their individual worth.

Though we may differ from the Christian in appearance, manners, and general ideas of civilization, we do not organize into cowardly mobs under the guise of social or political reform, to plunder and murder with impunity; and we are so far advanced in our heathenism as to no longer tolerate popular feeling or religious prejudice to defeat justice or cause injustice.

We are simple enough, too, not to allow the neglect or abuse of age by youth, however mild the form. "The silent tears of age will call down the fire of heaven upon those who make them flow."

"He who witnesseth a crime without preventing its commission or reporting the same to the nearest magistrate is equally responsible with the principal."

"If a stronger man assaults another who is weaker, it is the duty of the passer-by to take the weak man's part." But to Christians this would be a spectacle merely,—one to be encouraged rather than prevented.

A heathen is not allowed to marry unless he is a good citizen, moral, and capable to instruct the children he may be honored with.

"Parents are responsible for the crimes of their children." This is an axiom of the common law in Chinese heathendom.

We do not embrace our wives before our neighbor's eyes, and abuse them in the privacy of home. If we wish to fool our neighbors at all about our domestic affairs we would rather reverse the exhibition—let them think we disliked our wife, while love at home would be the warmer.

I would rather marry in the heathen fashion than in the Christian mode, because in the former instance I would take a wife for life, while in the second instance it is entirely a game of chance.

We bring up our children to be our second selves in every sense

of the word. The Christian's children, like himself, are all on the lookout for No. 1, and it is a common result that the old people are badly "left" in their old age.

While traveling among the Christians one has to keep his eyes wide open; even then he has to pay dear for his comforts. In traveling in China among the pure heathen, especially in the interior, a stranger is not everybody's cow,—only good to be milked and then turned loose,—but he is the public's guest: his money is a secondary consideration.

As the heathen does not encourage labor-saving machinery, I do not have to be idle if I don't want to, and, as a result, work is more equally distributed.

If a hungry heathen steals a bowl of rice and milk, and eats it on the premises, the magistrate discharges him—as a case of necessity—like self-defense. But he who knows the law and violates it, is punished more severely than he who is ignorant of it.

Christians are continually fussing about religion; they build great churches and make long prayers; and yet there is more wickedness in the neighborhood of a single church district of one thousand people in New York than among one million heathen, churchless and unsermonized.

Christian talk is long and loud about how to be good and to act charitably. It is all charity, and no fraternity—"there, dog, take your crust and be thankful!" And is it, therefore, any wonder there is more heart-breaking and suicides in the single State of New York in a year than in all China?

The difference between the heathen and the Christian is that the heathen does good for the sake of doing good. With the Christian, what little good he does he does it for immediate honor and for future reward; he lends to the Lord and wants compound interest. In fact, the Christian is the worthy heir of his religious ancestors.

The heathen does much and says little about it; the Christian does little good, but when he does he wants it in the papers and on his tombstone.

Love men for the good they do you is a practical Christian idea, not for the good you should do them as a matter of human duty. So Christians love the heathen; yes, the heathen's possessions; and in proportion to these the Christian's love grows in intensity. When the English wanted the Chinamen's gold

and trade, they said they wanted "to open China for their missionaries." And opium was the chief, in fact, only, missionary they looked after, when they forced the ports open. And this infamous Christian introduction among Chinamen has done more injury, social and moral, in China than all the humanitarian agencies of Christianity could remedy in 200 years. And on you, Christians, and on your greed of gold, we lay the burden of the crime resulting; of tens of millions of honest, useful men and women sent thereby to premature death after a short miserable life, besides the physical and moral prostration it entails even where it does not prematurely kill! And this great national curse was thrust on us at the points of Christian bayonets. And you wonder why we are heathen?

The only positive point Christians have impressed on heathenism is that they would sacrifice religion, honor, principle, as they do life, for—gold. And then they sanctimoniously tell the poor heathen: "You must save your soul by believing as we do!"

Members of my faith do not so worship gold, although they know it is a very handy thing to have in the house; but honor and principle are dearer than pelf to the average heathen. But I dare say when the heathen have become sufficiently demoralized by contact with Christian civilization and its Vanity Fair of pretence, pride, and dress, they will probably be worse even than the Christian in beating their way through this wide, wicked world. Pupils are often too apt.

In public affairs, it is either niggardliness that puts a premium on dishonesty, or loose extravagance for show, that encourages political debauchery and jobbery. In general, business men are lauded as great financiers who actually conspire to buy laws, place judges, control senates, corner and regulate at will the price of natural products; and, in fact, act as if the whole political and social machinery should be a lever to them to operate against the interests of the nation and people. In a heathen country such conspirators against social order and the general welfare would have short shrift.

Here in New York, the richest and the poorest city in the world, misery pines while wealth arrogantly stalks. The poor have the votes, and yet elect those who betray them for lucre to corporate and capitalistic interests; and the administration of justice—in fact, the whole system of jurisprudence—is to stimulate

crime rather than prevent it. As to preventing poverty, or rendering it less intolerable, that is the most remote thought of religious and political local administration.

It is no wonder, under such circumstances and conditions, that New York is a most heavily taxed city, and the worst governed for the interests of New York. "Public office a public trust?" Rather, it is a farm to be worked, Christian-like, for all it is worth. Public spiritedness and moral worth have no value or utility in "practical" Christian politics. Such civic virtues "don't pay."

Do as we do. Give public office to the competent. Pay them well. If they are inefficient or indifferent, remove them at once. If dishonest, morally or financially, kill them as traitors.

"It is better that a child knows only what is right and what is wrong than to have a rote knowledge of all the books of the sages, and yet not know what is right and what is wrong." Collegiate education does not necessarily make a youth fit for the duties of life. And men like Lincoln, Greeley, and other such Americans prove it.

"The most successful youth in life is not the most learned, but the most unblemished in conduct." So say the heathen. But here, it is called smart when a boy is merely impudent to the old, and it is "smartness," and is excused by the phrase that "boys will be boys" when a boy throws a stone with malice to break some one's window, or do some injury. And parents of such a boy, while they chide, will secretly chuckle, "he's got the makings of a man in him."

It is our motto, "If we cannot bring up our children to think and do for us when we are old as we did for them when they were young, it is better not to rear them at all." But the Christian style is for children to expect their parents to do all for them, and then for the children to abandon the parents as soon as possible.

On the whole, the Christian way strikes us as decidedly an unnatural one; it is every one for himself—parents and children even. Imagine my feelings, if my own son, whom I loved better than my own life, for whom I had sacrificed all my comforts and luxury, should, through some selfish motive, go to law with me to get his share prematurely of my property, and even have me declared a lunatic, or have me arrested and imprisoned, to

subserve his interest or intrigue! Is this a rare Christian case? Can it be charged against heathenism?

We heathen are a God-fearing race. Aye, we believe the whole Universe-creation—whatever exists and has existed—is of God and in God; that, figuratively, the thunder is His voice and the lightning His mighty hands; that everything we do and contemplate doing is seen and known by Him; that He has created this and other worlds to effectuate beneficent, not merciless, designs, and that all that He has done is for the steady, progressive benefit of the creatures whom He endowed with life and sensibility, and to whom as a consequence He owes and gives paternal care, and will give paternal compensation and justice; yet His voice will threaten and His mighty hand chastise those who deliberately disobey His sacred laws and their duty to their fellow man.

"Do unto others as you wish they would do unto you," or "Love your neighbor as yourself," is the great Divine law which Christians and heathen alike hold, but which the Christians ignore.

This is what keeps me the heathen I am! And I earnestly invite the Christians of America to come to Confucius.

WONG CHIN FOO.

PAYMENT OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

THE subject to which I wish to call the attention of the public is one that is of great interest to each and every citizen. I have reference to the labor troubles, now disturbing the business relations throughout the country. I have for years made a study of the relation of labor and its results to accumulated debt, a question closely connected and involving the perpetuity of republican institutions. The association of the subjects, inseparable in their relations, involves personal liberty and individual protection. I would say in connection with this subject that I have always looked upon our Government, as established by its founders, as the means to develop the highest manhood consequent upon the capacity of the individual, he being left free and unencumbered by all unnecessary restraints, other than those that give security to the whole. To establish this individual standard, we have gone to an immense expense to educate the masses. The diversity of capacity made it necessary that each and every one should be equally protected by law. The great necessity for this was to protect the weak from the strong. This is essential that Democracy should survive and live.

The natural qualifications, or gifts, of men are varied. The natural capacity of some to acquire is manifestly so superior that even with the protection of law it is difficult to maintain equality of right. We all recognize that to regulate intelligence by law is impossible, but to protect the weak from being fraudulently overreached is possible. Upon the questions involving the equal rights of man, the Government, in administering public affairs, has departed from the rule of the founders, and passed its sovereign powers to corporations, making them co-ordinate in one of its most important and essential features—the taxing power—and this, not for the benefit of the Government, but for private uses. By doing so it has swelled the indebtedness to an alarming extent. So ponderous has this irregularity grown, that we stand to-day over

a volcano which is liable at any moment, by eruption, to rend the whole fabric. The question is, if it has not already broken through the crust.

The tendency of man to seek wealth, and through its powers to dominate his fellow-man, is the history of the world. In a private capacity this tendency is oppressive enough, but, when a great government lends its powers to back the natural capacity to acquire wealth, and then, through law, gives coloring to support domination and oppression, it resolves itself into a despotism, and becomes cruelty intensified. The struggle of 1776 placed in our possession a rule of government unsurpassed for carrying out the designs intended. Mr. Jefferson's construction of it has proved concise, clear, and unanswerable. Let us return to its powers as expounded by him. To do so we must first pay off the national debt, and return to an economical administration of the Government. We should eschew all ambition for a great and powerful government, to which we are tending through the machinery cumulating round the great war debt. What we want is a great people. To accomplish this, we must elevate the individual standard. To do this it is necessary to remove all stress that gives power to one class over another.

The first essential step to return, is to clear away the rubbish consequent upon the struggle between the North and South. The excrescence called a national bond, upon which is based that other form of debt, known as bank notes, or corporate promises to pay, wherein lies an offensive distinction, anti-democratic, a distinction created between man and man, that makes one class to live upon the interest of its debts, which it dispenses across the counter to another class in exchange for their promises to pay, from which the interest is exacted—a privilege by which idleness is enabled to live upon the proceeds of industry without consideration, like unto the aristocracy of the feudal days, save the Baron was a man of blows, while our bank-barons are men of legalized fraud. Such a condition cannot exist in our midst and the Republic survive! Which shall it be? The bird is about to be hatched—the shell or crust is cracking! We must meet the question! There is no avoidance. There is but one remedy; that is, to remove the evil that is the source of our trouble—the War debt!

The public debt is the bane of liberty. Liberty cannot exist with such bondage suspended over the industry of the land—a fiction created by law for war purposes, to enable accumulated capital to escape taxation, and now perpetuated that it may prosper at the expense of labor. For this purpose its far-reaching powers affect every department of industry, and absorb the life currents. It is an ulcer upon the body of the toiler, that not only destroys the vital forces, but invites disease in its most horrid form, in the shape of fraud.

The human heart knows no passion that comes with such force as the desire of gain. It subserves all other ends of life to its use. It overrides justice, crushes life, and subverts established rules of government by perverting them to its designs. It prostitutes the noblest impulses of nature. It enters the church, the counting-house, and all available points, to secure its ends through the interest-bearing debt. The debtor is the servant of the creditor—his slave, his menial—a private ownership without responsibility. Whether he lives or perishes, the pound of flesh is the penalty of the bond. But more: a national bond means national enslavement through its officials. The bondholder is the master, for whom principal and interest is to be collected. The government official is the slave-driver, who cracks the whip and applies the lash for such unholy extortion. You cannot take from man that which he earns and give it, through any device, to another without equivalent, and not commit robbery. You not only deprive labor of its results, but you enslave him to the use of those who receive. At the commencement of the civil war, the laborer was taken from shop and field and marched to the front with gun upon his shoulder to be shot down to save the Union. Those who were fortunate enough to return have since been toiling with their fellow laborers to pay the interest upon the debt. They saved the Union, they nominally liberated the blacks, but they enslaved themselves to a master who remained at home during the struggle, and inaugurated the condition to the fostering of his own greed. Can such condition be continued and liberty retained? Impossible! Where the slave foot treads, freedom has no existence.

The situation has culminated and become positive in our midst. It demands immediate relief. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Let us be wise in time and avert the evil.

There is no conflict between capital and labor. No conflict is possible between labor and its results. The conflict is only with those who take its results unjustly. Labor is the wealth of the nation. The wealth of the nation, through the powers of government, is turned into the coffers of the bondholder. In this wise, at the close of the intestine struggle for the Union, the slave block of the South was moved to Wall street, New York, and now daily the laborer is virtually put up and sold through the bonds and sureties offered. To hold this situation, all the devices and practices possible are resorted to. To remove it, there is but one way possible, and that is to cancel the debt; for the Government, being the debtor, is owned by the creditor, who converts all its sovereign powers to absorb through taxation the values produced for his benefit, until we find that to satisfy his greed and perpetuate its own existence, it sweeps annually the whole wheat crop into the treasury, and there, under various pretexts, hoards the surplus or squanders it by appropriations. The tons of silver remaining in the vaults are kept ostensibly for the same purposes.

In connection with this vast accumulation of silver the treasurer, by his act, has set aside as an idler one hundred millions of gold to redeem the greenback, which experience should have taught him needs no redemption. No one asks it, no one wishes it. The note is non-interest bearing and the people's money. It is the life of our business, for it is a harmonious trust of the whole to the individual for commercial purposes. Every time the individual purchases what he needs with it, it is redeemed. Is this vast amount held in idleness to continue as the galling chain of bondage? Its glitter does not lighten its burden. The accumulation is a violation of the spirit of our Government. The constitution provides that the House of Congress may lay and collect taxes, regulate duties and imports for specific purposes, but not a dollar more than is necessary for the end designed. This is strict construction to which Mr. Jefferson held. The last twenty-five years have changed the whole condition. In the struggle of 1861, when it was found that the capital of the country would not come to its relief in the hour of peril, it was purchased with these bonds. It then refused to pay taxes upon them, and has done so ever since. Under them it has expedited itself from any and all support in the shape of taxes. Not satisfied with this relief, it has sought every avenue to compound interest in its favor. The promissory note, known

as a bank-note, is the first compound upon the debt. To give it existence as money, it is indorsed by the Government, from which the holder again draws interest on loans at thirty, sixty, and ninety days, so compounding by taking the interest out of the principal loaned. Here we have debt based upon debt without limit. This condition is exhaustive. No business in the world will, or can, pay compound interest and survive. Fostered by the sovereign powers of government, interest has become king, ruling a nation staggering under this unnatural condition. Labor cries aloud against the misery he suffers, and strikes at random in his blind frenzy. His violence gives pretext to the master to order him shot down, which the Government cruelly executes by slaying or driving him back to his den. Such the events of recent days verify. We call these cruel murders justice. To maintain law and order, without investigating the cause, we force him to ignominious submission. The slavery of the South was a blessing compared to the present debt bondage. Through the slavery of the South, we were, in obedience to the inordinate greed of the human heart, unwittingly civilizing a barbarous people ; but in this instance, through government force and fraud, we are enslaving the Christian laborer to this same greed of his fellow man. The view presented of the accumulated burden of debt is not a fancy. I have before me a tabulated statement of interest upon the bond from the beginning, with the connecting link of the slave chain, the National Bank exhibit. To state these figures is simply to confuse. The human mind fails to grasp it. Hence I avoid figures, and keep as close as possible to the principle involved. The debt of the country piled upon the national debt runs into billions.

The national debt is the foundation upon which is piled State and town debt. Divested of figures, let me state again that debt is slavery in its most objectionable form. Its ponderous weight carries with it the horrid idea of perpetuity, simply for the reason that the human mind fails to grasp the possibility of payment. Each and every individual, pausing to consider, must recognize that the perpetuity of the debt means the sale of our children into bondage. However we may enslave ourselves, we do not possess the right to sell our children. Mr. Jefferson held, and there is no greater authority, that each generation should pay its own debts. If we have received the benefit let the obligation be cancelled in

full; if not, the more reason to extinguish the fire that must consume our children in its flames, who, with this burden of debt entailed upon them, must curse the parent that begot them and the day that they were born! In order to comprehend the condition we must grasp its fullest scope. We have, as I have stated, at an immense expense, educated ourselves to a higher estimate of life and its advantages. We have given to the common mind a fuller knowledge of the luxuries to be enjoyed. Imbued with this knowledge, the laborer is capable, willing, and efficient. Under such conditions is it justice, is it right, to relegate him to absolute servitude of debt, which must be the result unless this question is met and adjusted by removing the incubus and returning to the old standard of economical government? General Andrew Jackson, in his message vetoing the old United States Bank, expressly said: "Pay the national debt. Let no surplus be allowed in the Treasury. Practice the closest economy in the expenditures of the Government." Let me call attention to one more precedent that should have great weight in the administration of the affairs of the Treasury Department. I refer to the platform upon which Horatio Seymour was nominated for President, July 7, 1868. The 3d and 4th resolutions are as follows:

Third—Payment of the public debt of the United States as rapidly as practicable, all money drawn from the people by taxation, except so much as is requisite for the necessities of the Government economically administered being honestly applied to such payment, and where the obligations of the Government do not expressly state upon their face, or the law under which they were issued does not provide that they shall be paid in coin, they ought in right and in justice be paid in lawful money of the United States.

Fourth—Equal taxation of every species of property, according to its real value, including government bonds and other public securities.

With all these precedents so instructive before us, is there any reason for pursuing a tardy policy? We must not for a moment imagine that the bondholder, the national banker, who holds the key to the situation, will for a moment relent. Not so, they only seek evasion. They propose arbitration. Arbitration with corruption gives them time to fix more firmly their fangs. Industry

cannot arbitrate with the hand that grasps its throat. What it requires is the removal of the hand, and then it may consider arbitration. To relieve the situation only requires the will of the Government to do so.

The bonds that are due may be called in. Those that still have time may be purchased at a much more reasonable rate than their continuance involves. Further, retire the bank-notes, cancel them with greenbacks, and so destroy their face in bonds. To close, issue greenbacks sufficient to pay the balance. It is better that the people should wear out the debt in shape of greenbacks than that the debt should wear them out. People have the debt to pay, and this is the easiest way by which it may be accomplished.

A. SANDERS PIATT.

HEALTH INSURANCE.

THIS is an age of reforms. The spirit of the "Star-eyed Goddess" is everywhere active, and the lists are thronged with her eager champions bearing every imaginable device. They range far and near. No truth, however axiomatic, no custom, however hoary, can feel itself safe from the most peremptory challenge, and each champion implicitly believes that his particular antagonist is the chief author of all the evils that flesh is heir to. In no department is this activity more noticeable than in the realm of Sanitary Science, and it is its particular lists in which I would fain modestly lay a lance in rest long enough, at least, to ring a challenge upon the shield of that hoary old relic, our so-called system of health preservation, as embodied in our present plan of medical attendance. Is the system of making a physician's income from a family or community depend solely upon the amount of sickness occurring in it the best that can be devised?

Such, practically, is our system. Its philosophy might be condensed in the motto, "Millions for cure, but not one cent for prevention." The astute Chinese, who were discussing civil service reform when our ancestors were building the reed hut and hurling the flint-tipped javelin, are said to pay their medical attendants regularly as long as they enjoy good health, but promptly to discontinue their remittances on the first appearance of sickness, to resume only on recovery—which, no doubt, has arisen from their absurdly attempting to live up to a foolish old proverb of ours about "an ounce of prevention."

The weakness of our present system lies in this one fact, that it gives such an exceedingly limited opportunity for what has been well called "the practice of preventive medicine." No one thinks of consulting a physician until at least "feeling unwell;" and in many instances, not until days, or even weeks, of precious time have been wasted, or worse, in trying to "wear

the trouble off" or in blindly applying every crude remedy which household experience, patent quackery, or superstition can suggest; all because the ailing one is not "sick enough to call a doctor"—in other words, does not feel uncomfortable enough to be willing to pay more than the price of a bottle of patent medicine for relief. To such an extent has this habit of delaying been carried, that we often find patients hesitating to call us in, just because they are unwilling to admit even to themselves that they are so seriously ill as to need our services. In fact, the abominable phrase "sick enough to need a doctor" has become almost the popular synonym for, at best, a serious indisposition, and often a well-developed stage of a possibly fatal disease. The phrase and the feeling it represents ought to be obliterated from the speech and thought of every civilized community. Through its influence we are brought face to face with the legitimate result of months or even years of violation of the laws of our being, aggravated by days of neglect or mal-treatment, and confidently expected to avert the vengeance of outraged nature and undo the work of years in days or weeks. "If I had been only called sooner" is a sadly familiar phrase in our professional vocabulary. To stem or even reverse the current of nature, we are driven to use the most powerful agents, many of them deadly poisons; to call "halt!" in tones which will compel the attention of the most obstinate morbid process; and every few decades a not wholly unnatural wave of popular indignation sweeps over the community, not against itself for living so as to render such drugs indispensable, but against physicians forsooth for prescribing them. Thus the mutual confidence and sympathy which should exist between the profession and the public is seriously impaired, and the interests of both suffer in consequence. Would not a system of constant medical attendance, remunerated alike in sickness and in health, enabling us to give advice or treatment just when we see it is needed, even if unasked, and rendering professional counsel, not only in disease but in health, the first thought, the easiest and the most natural thing, the rule instead of the exception—would not such a scheme as this, if practicable, most happily modify the condition of affairs, and prove a long step toward securing the health and happiness of the race? But suppose ourselves installed in full charge of a case: are we even then freed from the perplexities of our financial system? By no

means. If we call too frequently we are accused of "nursing the case," with a view to the fees; if we continue our visits a day longer than seems necessary we are thought anxious to make all we can out of the patient. These unfortunate experiences are only occasional, but they are sufficiently frequent to seriously hamper our activities by compelling us to be constantly on our guard. When the immediate danger is past our patient, blissfully ignorant of the hundred and one pitfalls which yet lie between him and health, calmly pronounces himself cured and dismisses us. If he escapes a fatal relapse, or we escape the blame of his slow and incomplete recovery, does the trouble end here? These results would be apparent to any one; but what a prophecy of evil to come can be read in living letters by the eye of the trained observer in the history of many of these half-cured cases, even when their course and termination may have been perfectly satisfactory to the unsuspecting patient and his friends! How many of our most serious and obstinate chronic troubles spring directly from the half-removed result of some acute attack? How often are the germs of evils which will curse generations yet unborn left lurking in the system simply because the subject thinks himself cured and doesn't want to make his bill any larger!

What influence does our present system of attendance give us over the sanitary surroundings, diet, or habits of life of our patients? Almost none. It is true we have the priceless privilege of giving any amount of excellent advice on these subjects, which they may perhaps remember for a week, though usually they regard it simply as a customary and harmless prelude to a prescription, which they regard as the "value received" for their fee. Such an effect has the proportioning of our remuneration to the number of distinct, definite services rendered, had upon the ideas of the laity, that many of them have no idea of paying for anything except some such tangible benefit as a prescription or an operation. In some instances we are actually obliged to give a prescription in order to secure the right, in their minds, to claim a fee. They will pay a dollar for a prescription and get the advice thrown in for nothing, and as the immortal "Josh Billings" has sagely remarked, "What peeple gits fer nothing, thare mitey apt to valoo at about what they give fer it." Over the home life of our patients we have almost no control, or even supervision, until after the mischief (which often might have been averted by

a few timely precautions) has been done; and even that ceases almost as soon as we begin to exercise it. What sort of success would we expect from a nurseryman who was not permitted to prune his trees until they were already misshaped, to destroy their infesting parasites until the foliage was withered, who was not allowed to water them till they began to droop, or enrich the soil about them till they were almost exhausted? And yet this is the relation to the bodies of our patients in which we are practically placed by our present system. The words "cobbler" and "tinker" are terms of reproach, and yet cobbling and tinkering is about all we are permitted to do to the vital mechanisms of most of our patrons. When we consider this fact in the light of the deliberate statement of Mr. Chadwick, the distinguished English sanitarian, that he can build a city which shall have any required death rate from 3 per 1,000 up (the present average being nearly 18); when we remember that the "white plague of the North," as Holmes aptly calls consumption, which is responsible for the lion's share of our death rate, is more than analogous to the familiar spindling of plants deprived of air and sunlight; that as much as fifty years ago even a layman like Lord Palmerston declared that "for every death from typhoid somebody ought to hang;" that an unfailing specific for malaria, diphtheria, and cholera is contained in a 6-inch drain-tile,—in short, that nearly one-half of our existing diseases are preventible, does not a readjustment of our relation to the public appear urgently pressing? How would a system of constant attendance at a fixed sum per year or month, including an annual or semi-annual inspection of the residence and surroundings, and review of the diet and habits of life of the family, if practicable, modify the conditions under which we are now attempting to promote the health of the public? The system, in part at least, is in practical operation in the different lodges and benefit associations, in manufacturing establishments and mines all over the country, with generally satisfactory results regarded from an economic standpoint. As, of course, the principle upon which all these plans are adopted is a purely economical one, to get the greatest amount of service for the least possible cost, they could only be expected to be a success in this direction.

The plan which I would respectfully submit is much wider in its scope, and is briefly as follows: That at the beginning of the calendar year each individual or family should engage his or their medi-

cal attendant for the next 12 months, agreeing to pay him a specified annual salary in advance, either in full or in quarterly or monthly installments. The physician, on his part, should agree to render any and all professional services required, except operations or manipulations requiring the skill and training of a specialist, for the annual consideration specified, which might readily be fixed according to some rate *per capita* or *per familiam* laid down in the fee bill. The physician should further agree, in consideration of the sum specified, to make an annual or semi-annual inspection of the sanitary condition of the house and premises of his client, and to offer such suggestions as he saw fit in regard to the diet or habits of life of himself or his family; in short, to act as general adviser on all matters of hygiene or therapeutics. The system might briefly, and perhaps not inaptly, be described as a scheme of "health insurance."

What are the advantages which seem to be presented by this plan? In the first place, our patients would have no inducement whatever to delay consulting us; in fact, moved by a not unnatural desire to get their money's worth out of us, would probably hasten to do so at the earliest appearance of discomfort or danger, and thus give us full control of the case at that period in which a "stitch" properly taken often saves not "nine," but "ninety and nine." We should have every opportunity to abate or favorably modify the attack, and the value of this vantage ground would be well nigh inestimable.

Later, during the progress of the case, there would not be the slightest danger of any objection to the frequency of our visits; on the contrary, the difficulty would be in exactly the opposite direction, and would constitute for us the principal drawback of the system. In convalescence, we need fear no interruption to those finishing touches which may exercise such a powerful influence upon the future comfort or safety of our patient, and in the giving of which the master-hand finds scope for the finest and most highly appreciated subtleties of its skill. Above all, it would give us a fair opportunity for the practice of the grand branch of preventive medicine, "the medicine of the nineteenth century," a privilege which under the present system is practically denied to us.

WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

THE NEW KNOW-NOTHINGISM AND THE OLD.

THE Know-Nothing party of a generation ago, growing out of a secret society, said to have been so-called because of the affectation of ignorance on the part of its members when questioned as to the society and its objects, had for its mainspring hostility to the influence of foreign-born citizens in our American politics, and particularly a bitter enmity, very similar to that of the Orangemen in Ireland and Canada, toward the adherents of the Catholic church. The alleged justification of this hostility was the danger to our American liberties and institutions likely to arise from this foreign influence, and especially from what was considered a foreign religion, the supreme head of which was in reality a foreigner, an Italian, living 4,000 miles from our country—and, what made it worse, a king ruling with despotic authority, commanding an army and navy, and treating with this country, as well as with the monarchies of Europe, as an equal sovereign power. The Know-Nothings conjured up direful visions of menace to our institutions from an armed invasion of this foreign king and his foreign allies, with the object of suppressing our hated democratic liberties and institutions. They imagined and asserted that the Catholics of this country were bound, as Catholics, to hold that they owed primary allegiance to this foreign potentate, and that they would feel obliged by their religious obligations to the Pope to take sides with him in any such conflict,—not merely not to serve against him, but to give him every aid and comfort in their power, even to the extent of taking up parricidal arms in his behalf against their country. They held that Roman Catholics, even in politics, must be papists first and Americans afterwards, if at all, and that they were, therefore, unworthy of American citizenship, unfit to be trusted with the sacred responsibility of the ballot, and still less worthy to hold any public office of trust or emolument. The hostility to foreigners who were not Catholics

was defended on the ground that they had not, and in most cases could not be reasonably expected to have, that knowledge of American institutions, their growth and history, and that love for them, which come, as a matter of course, to those of the elder American stock. It was felt that foreign-born citizens, in spite of their renunciation of all foreign allegiance, must necessarily be filled with the habits of thought, the prejudices and the traditions of the lands they had left, and more concerned about the good or evil fortune of these than about that of their adopted country. And therefore was it that even with regard to non-Catholic foreign-born citizens the Know-Nothings maintained the maxim, "Put none but Americans on guard!" which maxim bore, in their view, with double force on the unfortunate foreign Catholics, who were considered twice foreign, since to the disadvantages of their nativity they added the much more serious one of, as it was supposed, a blind and absolute obedience, from religious motives, to a foreign power.

To us of this generation it must appear that the fears, if they were honest, of the Know-Nothings, for the immediate future of America, were ludicrously exaggerated. The proportion of foreign-born people and of Catholics to the people of old American and non-Catholic stock was then much less than it is to-day, and the importance of foreign-born citizens and Catholics in their influence on politics, and in the number, dignity and power of the offices held by them, was quite as disproportionate. We may well surmise that a large part of the zeal of the Know-Nothings of that day was prompted by an insensate and vulgar theological hatred, precisely of the kind that still makes Orangemen and Catholics beat and kill one another year after year in Ireland, and again was largely stimulated by base selfishness and envy in the matter of a few wretched political offices then held by Catholics and foreigners, not very often rising higher than tide-waiterships and similar positions. The Roman Catholics of that day were evidently so conscious of their comparative fewness, and their utter inability to do, if they would, the dire things charged to them in intention, that, fearful of religious broils in which they could, as a rule, be only the victims, they made haste to disclaim with the greatest vehemence the evil designs and possibilities attributed to them, and more than one distinguished churchman said that, if necessary, they

would themselves take up arms to meet the papal invader on the shore, and to repel him with as much vigor as if he were but an ordinary foreign enemy. The late Archbishop Hughes, to correct these impressions and to refute these charges, loved to quote the example of the republic of Venice, waging vigorous war against the soldiers of the Pope to defend her interests and her political rights, while acknowledging the authority of the Pope in spirituals, and agreeing with him entirely in religion. Catholics, both lay and cleric, went out of their way to demonstrate their love of American institutions, and their pride in American citizenship. Bishops positively forbade that they should be addressed by the title of "lord" and "lordship," common in European countries, and nearly all the bishops and priests forbore to obtrude on the public their dignity or their profession, by those distinctions in dress which are now (to the great annoyance of the more American-minded among them) actually made mandatory, by the statutes and decrees of their synods and councils. For similar reasons all foreign-born citizens, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, were eager to assimilate themselves to the common American type, to learn, if they did not already know, the common language of our country, and, from choice as well as necessity, they merged their foreign nationality, and rapidly became Americans.

There were not then, as now, in our great cities, and in whole quarters of the agricultural districts of great states, vast agglomerations of men of one foreign nationality, preserving almost entire their manners, language, and traditions, and by virtue of their numbers making even the public schools in many places use a foreign tongue as the common vehicle of instruction, and producing the strange spectacle of native Americans of some totally different stock actually taking on the speech and characteristics of other nationalities. Thirty years ago there was no thought of what to-day is with many of our foreign-born citizens of other speech than the English, and especially with their clergy, whether Catholic or Protestant, an avowed hope and intention, through their influence in public schools, and still more in church schools, of which they have exclusive control, to perpetuate their foreign tongue, and to make it for all time the language of large portions of the country. To the dispassionate observer this hope is so wild that it seems incredible that it should be entertained by any man having the least acquaintance with our country. Yet it has been

avowed to me by a German clergyman of this city, who flattered himself that Great Britain and Ireland were almost exhausted as sources of emigration, while Germany, with her 45,000,000, would continue year after year to pour hundreds of thousands of her people on our shores. This insane hope is cherished chiefly in Wisconsin and in the Valley of the Northern Mississippi. The ears of American boys born of German parents are boxed by the religious teacher in parochial schools in St. Louis for the heinous offense of speaking the common language of America—the English—and a clerical superintendent, to reproach an American boy of German parents for manliness and independence, can find no better words to do justice to his reprobation than to say, "*Du bist ein Amerikaner*"(—You are an American !—) There is a widespread and persistent effort, with scarcely any attempt to conceal it, to Germanize the Catholic Church in the Northwest. The means toward the attainment of this is to multiply German church schools and German parishes, and to make the multiplication of the latter an excuse and a justification for the appointment, with the aid of German Cardinals in Rome, of German-speaking Bishops.

In furtherance of this plan, Germans speaking but imperfectly the English language are appointed pastors over English-speaking congregations, and especially where there is the excuse of the existence in the congregation of a few German-speaking families. This plan has been so successful that the ecclesiastical archiepiscopal province of Milwaukee, with its German archbishop and its German theological seminary, has been very largely Germanized, and similar designs for the immediate future are entertained for the great archbishoprics of Cincinnati and St. Louis. I may as well mention here, as not impertinent to the subject, that a German-American bishop who went to Washington to sound the Government upon the question of diplomatic relations with the Pope, expected, as his reward for the service, the archbishopric of St. Louis, which, it was hoped, would speedily become vacant by the death of the octogenarian, Kenrick.

The fact is, as has been stated by Professor Boyesen in a recent magazine article, urging restriction of immigration as a means of preserving our American nationality and institutions, that so great is now the spirit of foreign nationality among foreign-born citizens that many among them make no concealment of their

sense of superiority, and of their contempt of Americans, and of American manners and traditions. It can hardly be denied that in all this there is some danger in the way of the speedy assimilation of the peoples of various origins to one common American type. If the wishes and designs avowed by not a few of these foreign-born citizens were really practicable and likely to be realized, we might well brand them as guilty of constructive treason against our institutions and the best interests of our country; and there would be immensely greater occasion and excuse in all this for a display of rabid Know-Nothingism than there was for the great ebullition of antagonism to foreign-born citizens a generation ago. Yet, strange to say, what little we hear to-day of complaint is but a faint muttering compared to the former storm of denunciation and remonstrance. The two most conspicuous instances of recent date are the article just referred to, written by Professor Boyesen, himself a foreign-born citizen of but a few years' residence in our country, whose experience, as he tells us, has been chiefly with men of foreign speech—Scandinavians and Germans—and the utterances of Mr. Powderly, Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, who, if the same rule had been applied to his parents coming from Ireland that he would now apply to new-comers, might himself, as some one has said, be carrying turf, in an Irish bog, instead of being able, from the influential position he enjoys among Americans, to warn off later comers. There is surely as much room to-day in our widely increased territory as there was for his parents, and they are as likely to make worthy citizens and to be the progenitors of as worthy Americans, if this question of foreign immigration and its consequences be but treated with good sense and statesmanship. The object of Professor Boyesen seems to me a worthier one, and the danger he points out more real, while the object of Mr. Powderly is but a corollary, logical and consistent enough, from his standpoint, of that wretched business called "protection to American industry," which began by taxing and oppressing the whole American people to build up, by *quasi* monopolies, the fortunes of a privileged class of manufacturers and other producers. The too often deceived and robbed laboring classes have discovered that protection does not protect, and those of them, who still believe in the fetish of protection, now begin to deceive them-

selves with the false hope of protecting labor by making labor artificially scarce, and therefore by restraining the increase of population in a country so vast and so wonderfully supplied with all manner of good things that it would be able to hold and support the population of the whole world, and in which an average single State is as large and as well endowed as England, and needs only a population as large as that of England to make it as great in all respects. The wonder is that it has not occurred to these misguided workingmen to demand the abolition of the protection that does not protect, once they have discovered how badly they have been fooled, and to substitute in its stead a prohibitory, or at least an extremely high, protective tax upon the importation of men, and, for that matter, to be consistent, upon the birth of children.

Strange as is the mildness of the complaint of the new Know-Nothingism, compared with the old, in the protest against foreign immigration, and strangely unexpected as is the quarter from which the protest comes, stranger far is the mildness of toleration, or the indifference, and in innumerable cases the actual approval by Americans, especially by those of them that are represented in the public press, of the attitude of the churches, and especially of the Roman Catholic Church, towards our Government, our laws, our American principles, traditions and institutions. Now that the number of foreign-born inhabitants, and still more the number of Catholics, is in a much larger proportion to the total population, we hear nothing like the former frantic cries of alarm from the native-born and the Protestant. And yet things have been happening within the last few years all over the country, and especially in our State and City of New York, a mere tithe of which would, but a generation ago, have stirred the country to a white heat of anger.

But a few years ago, many bishops, assembled in the provincial council of Cincinnati, issued a pastoral letter, the product of the pen of the Scotch bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, which was largely a deliberate thesis against our Declaration of Independence, in the attempt to show that men are not born "free and equal," and when some remonstrance was called forth, in not a few instances from Catholics, the Franco-American bishop, Chatard, of Indianapolis, hastened to justify the manifesto, which he had himself signed, in a letter to a New York paper, in which he corroborated

the teaching of the pastoral letter by quotations from a letter of the Pope, whom he slavishly described as "our present holy father, Pope Leo XIII., now gloriously reigning." The new generation of bishops is by no means so averse as were their predecessors to having their ears tickled by the grateful appellations of "lord" and "lordship," and nothing is now more common than to speak of and to address an archbishop by the ducal sobriquet of "his grace" and "your grace." The bishops, in great majority, are now eager to obtrude their professional rank on the public by the use of a distinctive garb, wearing about their necks the imperial purple, with which, as well as with wealth and power, the first Christian emperors began the corruption of the Church. And they force the priests to wear, in public as well as in private, a professional badge known as the Roman collar, of which an old American priest, some years ago, hearing of the desire of his bishop that the priests should always wear it, said, with bitterness, "I suppose the next thing will be that we must have the bishop's name written upon the collar."

Thirty-five years ago it was extremely rare to hear from bishops and priests the denunciations, now so common, of the public schools, which, in spite of the hackneyed character of the phrase, have well been called, and may for all time to come well be called, the palladium of our liberties, and the safeguard of American institutions. The late James A. McMaster, editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, well-known for his rabid hatred of the public schools, stated in his paper that at the time of the First Plenary Council of Baltimore, only one venerated prelate and himself took the correct view of the school question. From this we can gather that the other bishops did not then see in the public school system the horrors that their successors almost unanimously discover. This is also shown by the language of the earlier councils of Baltimore, in which, speaking of the public schools, they have nothing to say of the "godlessness," the "wantonness," and the "immoralities" of these schools, of which things we have in late years heard so much from bishops and priests, and their journalistic organs. One of these earlier utterances, incorporated in paragraphs 428 and 429 of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, shows that so far was it then from being the desire of the bishops (while complaining of certain inequalities to which Catholics were subjected in the schools) to restrain Catholic children from going

to the public schools, that they made it the duty of pastors to take an interest in the schools, and to secure in them the rights of conscience of Catholic children. The words of the Council are:

"Since often in books in use in the schools there are things which are hostile to our faith, and which place our doctrines in a false light, and distort history, the welfare of religion, the right education of youth and the honor of our country demand a remedy for so great an evil. As it is certain that in most of the States public education is so conducted that it is made to serve the interests of the sects, so that the minds of Catholic children are gradually imbued with their principles, we admonish pastors that they should spare no pains in looking to the Christian and Catholic education of children, and should watch diligently to prevent their using the Protestant Bibles and reciting and singing the prayers of the sects. Therefore, they should be vigilant in guarding against the introduction of such books and exercises into the public schools. They should everywhere resist these sectarian efforts with constancy and moderation, and endeavor to obtain the necessary remedy from the authorities."

Contrast the moderation of this language, and this inculcation of moderation upon the priests, with the violent denunciations and gross calumnies of later days. There is now an avowed determination, as shown in the last Council of Baltimore, to establish all over the country a great system of parochial schools in opposition to the public schools, and it is made the most urgent duty of priests everywhere, under threat of expulsion, to found such schools. The hope is not concealed that, when the so-called "Catholic vote" shall become larger, the politicians may be induced to appropriate, through State legislatures or local governments, all the funds necessary for the support of these schools. This has already been accomplished in Poughkeepsie, New Haven, and elsewhere, and for a brief period during the offensive and defensive alliance between a certain set of priests and the Tammany ring of the days of Tweed, Connolly, and Sweeney, an appropriation procured by legislative trick and fraud, under the management of Peter B. Sweeney, awarded several hundred thousand dollars to the parochial schools of New York City. What would the old-time Know-Nothings have thought of this? It should be noted that these parochial schools, which it is the design to multiply, are exempt from taxation, and that thus the public in some sense puts a premium upon a system of schools hostile to its own, and so encourages the laying of an enormous additional burden upon the poor Catholic people who have already paid, directly or indirectly, their full share of the taxes for the support of the public schools, which it is now the grow-

ing tendency to forbid them to use, under penalty of privation of the sacraments of the church. Another thing which was almost unheard of a generation ago, and the suggestion of which, in anything like its present extent, would then have caused the gravest civil disturbances, is the appropriation of valuable public lands and of millions of dollars of public money, to the support of all manner of sectarian institutions under the control of churches, and especially of the Roman Catholic Church. It may be sufficient, by way of illustration, to refer to the Catholic Protectory, in Westchester, to the House of the Sisters of Mercy in 81st street, and to the Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity in 68th street, immense institutions supported by the city treasury of New York, at an expense of from half a million to a million of dollars a year, and the two latter built upon blocks of ground given by the city through the favor of the Tammany ring, and worth hundreds of thousands each. There is a host of smaller institutions of the same character, and supported chiefly by the public treasury, to nearly all of which children are committed as to public institutions by the civil magistrates. Would it not be enough to make the elder Know-Nothing bigots turn in their graves could they hear that vast sums and great public properties are thus turned over to irresponsible private and sectarian institutions, especially if they could learn that the priests, and monks, and nuns, whose institutions are thus benefited by the public, are but the more emboldened to denounce our schools and other public institutions, in language at times brutal if not obscene, while indulging in unwarranted pharisaic glorification of their own institutions and of themselves. The extraordinary zeal manifested for the getting up of these sectarian schools and institutions is, first of all, prompted by jealousy and rivalry of our public schools and institutions, and by the desire to keep children and other beneficiaries from the latter, and, secondly, by the desire to make employment for and give comfortable homes to the rapidly increasing hosts of monks and nuns, who make so-called education and so-called charity their regular business, for which a very common experience shows that they have but little qualification beyond their professional stamp and garb.

It is not risking much to say that if there were no public schools there would be very few parochial schools, and the Catholic children, for all the churchmen would do for them, would

grow up in brutish ignorance of letters; and a commonplace of churchmen here would be the doctrine taught by the Jesuits in Italy, in their periodical magazine, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, that the people do not need to learn to read, that all they do need is bread and the catechism, the latter of which they could manage to know something of, even without knowing how to read. A confirmation of this is to be found in the very general illiteracy in countries where churches and churchmen have been exceedingly abundant and have exercised temporal control. It is a remarkable fact, that in Italy, France, and other so-called Catholic countries, in spite of the hostility to the government schools, the clergy do not establish parochial schools. The ecclesiastical authorities of Italy, while willing enough to impose on our Catholic people of America so heavy a burden, do not dare to try to impose a similar burden upon their people nearer home. But what, most of all, might seem well adapted to revive and intensify the old hateful and bigoted spirit of Know-Nothingism, and justify its fears and predictions, is the actual and direct interference in politics of bishops, vicars-general, and priests in their ecclesiastical capacity and because of their ecclesiastical influence, to promote the pecuniary and other temporal objects of the ecclesiastical machine.

Recent instances of this, not a few, could be mentioned. It must suffice here merely to refer to the letters and messages of the late Vicar-General Quinn, of New York, sent to clergymen to secure their influence as churchmen to defeat constitutional amendments which, even after their adoption, have been practically over-ridden and over-ruled in the interest of Catholic institutions, and to secure the election to the Legislature of such men as Mr. J. W. Husted, because he was willing to favor "generous appropriations;" the instance referred to in this article of the clerical alliance with the Tweed ring; the letter of Monsignor Preston to Joseph O'Donoghue in the late Mayoralty canvass; the denunciation of one of the candidates and his party from Catholic altars; the secret prohibition to a priest, who went not as a priest, but as a citizen, to keep his engagement to speak at a political meeting, the chief demerit of which speech was clearly in the fact that the movement it was intended to help was likely to bring disaster upon the Tammany ally of the ecclesiastical machine; the abuse of the confessional in forbidding men under penalty of refusal of absolution

to attend the meetings of one political party; and last and worst of all, the effort, of an archbishop in the late election, to defeat at the polls by the abuse of his ecclesiastical position the call for a constitutional convention, which, as the result proved, was demanded by an overwhelming majority of all those who voted on the question—an effort in full keeping with the action of the same archbishop, when bishop of Newark, in sending to the Catholic pastors of New Jersey a secret confidential letter, telling them to "instruct" their people how they "must" vote upon certain proposed constitutional amendments, giving minute details as to the striking out of certain clauses, and suggesting that for greater surety it might be better that the Catholic voters should strike out all the clauses. The heinousness of this action will be better understood when it is mentioned that the object of the proposed amendments was to protect the public treasury, and to prevent the people of counties and towns from being oppressed and robbed by railroad and othercorporations.

From this cursory review of the situation, then and now, it would seem that the fear of the things, the alleged evils and dangers of which were dreaded, predicted, and denounced with so much vehemence by the elder Know-Nothings, would find to-day a hundredfold greater justification. And yet we witness the extraordinary spectacle of the indifference of the old political parties to the danger, and their actual co-operation in bringing about this state of things through legislative action. A similar indifference, where there is not positive acquiescence or co-operation, is to be noticed in the great majority of the journals of the country. The reason of this is not hard to find. It is actually the fulfillment of the prevision of those who saw in the growth of a vast army of foreign-born voters likely to be swayed as one man by other than American objects and considerations, and in the growth of an ecclesiastical power, secret and despotic in its methods, and owing, it was alleged, blind obedience to a foreign potentate, a real danger to the unity and distinctive characteristics of our nationality, and to the liberties and institutions of our country. The old political parties, and the newspaper press, which is mostly devoted to one or the other of them, are now so much impressed with the importance of the Catholic vote, and the adopted citizens' vote, that they will not run the risk of alienating either, by shocking even the most un-

reasonable and un-American prejudices. But those most active as political leaders and partisans, and those whose opinions get the most airing in the press, are not the most nor the best of the people of either party. We hear whisperings and mutterings here and there that portend the speedy crystallization and emphatic enunciation of an American public opinion which, while free from the vulgar theological hatred and low-minded jealousy against foreign-born citizens that characterized the elder Know-Nothingism, will have something more effectual to propose as a remedy for the grave evils we have pointed out than the ridiculously inadequate and selfish new Know-Nothingism of restricting immigration, as proposed by Prof. Boyesen and Mr. Powderly.

I do not think that the party that shall adopt this crystallized opinion into its platform will be open to the charge of Know-Nothingism, whether of the earlier and more virulent, or of the later and weaker sort, and I venture to predict that this view of the situation and of the remedy will be adopted by the Labor party now forming—a giant, though yet in its infancy—which is adhered to by citizens of foreign birth and by men of Catholic faith as largely and probably more largely than is either of the old political parties. The remedy must not be one that shall create an artificial scarcity of population in a land that is crying out for hundreds of millions to come and occupy it and to produce untold wealth by their labor. The remedy must not consist in any measure that shall abridge the religious liberties or interfere with the rights of conscience of any man. It must substantially consist in securing to all men the largest liberty compatible with the liberties and rights of others, and therefore in granting absolute equal justice to all, and never the slightest privilege or favor to any. On such lines as these, and only on such lines, can be perpetuated one magnificent American nationality, covering a whole continent, speaking one language, enjoying equal laws, its members living together in perfect peace and fraternity, and accomplishing for humanity greater wonders of civilization than the world has yet ventured to hope for. These lines are not new lines, but old and safe ones, marked out by Jefferson and the other seers and sages to whom we owe the Great Declaration and the foundations of our government—they are :

Respect for the rights of conscience ;

Separation of Church and State in that sense which is really

the best union of Church and State, namely, the perfect respect of each for the rights of the other, and a perpetual abstinence from interference by either in the affairs of the other;

The making of our country for all time to come what it has been in the past, a beacon of liberty and a refuge to the oppressed of all the nations of the world;

The abolishing of all privileges granted by public authority to individuals or corporations, whether civil or religious, and the equal taxation of the property of all such corporations, without exemption or exception in favor of any church, charity or school, or, in a word, of any institution that is not the property of the people and controlled for some public and common use by public officials; and the conduct of government, in all things, absolutely for the public, that is the common, good—or, in other words, for the masses, and never for an individual or a class.

Thus, only common schools and common charities should be supported from the common treasury. Only the common language of the country should be taught in the common schools. The values that have been given to land by the growth of the community should be restored to the community by the payment, in the form of a tax, of a perfect equivalent; while all the taxes that are now levied upon the production, exchange or accumulation of wealth —all the taxes, that now repress industry and add to the cost of living, should be abolished. And the privileges and franchises that have been granted by the community to individuals or to corporations should be either terminated by the sovereign community —as all our jurisprudence teaches that they may be—or the possessors thereof should likewise pay to the community a perfect equivalent. When perfect justice shall thus be done the old wondrous charm and vigor will be more than restored to our American nationality, and the rapid decline of American patriotism which Professor Boyesen observes and deplores in our foreign-born citizens, and contrasts with the sentiments of a similar class as late even as fifteen years ago, will speedily cease, and the foreign-born citizen, enjoying equal access to the bounties of nature, and therefore able as never before to procure wealth and to assert and develop his manhood, contrasting his present condition with that of his European home will, in his keener appreciation and thankfulness, as of old, rival in American patriotism the elder American stock.

Some not well-informed reader of this article may imagine that these views are new to the writer, or that I may never before have thought it expedient to publish them. It may not therefore be amiss to reproduce in concluding this article a series of suggestions looking towards "an act (or amendment to the Constitution) to guard against the union of church and state and to protect liberty of conscience," published by me in the *New York Sun* of April 30, 1870, as follows:

"1. Forbidding appropriations of school funds to any but common schools.

"2. Forbidding the reading of the Bible or any other distinctively religious book; all praying, worship, and singing of religious hymns in common schools.

"3. Forbidding magistrates to commit to any but public prisons, asylums, etc.

"4. Repealing all existing laws by which appropriations are made to any but public institutions, and forbidding (legislature) counties, cities, towns, and villages, to donate any property, or to sell or lease it at lower than market values, or to donate money for the payment of assessments, or for any other purpose, to any church, or to any school, college, asylum, hospital, etc., or to any institution of charity, correction, or learning, which is not the property of the people, and under the exclusive control of officers of the people.

"5. Revoking existing appointments, and forbidding future appointments of chaplains, whether salaried or not, in any public institution, and forbidding compulsory attendance at, or joining in, any prayer, worship, or religious service or instruction in any public institution, and forbidding any insult to the faith or religious convictions of any inmates of public institutions, or pupils in public schools.

"6. Granting all reasonable facilities to citizens and clergymen of all denominations, to visit public institutions of charity and correction, to impart religious instruction or consolation, or administer religious ordinances to those of their own faith or those who may freely desire it."

EDWARD MCGLYNN.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

CLAIMS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT.

It is a singularly inconsistent thing, that while there is a surplus in the United States Treasury numbered by the hundred millions, and while the bonded indebtedness of the government is paid, principal and interest, with rare promptitude and fidelity, the ordinary claims of citizens for supplies furnished and services rendered should in many cases be practically out of the reach of collection. It is safe to say that when an obligation or indebtedness of the United States falls into the unhappy condition in which it is stigmatized as a "claim," it is practically not worth fifty or twenty-five cents on the dollar. Men have passed from the meridian of manhood, grown gray and died, in the ever hopeful effort to collect what they believed to be a just claim, and sons and grandsons have inherited these doubtful expectancies, in which the means of so many have been swallowed up. Congress, since the Government began, has been besieged by such claimants. Committees have been converted into a species of judicatories to try them. The old Committee on Claims has been divided into committees on War Claims, Pension Claims, Land Claims, and many other; and in fact almost every committee, from that on "Ways and Means" down, has a long string of those historical reminiscences before it. While a few painstaking, laborious men show a disposition fairly to consider these propositions, with the great majority the prevailing sentiment seems to be to show "how not to do it." In a spirit of bitter economy, which does not extend to all branches of the government, some of these committees have actually been organized so that almost anything in the shape of a claim against the government would be rejected. The unhappy claimant goes before them like a lamb to the slaughter. He pinches himself so as to obtain the means to stay in Washington to attend to his case. He has his bill introduced and referred if he can find a member sufficiently complaisant, "a bill being in the nature of a petition." He wearily waits on committee and sub-committee. He tries to get documents from the departments and elsewhere to fortify it. He may or may not employ legal help; in any event he becomes initiated in the mysteries of petitions, briefs, arguments. He finds out that committees do not always meet on the days appointed, and if they do that they have probably more important business than his to attend to. Hope rises strong within him on a promise to obtain a favorable report. Should he after months of toil and delay be fortunate enough to obtain one, he goes into rapture when his bill is reported and gets on the calendar. Poor man, little does he know that the "Calendar" is usually the "tomb of all the Capulets." He affectionately watches it, and tries to get some friendly member to call it up. In a moment of misguided confidence he has probably written to his friends that he is just on the point of being paid.

From these dreams he is rudely awakened by the rap of the Speaker's gavel adjourning that Congress *sine die*. If he is a novice he will probably suppose that the new Congress will take up his case where the old one left it, but learns, to his horror, that the fearful rap of the speaker's gavel buried all the incompleted work of Congress. All has to be done over again. The case of "Jarndice *versus* Jarndice" was nothing to this.

It is to be taken for granted that a certain number of these claims ought not to be paid. Many more with a just basis are no doubt exaggerated, and should only be paid in part. Yet the fact remains, that a great many of them are honest, and that the United States, through the action of its agents, occupies, to them, the questionable position of a dishonest and equivocating debtor. When you come to analyze it, the Government exercises several widely different functions. The Government, as a law-making power, seems to trench almost on the attributes of Deity, but the Government as a huckster in saddles, clothing, arms, commissaries, military service, mail route contracts, stationery, horses, bricks, mortar, marble, and sandstone, is quite another character. The people have to deal with both. An important part of the law-making function is to provide for levying and collecting taxes and appropriating money for disbursements. The executive branch is supposed simply to execute the law. In doing so, however, it has got into a habit of construing law that is not altogether barren of results. Between the law making and executive branches there has always been more or less encroachment and collision. Jealous of executive disbursements of money, Congress has scrupulously stripped the executive of many elements of discretion. There is, indeed, an expansive tendency in the disbursements of public money requiring pretty rigid rules. This has led, however, to the habit of hedging in all payments by technicalities, restricting appropriations to the expenses of the current year, and providing that all unexpended balances after a certain date shall lapse. It is difficult to estimate for the exact expenses of a growing government like ours. It is impossible to estimate the losses that must occur in working its widely ramified machinery. From all these circumstances unpaid debts arise.

Every other person in these United States who does business, except Uncle Sam, can "sue and be sued." This robust Government of ours, which thus assumes to buy and sell and make bargains with all of its citizens, claims exemption from the operation of courts and the sheriff on the traditional, royal doctrine that "the king can do no wrong." This precious legacy has come down to us like a great deal of other rubbish. As a matter of rigid statistical fact kings are always in the habit of doing wrong. While governments have undoubtedly improved, the best of them are not infallible. Why should not the Government of the United States be compelled to pay its honest debts when it is tardy about it? If in my dealings with my neighbor I inflict an injury upon him without fault of his, he has a legal remedy against me. Why should not the Government of the United States be equally responsible.

It may be said that we have the Court of Claims. That court is a half halting step between justice and arbitrary rule. It exists only at the capitol of the country, and cannot be said to offer any remedy for the prompt collection of the small claims of poor people. Its jurisdiction is fenced within narrow limits, and is estopped by arbitrary limitation laws, in which the United States does not hesitate to plead the statute to bar out an honest claim. Its judgments are not final, and cannot afford prompt redress. After a judgment by that court, Congress must appropriate the money, thus entailing a year's delay, and, while Congress usually pays judgments, it may not do so. Under one act that has been in existence for several years the head of a depart-

ment, or a commi tee in Congress, may send the papers in a case to the Court of Claims for an ascer tainment of facts, but no verdict is allowed to be rendered. So far as the claimant is concerned, it entails all the expense of a suit without a definite result. It is a Pickwickian arrangement by which there is a dual jurisdiction: one body finds all the facts, and another, too lazy to do it, decides the ca se. Practically, it is a mode of escaping responsibility. If the head of a department gets a favorable report from the Court of Claims, and is inclined to pay the claim, he does so ; otherwise he does not. It is about the same thing with the committees, the result being that this act is of but little use to the Government or the claimant. It will easily be seen that this offers no adequate remedy to a man with money justly due him.

The other, and the old remedy, is to appeal to Congress. Men at all conversant with the subject w ill never maintain that a committee, or even Congress, is at all suited for the adjudication of claims between the Government and its citizens. In the first place, it has, or should have, a much more important function to perform. It is not a judicial tribunal and should never be permitted to do judicial work. No law should ever be enacted by a parliamentary body that cannot, if necessary, be passed upon by the courts. Any law which embodies in its form a complete executive and judicial function is mere brute force, a monstrosity under our constitution, and should not be tolerated.

Many reasons have been given why Congress should not determine questions involving private interests. The proper function of the law-making power is to deal with general principles, which should be of general application. It is difficult, indeed practically impossible, to pass small claims through Congress. To give it any show for a respectful hearing, a claim must be of majestic proportions. Disappointed applicants do not hesitate to allege that if they had only claimed four times as much they might have had some chance, and that the extra amount thus saddled on the claim would be no more than sufficient to compensate the expenses and vexatious delays. It is not an economical way of carrying on business for either the claimant or the Government. Committees passing upon the interests of individuals or corporations, where great sums are concerned, have always been exposed to suspicion, no doubt unjustly, but the true remedy lies in eliminating such an exercise of power. It is usual, in bad cases, to blame the lobby. It is the scapegoat that is sent to the wilderness with all the sins of the congregation on its head, but this vicarious atonement rarely mends matters. The lobby has existed since parliamentary bodies were evolved from the chaos of protests and petitions. The "third house" is probably no better, and no worse than the first and second. It exists legitimately, and will, so long as Congress and legislatures attempt to pass on matters affecting private interests, and just so long should the individuals affected be respectfully heard. To create a professional lobby at Washington, as has been proposed, would infringe on the rig hts of the humblest citizen from the remotest State or territory. The capital and its business is general property ; but it is needless to argue the question, sinc e the Constitution declares that "the right of petition shall never be abridged."

W ithout enumerating all the causes that create legitimate claims against the Government, and which are thus, in the absence of a more convenient and prompt remedy, thrown before Congress, enough has been stated to show that the law-making branc h of the Government is totally unable to grapple with them, or to afford the prompt and certain justice that should be the right of every aggrieved citizen. Under our form of Government every injured person is supposed to be entitled to his "day in court." So long as the Government continues to have busi-

ness with its citizens there is no reason why it should be exempt from the operation of this rule. To plead the statute of limitation does not appear to be in keeping with a great and magnanimous government. Neither should the Government, nor any of its agents, ever conceal information in regard to what it lawfully and equitably owes any person ; and yet there is a strange rule in the departments by which all information is refused, and access to the public records is denied, unless the applicant makes an affidavit that it is not to be used in making claims against the Government. If a private citizen concealed the evidence of his indebtedness, so that the children or heirs of his creditors would be kept in ignorance of sums justly due them, his conduct would be deemed infamous. It is difficult to imagine where such a low grade of official morality could have originated. Akin to it is the spirit so often manifested, by some officials, of rejecting meritorious claims on some flimsy technicality. Many of the most extravagant forms of government expenditure pass smoothly under systematic forms of red tape, while honest accounts of men not so familiar with government technicalities are apt to suffer, or to be relegated to the class of "claims."

It is not surprising that many claims against the Government are continually arising out of the great business of the Government with its citizens. Some grow out of the inflexible terms of appropriation acts, others from a deficiency, and a few from the lapse of appropriations. No inconsiderable number owe their origin to the fact that some officials of the Government do not rigidly follow the law, and the unhappy citizen with whom they have dealt is liable to suffer for their carelessness. Another class of cases arises from arbitrary and unlawful enforcement of taxation, or strained enforcement of custom dues. Thousands of cases have arisen from arbitrary and unlawful reduction of pay to government laborers by certain officials, who did not approve of the law under which they acted. Numerous cases have grown out of different constructions of the law under which not only official persons, but soldiers and sailors, are paid. The law decides that certain parties shall receive pensions, and the executive department decides on the individual case ; therefore Congress is flooded with pension bills. Government transportation and the postal service of the United States are fruitful sources of claims against the Government, not only on account of disagreements as to the meaning of contracts and the law, but because the Government often demands service that is destructive to the property of those dealing with it. Questions affecting the disposal of the public lands are settled in an executive rather than in a judicial way. Mere clerks pass on interests involving thousands or even millions of dollars. The question remains : How shall these conflicting claims be most promptly and honestly adjusted ? There may be, and doubtless are, cases where there are equities, which should be considered, that have not a sufficiency of applicable law on which courts could pass, and for which there is only a remedy with the law-making power. It is also true that in the greater number of cases before Congress, a remedy in the courts could be had if complete and proper jurisdiction was given. These tribunals should pass, not only on technical law, but on questions of equity. Supplement this by more comprehensive laws to cover every class of claims. Create an inexpensive jurisdiction for the smaller cases. One thing is certain, Congress should be relieved from a burden which it is so much in the habit of shirking, and honest claimants be furnished a just and prompt remedy.

WM. A. PHILLIPS.

II.

THE COMING "PRODUCERS' PARTY."

THE "fortunate" classes in England, France, and Germany, know that there exists in those countries a conflict—an irrepressible conflict between the fortunate

and the not-fortunate—sometimes called a conflict between capital and labor. Only the most thoughtful of the well-to-do Americans have, as yet, an idea that a similar dispute exists in this country. City Chamberlain Wm. Ivins, of New York, well illustrated the current of opinion among the prosperous here in a recent speech. He said: "We are not staring any great social problem in the face to day, nor is any such problem staring us in the face. There only exist isolated cases of hardship, due to local causes, and these should be redressed. The great fortunes of the day were made by speculation rather than by grinding the poor."

Against such men and such opinions wage-labor, through its leaders, stands up swart, grim, toil-stained, earnest, vehement, prepared to be fierce, and says: "We have an immense land and labor question here. Social problems of the gravest sort stare at us from all sides. Millions, nay, the majority of our people, are suffering hardships because they are defrauded of the fruit of their labor by the shrewd and forceful. Finally, it is the shallowest sophistry to speak thus of fortunes got through speculation. All wealth not obtained by honest industry is as good as stolen; for it is a mortgage obtained, without service, upon the future services of others."

In coming political movements, a large portion of the middle class, who consider themselves producers as compared with the alleged non-producers among the wealthy, will side with wage-workers.

Here is a brief marshaling of the forces arrayed for this conflict. No special list of the fortunate need be given—the great landholders, bondholders, possessors of mines, oil, railroads, telegraphs, general produce and manufactures, patents and monopolies of all sorts. Actual non-producers are not so easily enumerated. The point of interest is: Who and how strong are they? Who are arrayed on the other side? Who will constitute "The Producers' Party?"

(1) TRADE UNIONISTS.—They ran down very much during the hard times, but are now stronger than ever before, and more than ever tinctured with the idea of seeking what they esteem their rights through the ballot-box. Their numbers are not easily verified. The great majority regard the wealthy with aversion; but the very strongest unions—those of locomotive engineers and firemen—have been so liberally treated by their employers that they are disposed to fraternize with the rich, as seen in their recent invitations to conspicuous men of wealth to speak at their banquets.

An immense trade union movement has taken form during the past year. It is claimed that "The American Federation of Labor" has now enrolled 560,000 men, who are opposed to being so much controlled by the Executive Board of the Knights as they have been; 190,000 of them have cut loose from the Knights, 300,000 are still Knights. The point at issue is that they think their union work more precious than their work as Knights. The Knight leaders seem to have coerced them too strenuously. That this body is ready for political action, as producers, is seen in the fact that their very able President, Samuel Gompers, was a leading worker for Henry George last fall, though not now active in that direction.

(2) KNIGHTS OF LABOR.—This body continues to grow rapidly in many sections, but has continual conflicts with trades unions. It has wider views and purposes than the unions, and tries continually, with much success, to get them to let themselves be pigeon-holed in its assemblies without losing their identity as unions. This causes much disturbance, as many unionists do not wish to identify themselves with the larger plans of the Knights, and fancy that such identification interferes with the usefulness of the unions as a means of getting better pay, shorter hours, etc. The general opinion of the Knights is, as yet, that Powderly, their

Grand Master, is the best man for the place. He has had terrible responsibilities put upon him, and some of the tasks set before him having been really impossible of performance. He has made some mistakes and failures. Powerful cliques are now banded against him. If he retains the mastership after the annual meeting this autumn, he will probably be the candidate of the "Producing Classes" for the Presidency next year.

(3) GRANGERS.—Although an impression prevails that this organization has collapsed, such is far from being the case. They do not make as much noise as they did, but they retain their grand system of grange meetings, fairs, co-operative buying, and stores, in most States. Their grange meetings are doing much to modify the terrible isolation of farm life; and their system gives the farmers the chance to throw themselves very effectively into any political, moral, or social movement. Many of them, like trade unionists, affiliate as lodges with the Knights, but the proposed total absorption of them by the Knights is strenuously opposed by most thoughtful farmers.

(4) UNITED LABOR PARTY AND UNION LABOR PARTY.—It is well known that Henry George started last Autumn "The United Labor Party," with his land tax as its principal plank. On February 22d there was a large gathering at Cincinnati of Knights, Grangers, Greenbackers, etc., who do not believe in George's land tax and extreme free trade. They adopted a platform. They made, as some think, the mistake of travestying the George party by calling themselves "The Union Labor Party." As one consequence, the leaders of the two parties claim, in their papers and speeches, that each political movement of labor is "ours." The end is not easily prophesied. It is so difficult to get farmers to adopt the land tax that thus far "Union" is greatly ahead of "United" in the country at large. It seems probable that "United" would have been discouraged by this time at its lack of rural success had not the great McGlynn boom and the Anti-Poverty Society and the O'Brien fiasco come in time to give it a new lease of life. One effect of this is to prevent any strong demonstration of "Union" this year in some Eastern and Middle States. Another is to give great life and vivacity to "United" in New York city and some other large towns. A pleasing feature of "United" work in New York City is the gathering of wives, sisters, and children into social meetings in connection with the political movement. "Union" is said to be making great progress in the Western States, especially Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Kansas, and Kentucky. But the George movement in Eastern cities will, apparently, have the effect of keeping these two Dromios from merging their existence into one until next year. The prevailing signs are, in my opinion, that the Western movement, in the hands of such veterans as Jesse Harper, Samuel Crocker, Trevellick, and Norton, and perhaps De la Martyr, Weaver, Gillette, and other old Greenback labor leaders, backed by John Swinton and many others in the East, will absorb "United" after the McGlynn enthusiasm subsides.

The total stoppage of immigration is likely to be a plank of the platform when real union takes place. The labor press of the whole country is clamoring for a check to the incoming of the ruder nations of Europe. But the most radical leaders scoff at the idea of stopping immigration to exclude socialists and anarchists. They grimly exclaim, "There is a strike in the American shop! Let foreigners stay out until we find whether the producers or the drones are to run this country."

In an article on "The New Party," in the July NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Henry George shows his enthusiastic confidence in the triumph of his land tax as the all-embracing reform, and generalizes about the narrowness of all past movements of producers in the line of political action, and the futility of all such

efforts. It will be a surprise to me if his "United" party attains in ten years the proportions, vigor, and results reached by the Greenback Labor party in 1878, when it polled 1,400,000 votes, elected twenty Congressmen (about five of whom betrayed their trust), and frightened their enemies into many benificent measures. Where Mr. George gets his data for saying "The United Labor Party of New York is the strongest organization on the new lines," is a puzzle. He characterizes "what is known as the Union Labor Party" as composed of "self-appointed representatives of all sorts of opinions and crotchets," and as "one of those attempts to manufacture a political party which are foredoomed to failure. Sooner or later its components must fall on one side or the other of the issue raised by the more definite [George] movement. On which side the majority of them will fall there can be little doubt."

I have given reasons for the opposite view. Time will decide.

(5) CO-OPERATIVE AND STATE SOCIALISTS.—The Co-operative Socialists, or Associationists, who flourished so greatly under Horace Greeley's favor forty years ago, are again becoming a power in the land. Millions of people have an idea that co-operation is the grand panacea. All of this view may be counted as upon the side of the producers in a political movement.

Three of the extremely socialistic organizations of this country are disposed to amalgamate for political action. They are "The Socialistic Labor Party" or "Social Democrats," "The International Workingmen's Association" or "Reds," strong in the Western States, and the "Blacks" or "Anarchists." The Chicago groups, anticipating the present action, disbanded, leaving the members free to join whatever body they may incline to. These societies are exotics in this country. They are composed mainly of foreign-born citizens, who have come here, for the most part, honestly impressed with the idea that they have panaceas for human ills.

They have made so much more noise than the other and milder Socialists of late, that most people have forgotten that the latter exist. Even Christian Socialists in America, England, and Germany, hide their lights in dismay when they observe what a racket the others are making, and find the name Socialist becoming synonymous with all that is vile and bloody.

The fact is that there are at least twenty kinds of Socialists. Every one, from the non-resistant Shaker to the bloodiest Anarchist and Nihilist, who starts out to reform social abuses—to establish real sociability or friendliness among human creatures—is entitled to the name.

All such may certainly be counted as arrayed against non-producers.

(6) UNCLASSIFIABLE "KICKERS."—A large mass of dissatisfied men, some of them wealthy, who have grievances that the old parties do not remove, may be counted upon to join any tolerably consistent new "producers'" party. Independents, Mugwumps, Prohibitionists, Anti-monopolists, Greenbackers, middle-class people who think that the outlook is for the rich to grow richer and the poor poorer.

SAMUEL LEAVITT.

III.

AN AMERICAN PENAL COLONY.

REGARDED from the economic standpoint our system of prison administration yields very unsatisfactory results. The prisoners cannot be rendered self-supporting, and every attempt to lighten the burden of costs only results in its unequal distribution.

As regards the reformatory tendency of prison discipline, it may be laid down

as a sound axiom, that every form of slavery is degrading, and that prison slavery, with its isolation of the sexes, is infinitely more degrading than domestic slavery.

The one admissible argument for the maintenance of the system is necessity: we would gladly reform the criminal classes if the possibility of doing so were recognized, but having no hope of its accomplishment, the next best course is to incarcerate them. We do this in self-defense, and cannot be held responsible for such evils as follow.

But the problem of protecting society from the criminal classes, and at the same time rendering the criminals industrious, orderly and law-abiding, appears to me not wholly hopeless of solution.

The great body of criminals have the same desires and appetites as the industrial classes, quite as much energy in the pursuit of the means for their gratification, and although some of them are very low in the scale of intelligence, it is doubtful if the majority of them are below the average of the working masses.

We may, I think, assume that the criminal classes, as a whole, have all the faculties necessary to their self-support as an industrial community; the one thing necessary is to direct the exercise of those faculties into right channels.

To do this we must appeal to the mainspring of human actions—self-interest: the prisoners must be placed amid surroundings in which they will recognize, beyond all doubt, that labor is the indispensable condition of their continued existence; the one means by which they can hope to gratify their needs and desires.

Their isolation is both indispensable to the protection of society and necessary to their own reformation. As a body they constitute only a small minority of society, and cannot be turned loose on it without realizing the possibility of preying on it as of old; even if there were no disposition to do so, the liberated criminal generally finds the industrial ranks closed to him. But removed in a body to a reservation, fairly rich in natural resources, with full permission to turn them to the best account—a reservation from which there should be no hope of escape—necessity would drive them to industrial pursuits for an existence. There would be no accumulated wealth to prey on.

To render the criminal industrious, it is necessary to set him free, face to face with nature, under conditions which render it possible for him to gratify his needs by honest labor and by no other means; to render him law-abiding it is necessary that he have a personal interest in the enforcement of the laws; to lift him up, and give him self-respect, it will be necessary to give him a share in framing the laws.

Alaska is a possession admirably calculated for carrying out these suggestions: escape from it would be difficult; it has abundant natural resources, of which the products of the fisheries and the mines could be immediately utilized with but small capital, and I am of opinion that if our whole criminal population were drafted there under a well-considered plan of colonization, the hope of a new life would dawn upon them; and that, allured by hope on one hand, and driven by necessity on the other, the great majority would at once become industrial and range themselves on the side of law and order. But the scheme must be carried out liberally. The colonists must be treated as free men as long as they do not break bounds—free to marry, to acquire land, engage in commerce or productive industry, accumulate property, hold office, and enjoy a liberal share of self-government.

Self interest would prompt the great majority to range themselves on the side of law and order. The new society, becoming industrial and acquiring wealth, would soon have its criminal classes. We must leave the colonists to deal with them. The criminal laws of such a colony would be necessarily Draconian. The colonists would be in no temper to handle crime with soft gloves.

But the great point would be gained. Our criminal population, debarred from making war on society, would as a body be driven to industrial pursuits, and to the support of law and order as indispensable to their own well being—to their existence, in fact.

In a less favored climate, but in a climate with abundant natural resources and fitted to the development of a hardy and vigorous race, I see no reason to doubt that the proposal I have pointed out, if carried into action, would result in the rapid development of the natural resources of Alaska, and of a very considerable commerce between it and the United States.

The benefit would be only temporary. As the descendants of the early colonists rise in the industrial and social scale, they will protest against their country being made a dumping-ground for convicts. But the problems of to-day are for our solution; our children must solve the problems of the future, as they arise.

In a certain sense the measure here proposed may be regarded as experimental. It will not be disputed that self-interest is the mainspring of human conduct, and I think there is little reasonable ground to doubt that under the conditions I have prescribed the majority would range themselves on the side of law and order at the dictates of self interest. That the society would not be Utopian I am quite ready to believe. The criminal class would, perhaps, be large in comparison with the criminal classes of other States of the Union, and the general tone of the society low, but the great end would be achieved, a large criminal population now preying on society would be rendered self supporting.

One condition not yet touched on is indispensable to success. There must be some approach to equality of the sexes. The axiom that he who marries gives hostages to fortune would hold good here as elsewhere.

To make Alaska a convict settlement of the Tasmanian type, as has been recently proposed, would be a retrograde step. The costs of establishment and maintenance of such a settlement or settlements would be enormous; and, if we consider only the protection of society and the reformation of the criminal, the plea for the adoption of the proposal must rest on the assumption that a few years of slavery is a necessary preparation for free colonization.

This assumption is, of course, untenable. If the criminal classes are to be rendered industrial and law-abiding, it is only by environing them with conditions which render it evidently to their interest to be so. The proposal here outlined commends itself as humane and economic, and, if I have rightly indicated the mainspring of human action, it is no less scientific.

C. F. AMERY.

IV.

GENERAL POPE AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

IN the REVIEW for June, General John Pope calls attention to the fact that, at the close of our Civil War, which was calculated to bring to the front the great, heroic, predominating spirits of the time, the President and Vice-President, Chief Justice, all the cabinet officers, the Speaker of the House, the first and second generals of the victorious Union Army, and the Admiral of the Navy,—in short every prominent Government official, civil and military, were Western men; and the further fact that during the same period New England produced neither a great general nor a statesman of commanding influence. These facts are remarkable, but the conclusion drawn therefrom by General Pope is still more so. He suggests "with much diffidence," that the public school system may be looked to for a clue to "so strange a fact." The clue is, that uniformity in methods and sameness of books have a tendency to

educate up, and down to, a dead level mediocrity, and to suppress individuality and the effort and success that characterize and accompany it.

But does not General Pope overlook one of the plainest and most oft-repeated lessons of history? In the time of the Revolutionary War New England produced her full quota of great soldiers and able statesmen. That portion of our country was then in a condition favorable to the development of hardy, adventurous spirits, who naturally take positions of leadership in troublous times. The hunter and pioneer is a soldier ready-made, who only needs to hear the tocsin of war, to turn from the defense of his cabin against wild animals and wilder savages, to the defense of his country against an armed foe. At the beginning of the present century New England entered upon another stage of development and progress,—the era of letters, arts, and culture. Since then it has been her province to produce scholars, poets, artists, and *literati*. When asked for her soldiers and statesmen, she can point to her Longfellows, Emersons, Lowells, Holmeses, and Steadmans, and say, "these are my heroes, my soldiers of peace, my statesmen of light." At the time of our Civil War the West was the frontier, the new home of the pioneer,—the hunter-soldier. Life there held out inducements to the adventurous sons of the East, and fed the spirit of enterprise and daring they carried thither. There every condition was favorable to the production of soldiers, and they were produced, which, according to the evolutionists, is a way nature has of doing things.

Do you hear the sound of a great tidal wave that is sweeping up from the South and lapping the classic shores of Massachusetts Bay? It is the revival of Southern literature. The South stands now where the East did when Bryant wrote his "Thanatopsis;" when Longfellow was writing poems at one dollar apiece; when the "Autocrat" first took his seat at that "Breakfast Table," the crumbs from which young Texans feast upon to this day.

Is it necessary to speak, through the pages of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in behalf of public free schools—the schools of the people? Back a quarter of a century I see a lad, scarce ten years of age, not on his way to school, but following the plow. I look into his soul and see that it is starving. With a universe of mystery round him, ages of legendary lore behind him, and the Pierian springs in front, and yet he cannot slake his undying thirst because he is chained, Tantalus-like, to the rock of Ignorance, guarded by the dragon Poverty. In memory of that boy, in behalf of every son and daughter of toil and poverty in this broad land, I appeal to the wealth and culture, to the patriotism and statesmanship of America for public free schools, with compulsory attendance for at least four months in the year.

W. T. S. KELLER.

CURRENT AMERICAN LITERATURE.

TRANSLATIONS* from the French have given place to paraphrases from the Russian, the Flemish, and even the Icelandic. We are promised a posthumous work from the Flemish of Hendrik Conscience, the novels of Tolstoi, Dostoyevsky, and Gogol are first among the literary fashions, and now we have the Icelandic idyl, "Sigrid." "Sigrid" is a simple, pastoral story, having the directness of truth, without, however, the color and imaginative glow which makes Boyesen's "Gunnar" a poem in prose. "Sigrid" is an Icelandic maiden, who remains true to her lover in spite of the wiles of those who would separate them. The farm life of the Icelanders, their economies, their almost brutal way of looking at the material side of existence, their isolated world,—which is like the great world seen through a microscope,—and the easy code of morality which obtains among the laborers and farm-servants, are described by Jan Thordssön Thoroddson without one superfluous word. Turning from Thoroddson to Gogol, the Russian novelist, whose "Taras Bulba" and "Dead Souls" are issued by the same publisher, we are struck by the similar characteristics in both, and in the crude and uncomplex natures they have to deal with. In essentials, the pastoral Icelander is very like the nomadic Cossack or the Russian of agricultural places. The latter is more fierce, more terrible, and more capable of fiery passion. But in "Taras Bulba," as in "Sigrid," the same view of women and matrimony obtains among the men who are incapable of or are untouched by love. In "Taras Bulba" the wife and mother is a mere chattel, powerless to make or mar her sons. In "Sigrid," Bard, the old farmer, tells his son, "Gudmund," that he will have to find "a bit of a woman" for him. "I have found out, Gudmund," he says, "since my wife died that wives are better than housekeepers; and it is very true that, in spite of the fact that my late wife was lavish, she never attempted to have the last word about everything as this devilish housekeeper does." Gudmund declares that there is nobody in the neighborhood whom he would like to marry, "because there is no one who owns anything." The state of society in Reykjavig, where the wholesale merchants ranked as aristocrats and servants attended balls given by the "best" people in the city, is delightfully depicted. "Crime and Punishment" may be fitly called a novel of horrors by that master of the horrible, Dostoyevsky. It is the recital of the effects of a murder on the mind of a man who commits it when in poverty and despair. He is a student, whose mother and sister are almost as poor as himself, but who help him out of their pittance. He kills an old woman for the sake of her savings, which turn, as it were, to dust in his hand. His gradual sinking down through various stages of remorse and delirium to despair is photographed in every phase by the most realistic of the Russian realistic school of novelists.

* "Sigrid; an Icelandic Love Story." By Jan Thordssön Thoroddson. "Taras Bulba." By Nicholas V. Gogol. "Crime and Punishment." By Dostoyevsky. "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch. By Count Tolstoi. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Sonia, the heroine, has sold her honor and become a woman of the town,—"taken the yellow ticket," as the urban Russian expresses it,—in order to help her stepmother and her children to live. She becomes the guardian angel of the murderer, though, while expressing the purest sentiments, she continues to follow her avocation as industriously as possible. With Sonia's drunken father, her erratic and consumptive stepmother, and any number of wretched and uncanny Russians, whose misery is without love or hope, Dostoyevsky manages to show powers of realism as effective as Zola's, but without Zola's grossness. The book is not a cheerful one, notwithstanding the promise of the author that the murderer and Sonia are to be shown, lovingly hand and hand, helping each other to better things in another novel. Another depressing but forceful novel is "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch," by Count Tolstoi. It is the latest work of that celebrated religious enthusiast, and in it he has carried the grotesque to its uttermost point. As usual, it it pessimistic; but it has some of the pleasant touches that make his little story, "Katia," so charming and true to life. Nevertheless, it is a *danse macabre*, headed by a skeleton. Tolstoi's personality actually possesses Ivan Ilyitch and dissects the qualities of that awful fear of death which comes to each man, at one time or another, forcing on him a sense of his helplessness. Ilyitch cannot see, feel, or hear what the terrible It is. It is death; he knows that; he is in its grasp; the whole world united cannot save him, and slowly but surely the relentless and unseen force loosens his hands from the hold they have on earth. The keenness and pitilessness of psychological analysis makes one shiver as if one had been present at a delicate bit of dissection done by a skillful surgeon. The dance of death begins in Ivan's household almost before his eyes, full of questions and remorseful fears, are closed. "Ivan Ilyitch" is the first novel Tolstoi has written in ten years. It was supposed that the peculiar ethics he had adopted were opposed to his further continuance in the art of novel-writing. The appearance of "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch" puts aside this supposition, and also the other, that his philosophical and theological meditations—culminating in the famous "My Religion"—had destroyed his interest in human life as a subject for artistic study. American readers may wonder why Russian novelists seem to bend all their energies towards increasing the gloomy tendency of the Russian nation under its present gloomy conditions. "Ivan Ilyitch" will increase that wonder.

Notwithstanding Dumas' recent philippic against Victor Hugo at the reception of M. Leconte de Lisle at the French Academy, the interest in the personality of this great but egotistical giant of French literature continues to increase in all civilized countries. We all admit, with Dumas, that the ego in Hugo was supreme; he was capable of writing, with Napoleon, "I am who I am," and there was much that was meretricious in his nature and productions; but this rubbish has been, since his death, burned out in the red fire with which the Parisians have enthusiastically honored his manes. What is good in Hugo lives and will live. In* "Things Seen" we have some rapid sketches, dated from 1838 to 1875, beginning with a wonderful portrait of Talleyrand and ending with Thiers and Rochefort. It would be strange, indeed, if the personality of a writer who came to earth with that strange miracle, the French Revolution, could ever lose its fascination. These sketches have the power of simplicity. Hugo attempts in them none of those vast and Doré-like effects which in his more important works became eventually a blemish. He draws Talleyrand in a few lines,—"He was of noble descent, like Machiavil, a priest like Gondi, unfrocked like Fouché, witty like Voltaire, and

* Things Seen. By Victor Hugo. Harper & Bros.

lame like the devil. It might be averred that everything in him was lame like himself. The nobility which he had placed at the service of the Republic, the priesthood which he had dragged through the parade ground, then cast into the gutter, the marriage which he had broken off through a score of exposures and a voluntary separation—he received the confession of Mirabeau and the first confidence of Thiers." In the Rue Saint Florentin, Hugo says, there are a palace and a sewer. Talleyrand lived in the palace, where he wove his webs that took in all Europe, but he never looked at the sewer. After his death, the doctors who made the autopsy left his brain on a table, and a servant, wondering what was to be done with it, remembered there was a sewer in the street; he went and threw the brain into the sewer. *Finis rerum!* The *fête* given by the Duc de Montpensier is described with the strength of Poe's "Red Death." It is in this sketch, as in several others, that one feels how plastic Hugo's political principles were. He was Orleanist at this time, July 6, 1847, and there is no trace of the Republican of later days in him. Commenting on the indignation excited among the poorer Parisians by this luxurious ball, which gave employment to so many of them, he exclaims, with an insight as true as that which taught the Roman emperors that their subjects wanted games more than bread,—"No; they, too, want not the work, not the wages, but leisure, enjoyment, carriages, horses, lackeys, duchesses! It is not bread they require, but luxury." There are some very grim touches in the "Funeral of Napoleon;" the note, for instance, concerning the ceremonial, while the remains of the emperor lay in state, "the lighting of the chapel costs the state three hundred and fifty francs a day. M. Duchatel, Minister of the Interior (who, it may be stated, by the way, is said to be a son of the emperor), groans aloud at this expense!"

Mr. Butler, who as tutor to the sons of the present Khedive, seems to have been well qualified for his tasks, has made a very readable book;* from it one gets two impressions in regard to the author,—the first that he carries his "tub" with him and demands respect for it from the untubbed foreigner, the other that he has a firm belief in his own virtues and a high respect for them. He tells us little of real importance, but what he tells is well told. He hints at the immorality of the women of the harem and describes it fully in Latin notes. He gives the Egyptian harems a character worse than bagnios. And when he feels that he is verging on a revelation too piquant for the English language to express, he drops into silence abruptly and leaves the imagination to finish it. The Khedive, he says, is excessively good. He hates polygamy; he hates slavery; he "never even looks" at one of the large train of pretty slave girls who surround his wife, the princess. Mr. Butler hints that the Khedive told him some singular things concerning the practices of the harem; but, as an instructor of youth and a friend of the virtuous Khedive,—who, however, does not hesitate to accuse his father, the ex-Khedive, of shocking crimes,—he refuses to reveal them. Until Mr. Butler went to Egypt, a horse mounted by the sheik of the dervishes, was, on the birthday of the prophet, led over the bodies of prostrate dervishes, who were maimed or killed by the animal's crushing hoofs. The Khedive kept in his tent during this horrible operation, but Mr. Butler described it to him, and, after several years of pleading and argument, succeeded in inducing him to stop it. The Khedive is fond of modern progress and would willingly extend the blessings of English civilization, though he is a stanch Mohammedan, throughout his dominions, were it possible. The character of the courtiers of the reigning Khedive is

* "The Court of the Khedive." By A. J. Butler. Charles Scribner's Sons.

shown in a rather favorable light. They like polite and talkative people; they are easily pleased, densely ignorant, but anxious for knowledge provided it amuses them. The Egyptians of the upper classes despise women,—which is not surprising since young children are systematically corrupted in the harems,—they are sensual, perpetual bribe-takers, and incurably indolent. The Khedive appears to be the one Egyptian whom Mr. Butler regarded with respect. General Gordon was looked on by the Egyptians as a crank, and, although Mr. Butler would probably resent the assertion, the English, with their "fads" about the suppression of the slave-trade and the improvement of Egypt, are regarded in the same way. Mr. Butler says that the Khedive is sincere in his opposition to slavery; this is probable if Mr. Butler's estimate of his character is correct. But he seems to be the only Egyptian whose idea of suppressing the slave-trade is not to call it by some other name pleasanter to English ears.

The motive of Mr. Henry Bernard Carpenter's poem* is love. Brother Aurelius is a monk who, in his serene cloister, tells a story full of poetic feeling, high aspiration, and passion purified by religion and suffering. Brother Aurelius was perhaps of that Port Royale order, which affiliated Madame Guyon and almost secured Fenelon. He cries, in an exquisitely poetic death scene,—

> "The hour is coming—hear ye not her feet
> Falling in sweet sphere-thunder down the stairs
> Of Love's warm sky?—when this our holy church
> Shall melt away in ever widening walls,
> And be for all mankind, and its place
> A mightier church shall come, whose covenant word
> Shall be the deeds of love. Not *Credo* then—
> *Amo* shall be the password through its gates.
> Man shall not ask his brother any more
> 'Believest thou?' but 'Lovest thou?' till all
> Shall answer at God's altar, 'Lord, I love.'
> For Hope may anchor, Faith may steer, but Love,
> Great Love alone is captain of the soul."

Mr. Carpenter has a rare facility in the use of dactyls; but the songs interspersed through his graceful, lucid, and adaptable blank verse lack the highest lyric qualities of ease and suggestiveness. They express thoughts carefully, but never moods exquisitely. The "Liber Amoris" is a poem which may fairly be considered a hostage given by the author to the world for the performance of even greater things.

The visit of the Queen of the Hawaiian Islands to this country affords an opportunity for the publishers of this interesting book† to bring it again before the public. It was written in 1885, by C. M. Newell, an evident *persona grata* at the Hawaiian Court, and dedicated to Her Majesty Queen Kapiolani. Mr. Newell's romance is valuable less in its assumed character than as a key to the condition of the Hawaiian people. The Hawaiian manners and customs, with the exception of the outward observances of the *tabu*, which fell, of course, with the power of the priests, have not changed so very much since the time of

*"Liber Amoris." Being the Book of Love of Brother Aurelius. By Henry Bernard Carpenter. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

†"Kamêhamêha, the Conquering King." A Romance of Hawaii. C. M. Newell. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Kaméhamíha, the savage, with some touches of greatness, of whom Mr. Newell makes a hero. *Pele*, the terrible goddess of the volcano, no longer gets the sacrifice of a human being; her goddesship is obliged to be contented with a roast pig. But we are told that all of the royal family, which is generally supposed to be entirely Christianized, are not above sacrificing publicly to *Pele*, whose fire and thunder reverberates from the volcano whenever a sacrifice is needed. Mr. Newell graphically disposes of the theory, still held by a few, that the famous Captain Cook was a martyr to Hawaiian treachery. He was, according to our author, a truculent and brutal person, who foolishly persisted in outraging the natives long after the patience of a less patient people would have been exhausted. Mr. Newell has a gift of picturesque writing, and his sympathy seems, whenever possible, to be with the Hawaiians, so much so that the goddess Pele takes the position of a veritable power. At times the Hawaiian Christian, reading this book, may, judging from Mr. Newell's fervor, almost fancy that he has become a convert to belief in "the goddess of the fiery mountain."

It was predicted that the author of "Mr. Isaacs," of "Dr. Claudius," of "A Roman Singer," of "An American Politician," was at once too prolific and too versatile. Nevertheless, he has continued to be prolific and versatile; and, after reading his last novel, there are few who will prefix the "too" to those adjectives. "Saracinesca*" is fresh, virile, and well-sustained. It has not only what the constant reader of novels demands, a new "flavor," but it has the ripe flavor of matured thought and the style of an experienced artist. Saracinesca is a Roman Prince, the son of an older Roman Prince. Two of the most subtle studies in the novel are characters of this old man and another, the old nobleman with whom Corona, the altogether womanly and noble heroine of "Saracinesca," has made a marriage of reason. She loves the younger Saracinesca; he returns her love. He speaks finally, and then there follows one of the finest revelations of tenderness, honor, and dignity made in a modern novel. Corona remains faithful to her husband in will and act, though her thoughts have wandered. The death of her husband, after a fit of jealous rage, and because of the reaction produced by the certitude that she has been true to him, is a scene of dramatic force of so high an order that one can best appreciate it by understanding the artistic reticence of the writer of it.

"Saracinesca," by F. Marion Crawford. McMillan & Co.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CCCLXX.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

POSSIBLE PRESIDENTS.

THE most important elective office in the world to-day is the Presidency of the United States. Judged by the character and ability of the men who have thus far filled the Presidential chair, American democracy has no reason to dread comparison with other and older systems of government. If there have been in our history some conspicuous failures to elect good representatives of American statesmanship to the highest place in the gift of the people, those failures have been so few and far between that they must be regarded as the exceptions which prove the rule. Yet it cannot be denied that there is a rapidly growing spirit which teaches that, in the matter of Presidents, we are to look out for the impossible, and prepare to content ourselves with makeshift mediocrity.

This spirit has grown from the belief that, amid the din and strife of party struggle, scandal is too busy with the names of those who have served the state long and conspicuously to admit of their facing the light that beats so fiercely and falsely upon a Presidential candidate. It is true that, at such moments of popular emotion, we look less curiously into the mythology of scandal, and accept more willingly the tales of good or evil that float from mouth to mouth. And the more conspicuous the subject the more marked is the tendency to idolize or to depreciate. We know that Washington himself was not exempt from the fulsome adulation and the slanderous vituperation that follow in the wake of glory.

But in times of calm we may look for calmer judgments. We may even look for mercy in its more tempered state. It has seemed, therefore, a good time, at this distance from the date of Presidential nominations, to offer the readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW a series of articles on possible Presidential candidates of the great parties. Each of these articles will be written by a friendly

hand, and each of them will endeavor to set forth the respective merits, or claims, or fitness, of some conspicuous public man, whose talents, services, or popularity, have seemed to designate him as a possible President.

Certainly it is not within our purpose, in the present series, to test anything but the power of friendly pens in attempting calmly and fairly to present the claims of men of mark to the Chief Magistracy. For the slanders and disparagements of a Presidential campaign will do enough to offset any partial prejudice of the present writers. Standing then, as it were, at the very bar of judgment, the Presidential candidate has little to hope from his enemies.

As some one has wittily remarked, "There is one thing to be said in favor of running for the Presidency: the citizen who survives the ordeal has nothing to fear from the day of judgment; for he knows that all his sins and shortcomings have been published in this world."

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

IT has been well said that ideals have more influence upon the world than ideas. It might be better said that ideas chiefly influence the world through ideals. Whether the question be religion or patriotism, the infinite possibilities of material resource or of individual freedom, it is, so to speak, held in solution in the human mind, inert and ineffective, till some leader arises who flashes upon it the light of his personality,—and forthwith the vague idea shapes itself, an army is organized and mobilized, and the world makes a visible and permanent upward movement.

The Republican party is rich in men who would serve it well in the Presidency, but Mr. Blaine is the leading Presidential candidate of the Republican party, and the only popular Presidential candidate of any party. In his personality centres an interest for which many reasons have been given by friend and foe, while there remains ever something that eludes explanation. It is an interest which strengthens alike under incessant activity and under profound silence; in the full sunlight of publicity no more than in the seclusion of strictest privacy. Wherever Mr. Blaine moves the eyes of his countrymen follow. But a few days ago, in a carefully cherished autograph book, we were shown a carelessly pencilled note from Mr. Garfield long antedating his Presidency, with an explanation that during a session of the Electoral Commission before the Supreme Court, Mr. Blaine had entered the crowded court room. Every square inch seemed pre-empted, but a seat was instantly proffered him. Whereupon a Senator pencilled to Mr. Garfield the simple yet significant question: "Do you sup-

pose there is any assembly in America that Blaine could enter, however crowded it was, that somebody wouldn't instantly find a chair for him ? "—a note which Mr. Garfield laughingly indorsed and passed on to the next man.

It is significant because of what it signifies. It marks the attention, not merely admiring, but affectionate, which Mr. Blaine's presence invariably attracts, and which, indeed, is far from being limited to his presence. So powerful is his personality, that thousands who have never seen him have yet come under its spell. When he rises to speak in the Senate, the other chamber and the corridors are emptied. If he goes as a private citizen to help in a Pennsylvania election, his compatriots turn it into a triumphal progress. He stands before an Ecclesiastical Club in the city of his bitterest foes, and his few hearty, practical, merry, and serious words bring out the clerical huzzas and handkerchiefs in as wild a snow-storm as if it were a nominating convention. He is summoned by a legislative committee to testify on a question of plumbing, and forthwith a stream of life rushes through the pipes of every newspaper on the ground. He consents to speak a word for unhappy Ireland to a local assembly in a provincial city, and instantly the electric wires are stretched into the British Parliament, and the Tories of England rage over their morning tea and toast as vigorously as if it were a deliverance from the Opposition Benches.

He changes skies, but his observers do not change mind. On the contrary a syndicate seems to have taken out a contract to supply America with Blaine items at whatever cost to truth and type. The brain reels but follows. Mr. Blaine has gone on a cosmopolitan mission, embracing the pontificate, the German Empire, the Irish autonomy, at the same moment that he is shut up in the Caves of Fingal pulling the wires of the Ohio State Convention. He is betraying the Irish cause under the fascinations of Tory drawing-rooms, while in the same pyrotechnic paragraph the Tories are sternly rebuking the American Minister for visiting Mr. Blaine's political sins with the punishment of social ostracism. We have hardly had time to force the bidden tear over his internal, unnamed, and mysterious, but complicated and fateful, disorders, before he is whirled from his sick bed and set to steering an endangered boat out of the jaws of death under the Bridge of Earn. Whatever feats of biography the future may have in store

for us, one fact is demonstrated : the reporters have a perfect and touching confidence in the interest with which the people regard Mr. Blaine. Nothing can be more naïve or engaging than their child-like trust that his name on their wares makes their wares a marketable commodity, however grotesque and out of drawing those wares may be. And there is always the stimulus of knowing that it is a fund which can never be overdrawn ; since, as soon as the event disproves the prophecy or upsets the comment, it is only to rush into black letter head-lines that "Mr. Blaine Changes His Mind."

In the economy of the world this interesting and powerful personality would be ill-placed, would perhaps be impossible if it were not allied with large ability. Mr. Blaine is by every endowment of his nature a statesman. His mind moves naturally, freely, with buoyancy and exultation, on broad national and international lines. He divines a danger or a promise to the country by that swift process of reasoning which is called intuition. To minds of more limited scope and slower motion his course seems erratic, "dramatic," inexplicable, or explicable only on some petty ground. Whereas his course is invariably along a steady, self-impelling principle. His action, therefore, is consistent and becomes presently and openly justified. Using language with singular and scholarly accuracy, he is greatly liable to be misunderstood and misconstrued by men who read and render language with the ordinary careless inaccuracy ; as when, before its appearance, "Twenty Years of Congress," a philosophical political history, was widely pre-outlined in the press as "Twenty Years in Congress," a volume of personal reminiscence ; as when the proffered choice "between the civilization of Christ and the civilization of Confucius" was sharply arraigned and condemned as a choice "between the religion of Christ and the religion of Confucius ;" or as when the entirely practicable demand that the Chinese should not be allowed unrestrictedly to come, was translated into the vulgar and impracticable demand that "the Chinese must go."

Mr. Blaine's course regarding the Chinese question furnishes a good illustration of his superior political insight. When it first became a subject of Congressional debate California was chiefly interested. Not only the whole Atlantic Coast, but the whole interior, was practically indifferent to the question of

Chinese or any other immigration. With California it was a matter of primary and pressing moment. California uttered a cry of distress. Mr. Blaine, it may almost be said alone, grasped the situation, used the opportunity, met the question with appreciative intelligence, with instant action. The effect was as when hot iron is suddenly immersed in cold water. The sizzling hissed over the continent. The sentiment and tradition of the country were up in arms. So far as the question had been considered at all it had been considered in its sentimental aspect. America was the asylum of the world and the asylum of the world it must remain. The fathers had made America the refuge of the oppressed and the refuge of the oppressed it must continue. Religion and politics, for that time at least, laid down their warfare and joined in the stern iteration that God had made of one blood all nations of men; and both alike forgot to finish the quotation and iterate that the same Supreme Power had determined the bounds of their habitation. Mr. Blaine became, therefore, for a while, the object of extreme and almost violent objurgation. He was pandering to the hoodlums and the Sandlots for votes,—though it should have been palpable to the most superficial observer that for one vote gained on the Pacific Coast he must be losing twenty votes in the East. He was dishonoring the fathers and disgracing our country before the world by making her false to the genius of her institutions, though a very little accurate history shows that the fathers troubled themselves not at all about the genius of their institutions and made short work of turning back the Chinese of their day, or even of turning out the few who squeezed in through the lines. Public men, even of his own party, were against him. Many antagonized his position openly. Many more were disapprovingly silent. Probably no political opposition was ever more universal, more natural, more hearty and conscientious.

Much of the hostility which Mr. Blaine has encountered has been purely positional, artificial, fabricated under the necessity of preventing him from obtaining office. But this was sincere and spontaneous. Without regard to party or place the country honestly believed that his attitude was anti-Republican, anti-Democratic, anti-American, anti-Christian,—a reversal of the policy of the fathers, a surrender of the principles upon which our Government was established, a betrayal of the law of Christ.

The world has rolled on, and by the logic of events Mr. Blaine has been more than justified. The question of immigration, of which the Chinese question is but a single phase, has come to the front as a question of immediate concern to the welfare, to the very existence of the nation. As I write these words, the newspapers, even those which were most strenuous against Mr. Blaine's "un-American policy," are resounding with protests against unrestricted immigration; against permitting our shores to be submerged by the tide of foreign ignorance, incapacity, and immorality; against suffocating the republic with an alien element impossible of assimilation.

Nay, since these last words were written, I find religious authority suggesting that "it would be a good thing to prevent all immigration to the United States from every country under the sun for the next twenty-five years, till we can have time to assimilate the something more than eight millions of foreigners which we now have," and "rejoicing that many people are waking up to the enormous strain upon a government like ours in attempting to blend and weld such a mass into constituent parts of a free and orderly republic," and that "no considerations of sentiment or tradition should keep us from searching out and applying a remedy for this very serious and menacing evil." The "one blood" and the "asylum" theory have, under stress, been set aside in favor of self-preservation; and the objection to anti-Chinese legislation is that it is not broad enough—is an unfair discrimination against one race which is to be remedied by legislating against all!

But to see the situation clearly beforehand, and to take timely action, is what constitutes the difference between the statesman and the "mob of gentlemen who write with ease."

No credit is due to Mr. Blaine for discerning the danger years before it became visible to the naked eye of the populace. He could not help it. He was endowed with the statesman's vision. No credit is due him for maintaining his position against the entreaties of friends and the attack of foes. He could not help it. The necessity made itself so felt that there was nothing else to do. Consequently there was no heroism in doing it; for just as clearly as he saw the darkening cloud, just so clearly he saw that his country must presently discern it also, and would ultimately second the efforts which were now resisted.

Mr. Blaine is the most prominent Presidential candidate of the

people, because a great mass of sensitive, acute, proud, and patriotic Americans believe that when a man sees more quickly and clearly than others the dangers to which the nation is exposed, and shows himself prompt, fertile, and fearless in resources against them, the interests of the country require that this man should be put in command. There are many thousands of personally unambitious, straight-forward, and clear-sighted men, who would like once more to try the experiment, not unknown among us, of putting a statesman at the head of the State.

But the statesman is not only quick to discern and avoid dangers, he is quick to discern and improve advantages.

Garfield's short administration was shorter even than the calendar shows. During its two closing months, a whole people dwelt hushed and stricken, in the valley of the Shadow of Death. The utmost actual work of the Administration was confined within four months, yet during that short period two statesmen, men of ideas, moved by one lofty patriotism, sent new life coursing through the nation's veins. Previous to this time it might almost be said that we had no foreign relations. After the young republic had cut loose from the mother country and shown her independence in certain apparently inevitable wars she seemed to think her place in the world permanently assured if not assigned, and gave herself strictly to minding her own business. Reared in the principle of Washington to *friendship with all, entangling alliances with none,* confident in the power of her isolation behind her barriers of the sea, strong in the infinite resources of her continental domain, the Republic was content to work on with a giant's force of muscle and brain, paying but little heed to the rest of the world.

It was like Hawthorne's rowing and forging ahead, with never a protest that the second oarsman was all the while rowing against him. America was getting over the course with unexampled rapidity, but with a wholly unnecessary tug and sweat, and slowness even, because the crack oarsman of the world was in the same boat, and steadfastly pulling the other way. In their one swift moment of place and power, President Garfield and Mr. Blaine changed all this. They recognized that a time may come when one will best mind his own business by paying a little attention to the business of other people. While an infant nation may well use its isolation for the development of its own practically

inexhaustible internal resources, and while prosperity, on such a basis, may become not only stable but phenomenal, they recognized also that steam and electricity have changed the conditions of the world, have annihilated time and space; that almost without knowing it we had perforce entered into foreign relations. We had become a part, and an intimate and practical part, of the brotherhood of nations. We had become a standing, if silent, menace to the outworn, a living encouragement to the new spirit. Old nations, less confident than we in their inward vitality, more eager than we to strengthen themselves at every assailable point, because we did not feel ourselves assailable, were securing every vantage ground, while we maintained an indifference seemingly altogether stolid, yet, perhaps, a little sublime. Certainly, if it was not a noble it was a not wholly ignoble indifference, begotten as it was of a too tranquil faith in our institutions. President Garfield sent Mr. Blaine to the fore, and it ceased to be indifference at all. Our foreign relations, before invisible, came out under his warm breath in legible not only, but in glowing characters. Men saw that the great republic had reached the hour when she should be no longer supinely content in her prosperity, but should lead the continent forward. Though she loitered, they found that the world would not wait. Trade and commerce were struggling for greater scope. If America refused to take her true place, she would lose it, for the vigilant nations were ready, were even then on the noiseless advance. The great Republic stirred. Not a single member of the sisterhood of republics, however weak, or far, or torn with internal dissensions, but felt the thrill of this new contact. England, strong, alert, clever, eternally aggressive, with long experience, and without a rival, felt herself unceremoniously jostled at the gates where she had been wont to enter supreme. In tropical seas, on the Pacific coast, wherever she had been steadily, not to say stealthily, penetrating, suddenly the bells struck, the banners flew, the gates slammed, and, in diplomatic but determined language, that enterprising and persistent island sovereignty was "given notice." It was but for a moment. Death came and the *status quo* was restored. But the silence will never again be quite the same. The patriotic chord had been struck. The sense of nationality had been aroused. Pride of country, the consciousness

of power had awakened. It had been perceived that the republic owes a duty to her own citizens commensurate with her resources; that it is not enough to be doing well; *noblesse oblige;* the occasion demands that we do our best; it is shameful for a great nation to fall below the opportunity and abandon to other nations the place, the advantages, the trade and commerce, the influence and the prestige that of right belong to her. All this, lying undefined in the heart of American manhood, especially of young American manhood, was stimulated into efficient activity, took form and direction under a guiding hand, and will never be forgotten. Mr. Blaine is the leading Presidential candidate of the country because he recognized her honorable ambition, sought to open new channels for her restless energies, and showed in his short sole term of office that American citizenship would not degenerate in his hands, but would advance to greater opportunity at home and greater honor before the world.

To enumerate the points on which he has thrown light, the questions which he has seized and held up before his countrymen, showed in their various phases and has set in their true position, would be to write his biography. Wherever there has been a policy to be defined, a pledge to be redeemed, a liberty to be secured, a debt to be paid, a right to be defended, a wrong to be prevented, a danger to be avoided or defied, there his voice has given unmistakable utterance. He has never evaded a real issue; he has never been forced into a false issue. No pressure of political necessity has ever imposed upon his allegiance or his advocacy a platitude for a principle, an administrative detail for a national policy, a disputed experiment for a universal solvent, speech for silence, or silence for speech.

He is a man of genius in the sphere of state-craft. In that sphere his resources seem to be inexhaustible. It has been foolishly said that the politician thinks of the next election,—the statesman of the next age. The man who confines himself to the next age may be a dreamer, a philosopher, a scientist, a useful man in his way, but he is not a statesman. The statesman is just as mindful of the next election as the man who thinks of nothing but the next election. The statesman uses the next election for the furtherance of the next age and of this as well. The statesman comprehends all things in the sweep of his vision and his action. He sees the eternal principles, he follows the eternal

order, and he strives to bring the popular mind into harmony with that order, into conformity with those principles.

It is not strange that a thousand devices should be sought to explain away Mr. Blaine's unrivaled influence with the people. The influence is not denied, nor the fact that such influence is power. What he touches answers. Another essays a similar touch and there is no response. Since this is undeniable there only remains to opposition the task of neutralizing its effects. Honorable and intelligent partisan opposition attempts this by argument and eloquence, honorable rivalry by greater services, unprincipled incapacity by unprincipled vituperation. But the resource of unprincipled incapacity has ever been to maintain that devils are cast out through Beelzebub the prince of the devils. He against whom the charge was originally made refuted it with prompt and vigorous reasoning, but it is not recorded that his accusers ever withdrew the charge or acknowledged its refutation. Logic is against the theory and history is against it, but stern necessity compels it, and against an argument of the will an argument of the reason has no power. Criticism is always on the level of the critic. It may hit or miss its object, but it is ever true to its source. His revilers did not succeed in persuading the world to accept their characterization of the Christ, but the world has accepted their own self-revelation with entire unanimity.

It is not unnatural that men who are incapable of broad views should misunderstand the broad view. Every great man is followed by interpreters, who must write him small, because they are small; it is not their will, but their doom. Their real contribution to his greatness is that they follow him.

There are other men who are large in their own province, but not quite wise enough to keep within it. When Mr. Tyndall considers heat as a mode of motion he secures our consideration also, but when he pronounces Mr. Gladstone "a desperate gamester" we simply regret that the shoemaker has gone beyond his last. We do not change our opinion of Mr. Gladstone.

The storms of political calumny sweep almost as low in this country as they do in England, and as little affect the atmosphere which a man creates around himself. In Mr. Blaine's vicinage the air has never grown murky. All the outpour has been but the pelting of a theatre-thunder-shower on a natural ledge of rock.

In spite of intense political antagonism he has steadily increased in political stature, because character, ability, education, and achievement have combined to endow him with marvelous political vitality. Privacy has not developed the smallest tendency to relegate him to obscurity, because his influence flows from himself and not from his position. His bow abides in strength because it is of hard wood, without a flaw, well seasoned, and well strung. He touches the heart because his own heart is touched. He commands because he understands. What seems dramatic is dramatic, for it is direct nature, and nature is always dramatic. We are stiff and ineffective because we dare not or cannot be natural. Men call him magnetic simply because they do not know what else to call it. He has not the inexhaustible flow of rhetoric, or of wit, or of drollery, which characterizes one and another of our orators, but he has a never-failing fund of brilliant common sense and of quick human sympathy. He has the rare power of seeing and of setting forth a subject in its real relations. His logic is so luminous that it often has the effect of wit. His sympathy is so ready and so efficient that to minds of a different calibre it seems to be a demoniac ingenuity,—whereas it is not ingenuity at all, but spontaneity. Long and labored explanations of him come to grief, because by the time a fine-spun theory is well woven around him he is liable to rise and walk out of it, quite unconscious of the broken threads. That his personality can never be ignored is partly because he himself is so unaware. He is the more interesting to others in that he completely forgets himself. He is absorbed in the theme under discussion or under thought. He will sit in his chair in Congress, the cynosure of all eyes, unconscious of any gaze, head well sunk in his shoulders, every feature heavily drooping in a face from which the soul seems absolutely to have gone out—or gone in. I have seen him riding through the streets of Washington, the bridle-rein hanging loose in his hand, gazing groups on each side of the street, his blank unseeing eyes fixed on the sunset sky which illumined his face as round and fine and about as expressionless as a Dresden plate. When occasion comes he argues with a vehemence that glows like passion. The soul of him rushes in like a flood, charges feature and figure with vital force; he is erect, alight, alive. And the occasion is very apt to be occasional. With a simple inter-

locutor, in a chance turn of table-talk, or after-table chat, a suggestion will elicit from him a statement, a presentation, terse, vivid, forceful, convincing, as if it were a speech prepared in the closet and delivered under the inspiration of a listening Congress. So furnished and trained is his mind that on whatever he is moved to speak, and in whatever circumstances,—in the Senate, on the stump, before a benevolent society, at a party of pleasure, or walking with a friend on the street,—he hoards no illustration, he is aware of no bystander, he sees only his theme, and all his resources are at command.

Mr. Blaine is a politician in the true and noble sense of the word, but he does not know how to play the demagogue. Baffled and uncomprehending Balaks, tired of hearing him repeatedly and altogether blessed on the very altars which they have built for his cursing, sardonically declare that this is the very way he does it; that demagogism is all there is of it. Too ardent adherents have sometimes been ready to wish that it were. If it had been possible for him to pose a little on Civil Service Reform, he could have had all the Mugwumps at his feet. Mr. George William Curtis has publicly notified the President that he may "spoil" as much as he likes if he will only keep the pose. Mr. Blaine through his whole public life has been a consistent and unvarying civil service reformer, but he could never catch the pose. His reform has always been by the way, never by buncombe. Formal complaint was lodged against his letter of acceptance that he sought to turn the campaign away from personal to political issues, a complaint which was a eulogy.

Mr. Blaine brought out in 1884 the remarkable increase in the Republican vote and is a leading candidate for the Presidency because the intelligent ambition of the American people desires to see at the head of the nation a man who represents at once its aspiration and its achievement.

Mr. Blaine is not a candidate because he wishes it himself. Whether he wishes it or not is a matter of absolutely no moment. That the office should seek the man, and not the man the office, is one of those silly saws that pass for wisdom with the unthinking, but whose only practical effect is to nurture hypocrisy. If a man wants an office, and is fit for it, seeking the office is no disqualification. Coyness is not a sign of virtue any more than of vice. But the Presidency of the United States is too great to be a ques-

tion of personal desire. A man's wish does not enter as a factor into the problem. When a man has shown pre-eminent fitness for the place, the only question is whether the elements that enter into a popular election can be so combined as to elect him. It is a question for the country. It is not a question for the man. This strong, great, drifting country needs a captain none the less because she does not founder in the command of a deck-hand. We can never be sure whether Mr. Blaine desires or dreads the Presidency; perhaps he does not know himself; but he has demonstrated that his usefulness and his happiness are independent of it. If the Presidential bee is in his bonnet, it is subject to a profound quadriennial hibernation.

Frank in this as in all matters, his position before his nomination was as outspoken as succinct: "Once I was eager and once I was willing. Now I am neither." But even when he was "eager," he was not too intent for badinage. Entering the Chamber of Representatives with a telegram from Oregon in his hand in the earliest opening of the campaign for his nomination in 1876, he blithely waved it, exclaiming: "Maine has declared for me and Oregon has declared for me. All that now remains for my friends is *to fill up the little gap between!*"

Defeated in his first nomination he started anew in the Senate, as alert as if that had been his goal. Defeated a second time in the nominating convention, he leaped into the new field of diplomacy with the nerve and the gayety of youth. Thrust back from the full tide of work by the same murderous hand that laid low his chief and friend, he turned into the quiet ways of literature and achieved the most brilliant success of his successful life. For not only is his book an addition to the historical literature of the world, not only is it a signal example of personal moral greatness, but it is a service rendered to the America of the future greater probably than could have been gathered into any administration of the Government.

Defeated finally in his election, he returned to his library and resumed his literary work with the same mental composure, without a trace of bitterness, without a suspicion of resentment, giving thus an exemplification of the American character hitherto absolutely unique.

It is for his countrymen to say whether he shall ever be called from that library to serve them as President. It is for them to

say whether they will have for President the man they want or a man they do not want. It is for them to say whether they will be represented in their highest position and led in their noblest ambition by their most widely known, their most fitly endowed, their best beloved fellow citizen.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

HALF the people of America have grown from childhood to manhood since the country was electrified by the news that Sherman's army had marched from Atlanta to the sea. Twenty years have gone, and we begin to know better the significance of the most picturesque as well as the most important campaign of the Civil War.

The battle of Chattanooga had proven the most crushing disaster that had happened to the Confederacy during the war; but a greater disaster still was waiting the South. Grant had gone to the armies in the East, and Sherman was threatening to cut what was left of the Confederacy in two. Of course that could not be done without first destroying or crippling the rebel army in his front. It was a long and perilous journey for an army from Chattanooga to Atlanta, the "gate city of the South." Nature had fortified the country against invasion almost every foot of the way, and a well commanded army of veterans occupied intrenchments, and river banks, and bridges, and mountain heights, in such force as to make almost disheartening any attempt at a forward campaign. Sherman's campaigns, however, had all been of the forward kind. He had seldom fought twice over the same ground, and he led an army accustomed to victory. In himself was represented a type of soldier that comes not once in a century; courageous, original, blest with great resources of intellect, a trained soldier, with the heart of a civilian, perfect in knowledge of the conduct of wars, cool in judgment, audacious in action, enthusiastic in the cause he was fighting for; an intense patriot, and possessed of the universal affection of his troops. Only such a leader could undertake with hopes of success a campaign so difficult as the 120 days' battle that lay between him and Atlanta. This 120 days' fighting was more than preliminary to the march to the sea; in a sense, it was a part of

that march. To destroy the armies in front of him, to take Atlanta, the central furnishing depot of the South; to destroy the lines that fed Lee's army; to show the Confederacy that their very interior and strongest places were not invulnerable; to put a victorious Northern army right in the heart of the South, and show the world that it could stay there; this was what Sherman set out to do. To do it, the Atlanta campaign became a necessity; so did the march to the sea. Throwing the same army that marched to Savannah right into Lee's rear, and later compelling him to surrender to Grant or flee to the mountains, was the additional possibility planned for, and believed in, long before the march seaward was commenced. The plan to strike Lee's rear with Sherman's army from Atlanta, 1,000 miles away, developed slowly. Its execution meant a tremendous move on the military chess board. Lee saw the fatal danger, ere the campaign was half done, and mentally resolved, as we see later, on *leaving Richmond* the moment Sherman's columns should get as far toward him as the Roanoke River.

The terrific events in Sherman's campaign, between the Tennessee River and Atlanta, had never been surpassed on the Continent. They were scarcely surpassed by the great single battles of Spottsylvania, the Wilderness, and Cold Harbor. It was not so much one very great battle, as a constant succession of heavy battles and fights in the woods. Day and night were heard the roar of cannon and the clash of musketry. Those not engaged in the perpetual conflict on the lines could scarcely sleep when the cracking of musketry ceased at times, so accustomed were they to the continued sound of guns. It was like a constant siege, filled up by never ending assaults, charging breastworks, taking bridges, manœuvres, reconnaissances, skirmishes, and battles: then the siege, and the assaults on Atlanta itself, the flanking movements, and, at last, the end. "Atlanta ours and fairly won," flew across the wires to Washington, and the first act in Sherman's campaign was finished. It had been a tremendous succession of hard fighting—a constant battle for four months. The great commander on the James realized the magnitude of the events. "You have accomplished," said Grant, in a letter to Sherman, "the most gigantic undertaking of any man in this war."

And what next? Grant wrote from Virginia. And he, too,

asked what next. What had Sherman gone to Atlanta for? Could he stop there? "It is now my opinion," wrote Sherman to Grant, "that I should keep Hood employed, and put my army in fine order for a march on Charleston (the sea)." These are the first written words about the "march" to be found in the records of the war. And again he wrote: "I would not hesitate, were there a new base in our hands at the coast, to cross the State of Georgia with sixty thousand men." The possibility of a march somewhere seaward had, as said, been looked forward to when the army left Chattanooga. Where he should strike, when he should strike, or whether new events would permit a march at all, were left wholly unsettled in his mind in the beginning; but at Atlanta Sherman conceived the true plan, and adopted the direction he would take, if only Hood would be foolish enough to march his Confederate army north into Tennessee, where Thomas stood waiting to welcome him. At last Hood did move, and northwards, and, to make the blunder more visible, Jefferson Davis himself rushed out to Palmetto, near Atlanta, and approved the plans of his General. Addressing the soldiers and the public, he pictured Sherman's army as now about to be lost. Advance he could not; and the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow was child's play compared with what would happen were the Federal General to attempt to fall back. A scout took the speech to Sherman, and that moment he determined on his "march to the sea." Davis was Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate armies, and his speech had convinced Sherman that the Confederate President was as weak in generalship as he was strong in boasting.

All surplus material and men were at once sent to the rear, and arrangements for another move in the brilliant campaign completed.

The origin of the plan of marching to the sea was Sherman's own, as much as was the execution of it, spite of certain malevolent critics, who sought to rob him of this part of the glory. "The honor is all yours," wrote President Lincoln, when success had crowned the march; "none of us went further than to acquiesce." Nothing but the overzeal of one of General Grant's admirers, or the malice of some jealous enemy, could have thought to put the origin of the march in doubt.

To Halleck Sherman now telegraphed: "I prefer for the future to make the movement on Milledgeville, Millen, and Savan-

nah;" and almost the same day he telegraphed General Grant: "If Hood goes north, why will it not do for me to leave Tennessee to Thomas and his forces at Nashville, and for me to destroy Atlanta and march across Georgia to Savannah or Charleston." Grant advised him first to follow Hood, destroy him, and afterwards move towards the sea. Thomas opposed the idea of moving South entirely, as did others. In no direction was the undertaking much encouraged. Events were drifting slowly; Hood was starting northward, and then Grant telegraphed to Sherman on November 2d, 1864: "I say go on, then, *as you propose.*" Being authorized to act, Sherman wrote to Thomas, speaking of the march: "I want all things bent to the plan. I purpose to demonstrate the vulnerability of the South, and make its inhabitants feel that *war* and *individual ruin* are *synonymous terms.*" And again, to Thomas: "The only hope of a Southern success is in the remote regions, difficult of access. We have now a good entering wedge, and should *drive it home.* We must preserve a large amount of secrecy, and I may actually change the ultimate point of arrival, but not the main object." Still again to Thomas: "Let us keep Beauregard busy, and the people of the South will realize his inability to protect them." Beauregard was kept busy —very busy. He, like Hood, and all the rest of the Confederates there, had, in fact, been having a busy time of it for many months, opposing soldiers like Thomas, Schofield, Logan, Howard, Hooker, McPherson, Morgan L. Smith, Stanley, Cox, Gresham, and others of the great fighting heroes of the Atlanta campaign.

To Stanton Sherman now wrote: "I will wait a few days yet to see what head he (Hood) makes about Decatur, and may yet turn to Tennessee, but it would be a great pity to take a step backward." On the same day, learning more of Hood's starting north, he telegraphed again to Washington: "I am pushing my preparations to march through Georgia." He had telegraphed to Thomas that "things must be bent to his plan," and they were bent. Messages were sent in every direction to urge haste in getting the trains and the sick to the rear; no neglect, no delay of any kind, would be brooked for a moment. Even apparent delays, and the temper of the commander flew to a white heat, no matter who might be at fault. Certain condemned horses and cavalry trains had been ordered sent back. Somebody had blundered, or

not been prompt. "I gave ten days' notice," exclaims the General, in a furious telegram to the Chief of Cavalry, "and I want to know who is responsible for this outrageous delinquency? I hope all will be killed or captured. Be ready for the saddle at an hour's notice." Here is the laconic order for the final destruction of Atlanta.

"CAPT. POE:

"You may commence the work of destruction at once, but don't use fire until towards the last moment.

"SHERMAN."

In burning Atlanta he was *fighting* the rebels, not *conciliating* them. Of course, a roar followed all over the South, finding a little echo, even in the North. It did not disturb him. "If my reasons," he wrote to Washington, "are satisfactory to the United States, it makes no difference whether it pleases General Hood and *his* people or not." He was now ready for the start. Jefferson Davis was apparently doing his best to aid him on his way. Cotton was no longer to be "king" in the South. Jefferson Davis had said it. "Corn" must grow on every field. It must have been with a grim smile that Sherman wrote to Secretery Stanton: "Convey to Jefferson Davis my personal and official thanks for abolishing cotton, and substituting corn and sweet potatoes in the South. These facilitate our military plans mu for food and forage are abundant."

st then came the news of Sheridan's victory in the East. Sherman had been killing men all summer, and he liked to see war of just the killing kind, the more desperate the better, and the sooner ended. The kindest hearted man in the world, he still liked Sheridan's way. "I am satisfied," he wrote the latter, just before leaving Atlanta, "and have been all the time, that the problem of this war consists in the awful fact that the present class of men who rule the South must be killed outright, rather than in the conquest of territory. Hard bulldog fighting, and a great deal of it, remains yet to be done." Sheridan was one of the men he believed capable of doing it. The South had thrown down the desperate gage of battle. It was kill or *get killed*, and while Sherman, as his course always proved, pitied the South, and would have given his life for honorable peace, nothing to his mind could bring that peace so quick as fighting in dead earnest.

Peace restored, no man in all America so prompt to offer the hand of reconciliation.

Sherman's first thought, after Atlanta had been taken, was to march on Augusta, connecting with the coast by the Savannah River. "If you can manage," he writes to Grant, on September 10th, "to take the Savannah River as high as Augusta, or the Chattahoochee as far up as Columbus, I can sweep the whole State of Georgia."

In fact, *three* routes seaward had been considered by Sherman: the line direct south, striking the sea at Appalachicola; the line to Augusta; and the middle, or southeast one to Savannah. Events proved the last the best in many senses: that route followed, Lee's army could be hurt the quickest, and it was *Lee's* army now, not Hood's, that Sherman was striking at. It was also time to choose. The whole Confederacy was waking to the danger of leaving him longer at Atlanta. The time had come possibly to drive him to the death. Davis said it had come. Hood was reaching his lines of communication, and quietly putting an army between him and the North. Grant telegraphed Sherman on the 27th September, that an awful effort was being made to crush him at Atlanta. Three courses were open to him: to remain at Atlanta, and risk losing his supply lines; to turn back and follow Hood's army northwards; or to cut loose, march south, and destroy Lee's chances from his far rear. He had already determined, however, not to fight the old ground over again —to take no step backward, but leave Hood and his Northern invasion to the competent hands of General Thomas.

The gigantic labor of supplying large armies from distant points can scarcely be realized. To feed Sherman's army about Chattanooga, from its supply base at Nashville, had required the labor of thousands of men and teams, and the use of one hundred and forty-five railway cars daily. That meant the use of a hundred locomotives and a thousand railway cars. The risk to supplies, with thousands of well-led hostile cavalry in the rear, was too serious to contemplate. A move somewhere from Atlanta was rapidly becoming not only the best thing to do, but a necessity, if the fruits of the last campaign were not to be lost.

The *reveille* beat at four o'clock in the morning of November 15th, 1864, and waked the sleeping soldiers about Atlanta to break camp and start, many of them, on their last campaign. Daylight

saw sixty-two thousand two hundred and four men, with sixty-five cannon, moving in separate, but nearly parallel, columns seaward. The orders had been carefully given; every officer, every soldier, knew his place, and something in the very air told them they were starting on a march that would end with the closing of the war. Sixty-two thousand men was no small army to cut loose from a base and enter the lines of a hostile country, with no foothold but the ocean beyond. The last mile of the railroad behind had been destroyed; the last message, a good-bye and an "all right," had been telegraphed back to Thomas; the wires were cut, the last link lost communicating with the North.

Passing the city in flames and ruin, Sherman rode forward, joined one of his columns, and the march to the sea had begun.

Three hundred miles southeast lay Savannah and the ocean. Towards this point all columns were headed, though greatly diverging at times, threatening important positions, like Macon and Augusta, right and left, and, by mysterious movements on the flanks, leading the enemy at the front to concentrate to-day in one place and to-morrow forty miles away.

Two great wings, almost equally divided as to numbers, formed the marching army. The right was led by Major-General Howard, and Major-General Slocum commanded the left, with soldiers such as Blair, Davis, Williams, and Osterhaus, directing Army Corps, and veterans like Corse, Geary, Force, Ward, Mower, Morgan, Woods, Hazen, Smith, Leggett, Baird, and Carlin, leading Divisions. Fighting men, every one of them, and the soldiers were veterans, hardened by scores of battles.

Sherman's cavalry, kept under his personal direction, was commanded by Kilpatrick—but in numbers, it was inferior to the cavalry of Wheeler in his front, and hanging on his flanks. The enemy possessed strong garrisons all along the seacoast and in the interior towns. Columns from these were liable to be concentrated and thrown in front of Sherman at any hour; troops from Virginia, even, might be hastening, by train, to stop the invaders' way. If there had been audacity in conceiving the movement, and entering on the march, the utmost caution and vigilance were necessary to prevent surprise, detection of routes and concentrating of hostile forces at unexpected places, and at unexpected times. Possibly for safety, the cavalry force seemed inadequate, but the weakness was made up by a force never before known in

war—the mounted "foragers." Every twentieth man in the army was regularly detailed to scour the country right and left, and sometimes front, for food and forage. In three days' time the greater number of these foragers had mounted themselves on some species of horse or mule, and the "foragers" became a sort of irregular, or partisan cavalry—flying hither and thither, at all times, and in all places. They confiscated horses, mules, cattle, pigs, sheep, poultry, grain, fodder, potatoes and meat in such enormous quantities as to supply the whole army. Only occasionally were the regular rations in the supply trains touched at all. The army was living completely off the country. The corn Jefferson Davis had ordered planted in the cotton-fields was feeding Sherman's soldiers. The "foragers" were becoming the historic personages of the campaign. They were men accustomed to danger, to improvising defenses, to fighting on foot or mounted, to ambuscades and open fields; soldiers of infinite resources, and it is doubtful if any cavalry in existence could have been half so useful to the army as Sherman's mounted "foragers." Their irregularities, and they were not great, for discipline met them when they came to camp, were overlooked in the good that they accomplished. At times on the march, the whole army concentrated, as at Milledgeville, Millen, and at the approaches to Savannah, and diverged, or else marched in parallel lines, seldom more than twenty miles from flank to flank, keeping to the right and to the left of them, as protectors, the Savannah and the Ogeechee rivers, leading seaward. Sometimes the columns, as at Duncan's farm by Macon, met the enemy, and with a sharp battle hurled them back; or, as at the crossing of Briar River, where the cavalry met in severe engagement, fighting for a bridge, or when the advance run on to the hidden intrenchments in the swamps outside Savannah. Unexpectedly, however, there was little fighting on the march; but fighting, of a desperate kind, too, might still occur at any moment. Once, the enemy's wires were tapped, and a dispatch captured saying that Bragg, with ten thousand men and part of Wade Hampton's cavalry, was leaving Augusta for his rear that very night. Day after day the invading army tramped along through the unknown country, their very whereabouts a mystery to the waiting North, whose anxiety, fed by false reports from Richmond, became intenser every hour. For twenty days the columns swung along with a steady step, and then, in the distance,

they beheld the sea. The swamps, the woods, the intrenchments and the well manned forts guarding the City of Savannah had been reached. Sherman's eyes strained for the white sails of the friendly fleet. They were not to be seen. His army lapped almost around the city, but there was no possibility of reaching the sea-side or the Union ships. On his left lay the swamps, the forts, and a rebel army ; on his right, bristling with heavy guns, and armed with heroic men, frowned Fort McAllister. That captured, communication with the fleet were possible. Different troops begged the privilege to assault. Just before sundown of December 13th, a division of blue coats under Major General Hazen appeared from the thick wood skirting the approaches to the fort. From the top of a rice mill, across the river, Sherman, glass in hand, was watching the movement. In front of these men, whose guns glistened in the slanting rays of the setting sun, stood a strong fort armed with heavy guns, protected by a deep ditch, by continuous palisades and abattis, and by veteran soldiers.

Sherman looked at the setting sun and feared the approach of night. "Signal Hazen to assault at once," he ordered. The little signal flag at his side fluttered a little, and was answered by Hazen's whole line advancing to the palisades. That moment the fort belched forth its artillery. Steadily the line advanced, spite of hidden torpedoes exploding under their feet ; spite of the musketry and shells from the fort, and in a few moments entered the cloud of smoke made by the battle. For a minute, only the rattle of musketry was heard ; all was darkness there, and then the cloud-vail lifted, revealing the stars and stripes planted on the fort. In fifteen minutes Fort McAllister had been taken by assault. Such quick work had hardly been done in the war. That night communication was established with the fleet, and Sherman slept in Fort McAllister alongside the dying and the dead. The second step of the march to the sea was finished, and from the whole North went up a prayer of thankfulness. The end of the war was now in sight. The resources of the South were gone ; Lee's lines of supply were cut in two, and the confidence of the South in her leaders was turning into hate. For Sherman to serve South Carolina as he had served Georgia, to march his army to the Roanoke, demolishing Charleston and Columbia on the way, would be to end the war. In a sense, Richmond was already taken by a force five hundred miles away. General Lee

saw what Sherman's movements were resulting in. "It was easy to see," he writes in a private letter three years later :

"WARM SPRINGS, Va., *July* 27, 1868.

"GENERAL WM. S. SMITH :

. . . . . .

"As regards the movements of General Sherman, it was easy to see that unless they were interrupted I should be compelled to abandon the defense of Richmond, and, with a view of arresting his progress, I so weakened my force by sending re-enforcements to South and North Carolina that I had not sufficient men to man my lines.

"Had they not been broken I should have abandoned them as soon as General Sherman reached the Roanoke.

"(Signed) R. E. LEE."

Sherman *did* reach the Roanoke or its neighborhood, and was but eighteen miles away when the evacuation of Richmond begun.

If the hopes of the South failed when Sherman reached Savannah, the spirits of the North were correspondingly buoyant. Grant himself, so reticent usually, hastened to lay a tribute at the feet of his friend.

. . . . . .

"I never had a doubt of the result when apprehensions for your safety were expressed by the President. I assured him that with the army you had, and you in command of it, there was no danger, but you would strike bottom on salt water some place ; that I would not feel the same security; in fact, would not have intrusted the expedition to any other living commander. I congratulate you and your army upon the splendid results of your campaign, the like of which is not read of in past history."

Now, more than ever, Sherman and his army felt they were striking Lee's army from behind. Hood was no longer a factor in the game, and the force between Sherman and the Roanoke River was not a force to fear. It was Lee Sherman was thinking of only. To Halleck he wrote on the 24th of December : "I think my campaign of the last month, as well as every step I take from this point North, is as much a direct attack upon Lee's army as though I were operating within the sound of his artillery;" and to Grant, three days before Christmas he wrote : "I have now completed my first step, and should like to join you *via* Columbia and Raleigh. If you can hold Lee, and if Thomas can continue as he did on the 18th (referring to his battle of Nashville) I could go on and smash South Carolina all to pieces, and

break up roads as far as the Roanoke." Grant *did* hold Lee, and Thomas *did* do as well as on the 18th, and Sherman *did smash things all to pieces in South Carolina.* He went to the Roanoke, and Lee went from Richmond.

The war was done, and Sherman's victorious soldiers tramped on another four hundred miles to Washington. The fighting had commenced on the Tennessee River, the marching ended on Pennsylvania avenue, and whole divisions of the soldiers who saluted the President that afternoon of the grand review had marched with their rifles on their shoulders a distance of almost three thousand miles.

S. H. M. Byers.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE HON. JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.

GRATEFUL appreciation of the services and veneration for the character of a distinguished statesman has overcome the reluctance belonging to a consciousness of inability to do adequate justice to the theme. A long personal acquaintance would enable me to say much learned in friendly intercourse, but I shall rely upon those official records which are within the reach of all who choose to consult them.

No public man has been more misunderstood and misrepresented than Mr. Calhoun. Not unfrequently he has been described as a "hair-splitting abstractionist," a "sectionist" and a "disunionist." That he was eminently wise and practical, that his heart and his mind embraced the whole country, that he was ardently devoted to the Union of the constitution as our Fathers made and construed it, his official acts and published speeches clearly demonstrate.

The subject of this sketch was of Scotch-Irish descent, a stock characterized by sturdy integrity, intrepidity, and intellectual vigor. They have been represented in our history by Presidents Monroe and Jackson, and many distinguished in the civil and military service.

Mr. Calhoun was born in 1782, the last year of the Revolutionary War, and while negotiations were pending which terminated in the treaty of peace, recognizing the declared sovereignty and independence of the several States, late colonies of Great Britain.

At the time of his birth the State of his nativity, South Carolina, was a member of the confederacy styled the "United States of America," being bound by articles of confederation and perpetual union between the States enumerated. Rocked in the cradle of the Revolution, his earliest years amid the shouts of a

people triumphant in their liberation from foreign rule, and the enjoyment of community independence, may he not fairly be regarded as having imbibed with his first sensations the belief in State rights, maintained with such ardent devotion in defiance of all the clamor which pursued him to the end of his life, and stops not even at his grave?

Reared in a rural district of South Carolina, with such preparation as the country schools of that day could give, he entered Yale College and was graduated with distinction, evincing at that early period the exact and analytic character of his mind by a special proficiency in mathematics. He read law as a profession, but practiced little, and at an early age became the representative of his district in the House of Representatives of the Legislature of his State, and subsequently a Representative in the Congress of the United States. He entered the House of Representatives in 1811, a period of intense excitement, of depredations upon our commerce, and upon the rights of seamen, citizens of the United States, which had aroused a just spirit of resistance. The policy of non-intercourse no longer satisfied the prouder spirits among our people; but, timidity and selfishness magnifying the danger of conflict with Great Britain, contended both in and out of Congress for further toleration of the ills we had, sooner than brave "those we knew not of." It was such a time as this that naturally brought forward men who loved their country, their *whole* country, and who would as soon fight for the commerce and sailors of New England as if they had belonged to their own State or section; and thus it was that, foremost of those who advocated defiance to Great Britain, and war with all its consequences, stood Calhoun of South Carolina and Clay of Kentucky. So ardent and effective were Calhoun's invocations as to cause a jeer to be thrown at those advocating the protection of our sailors, as "backwoodsmen who never saw a ship till convened here." Mr. Calhoun claimed that such sympathy was commendable, and said: "It constitutes our real Union, the rest is form; the wonder is, in fact, on the other side. Since it cannot be denied that American citizens are held in foreign bondage, how strange that those who boast of being neighbors and relations should be dead to all sympathy." In his speech December 12th, 1811, he put to his opponents the searching question: "Which shall we do, abandon or defend our commercial and maritime rights and the personal liberties of our

citizens employed in exercising them ?" Again he answered to the excuse of those who opposed preparation for war by representing the defenseless state of the country for which the majority, not the minority, was to be held responsible, and said : "It is no less the duty of the minority than a majority to endeavor to defend the country. For that purpose we are sent here and not for that of opposition." In the same spirit of broad patriotism he rebuked those who were pleading against the necessary expense which would attend armed opposition. "But it may be, and I believe was said, that the people will not pay taxes, because the rights violated are not worth defending ; for that the defense will cost more than the gain. Sir, I enter my solemn protest. . . . There is, sir, one principle necessary to make us a great people—to produce not the form, but the real spirit of union—and that is to protect every citizen in the lawful pursuit of his business."

After the war of 1812 had been successfully ended, to which success Calhoun, in civil life, and his compatriot, Jackson, in the army, had been recognized as mainly contributing, we see him laboring with the same zeal, though under different form, for the general welfare and common defense.

On January 31st, 1816, referring to the condition and future prospects of the country, he thus spoke : "We are now called upon to determine what amount of revenue is necessary for this country in time of peace. This involves the additional question, What are the measures which the true interests of the country demand ?" Treating of the defense of the country on land, he advocated a regular draft from the body of the people in preference to recruiting an army by individual enlistment, and of the latter said : "Uncertain, slow in its operation, and expensive, it draws from society only its worst materials, introducing into our army, of necessity, all the severities which are exercised in that of the most despotic governments. Thus composed, our armies, in a great degree, lose that enthusiasm with which citizen soldiers, conscious of liberty and fighting in defense of their country, have ever been animated." Then, with the same deep concern for every interest of the broad Union to which he was proud to belong, he proceeded to discuss material questions as follows : "I shall now proceed to a point of less, but still of great importance—I mean the establishing of roads and the opening of canals through various parts of the country." Referring to the

widely dispersed condition of our population, and the difficulty in the then condition of the country of collecting the military means at a menaced point, he said: "The people are brave, great, and spirited, but they must be brought together in sufficient numbers, and with a certain promptitude, to enable them to act with effect. . . . Let us make great permanent roads; not like the Romans, with views of subjecting and ruling provinces, but for the more honorable purpose of defense and of connecting more closely the interests of various sections of this great country." This he enforced by reference to the embarrassments felt for the want of facilities in transportation during the preceding war, and then proceded to consider what encouragement could properly be given to the industry of the country. He said: "In regard to the question, How far manufactures ought to be fostered, it is the duty of this country, as a means of defense, to encourage its domestic industry, more especially that part of it which provides the necessary materials for clothing and defense. . . . Laying the claims of manufacturers entirely out of view, on general principles, without regard to their interests, a certain encouragement should be extended at least to our woollen and cotton manufactures." After the war of the Revolution, it will be remembered that President Washington recommended special encouragement for the manufacture of materials requisite in time of war, and indicated the payment of bounties for the same. A like experience of the sufferings of the defenders of the country during the suspension of foreign trade suggested to both the propriety of guarding against such want in the future. Mr. Calhoun, in the same speech, called attention to the preparation which should be made for the defense of our coast and navigable rivers, and answered the argument which was opposed to the taxation which would be required, that it would impair the moral power of the country, and in that connection said: "Let us examine the question, whether a tax laid for the defense, security, and lasting prosperity of a country is calculated to destroy its moral power, and more especially of this country. If such be the fact, indispensable as I believe these taxes to be, I would relinquish them; for of all the powers of the Government, the power of a moral kind is most to be cherished. We had better give up all our physical power than part with this. But what is moral power? The zeal of the country and the confidence it reposes in the administration of its government."

After stating the obligation of the representatives as agents of the people, and their duty to influence their constituents to agree to whatever sacrifices were necessary for the security and prosperity of the country, he said: "I know of no situation so responsible, if properly considered, as ours. We are charged by Providence, not only with the happiness of this great and rising people, but, in a considerable degree, with that of the human race. We have a government of a new order, perfectly distinct from all others which have preceded it—a government founded on the rights of man; resting, not on authority, not on prejudice, not on superstition, but reason. If it shall succeed, as fondly hoped by its founders, it will be the commencement of a new era in human affairs." To men of the present day, the full significance of the argument of Mr. Calhoun for the encouragement of the manufactures which had grown up under the necessities of the war may not be appreciated in their anti-sectional character; it may, therefore, be not inappropriate to say that it was before the invention of steamships and steam locomotives, and that the manufactures were almost exclusively in the Northern States, and it would have required prophetic vision to foresee their introduction into the land of Calhoun. Commerce was then conducted on the sea and in sailing vessels. A wide plain lay between the mountains of South Carolina and the sea. If the water-power at the base of the mountains had been utilized for purposes of manufacture, the transportation across the plain would have been too slow and expensive for a profitable commerce. Therefore, the agricultural products, chiefly in the country near to the sea, were transported in ships to places where the water-power was near to a harbor, and thus it will be seen that to advocate encouragement to the manufacturers was to benefit, not the people of his own section, but those far away from it, and that in this, as well as in his zealous efforts for the vindication of the rights of sailors, he rose above any considerations of sectional interest or feeling, and stood forward as the champion of his countrymen, to whatever State they might belong. I now submit it to any candid and intelligent reader whether I have not disproved the charge of sectionalism as made against Calhoun.

The services rendered by him in the House of Representatives during the war of 1812 and immediately thereafter, not merely by the ability he exhibited, but by the purity and patriotism

which characterized his course, gave to him a high reputation in every portion of the country. He was invited by Mr. Monroe and accepted a seat in his Cabinet as Secretary of War, but many of Mr. Calhoun's best friends objected to his accepting the appointment, believing that the parliamentary field was one for the labors of which he was peculiarly fitted. They underrated the universality of his genius. His administrative ability was soon exhibited in so marked a degree as to induce the belief that he was then in his most appropriate sphere. Many eminent men had occupied that post, and, without detracting from their merit, the fact must be noted that there was a want in the system of accountability and the general conduct of our military affairs, which was marked by a very large amount of unsettled accounts and more or less of confusion in all the operations of the department, which at that time included the conduct of our relations with the Indian tribes. Rapidly a system of accountability was established, so perfect as to require very little modification by his successors, at least for the next quarter of a century. Under that system default by disbursing officers of the War Department became a very rare exception, though new posts were being established on the remote frontier, requiring heavy expenditures beyond the limits of commercial facilities, and that the only foreign war in which our country has been engaged was also embraced within the period I have named. The exclusion of party considerations in appointments and preferments may not have originated, but was certainly perpetuated by him, so that the War Department and the officers of the old army were so far removed from political influence, and politics were so rarely discussed in army circles, that if an officer had been asked to what party one of his most intimate friends belonged, he probably would have answered that he could not tell.

It was during Mr. Calhoun's occupancy of the War Office that the system of seacoast defenses received its great impulse, and army discipline and instruction were nurtured by schools of practice. In this, as in every other public office he held, a broad and comprehensive view of the general interests of the country, together with a strict observance of the powers and limitation conferred by the Constitution on the Government of the United States, was the polar star by which his course was directed. At the close of his service in the War Office the popular verdict was that

he had done well in all his stewardship, and should go up still higher. Thus, by a rare unanimity, in 1824, he was elected Vice-President, at a time when many candidates for the Presidency divided the people into earnestly contending parties.

Thus the breath of life was breathed into the Union. It was created by the States, its purposes and powers expressly enumerated and restricted by the compact. The Constitution was the soul, the form of government the body of the Union. Whoso adhered to the Constitution, and maintained its validity, defending its principles and upholding its purposes, was a friend of the Union, and he who perverted it from its declared purposes, thus breaking the only bond which held the States together, was logically and criminally a disunionist. To claim, because he still adhered to the form of the government, that he was, therefore, a friend of the Union of the States is as if the man who should take the life of his neighbor could, by embalming his body, prove himself to have been his friend.

In the beginning of Mr. Calhoun's career we find him the champion of the honor and independence of the United States, and subsequently advocating a policy of a tariff and internal improvements as a means of providing for the common defense. His patriotism and generosity caused him to overlook the danger which lurked beneath measures which, distorted from their real purpose, could be made to serve the aggrandizement of one section, the impoverishment of another, and taxation, not for common defense, but for the benefit of individuals and corporations. In this, as in other instances of his public career, we find evidence of the extent to which his broad patriotism, generosity, and purity engendered a confidence which never proved misplaced. When abuses, progressing in geometrical ratio, warned him of the evils which threatened the perpetuity of the Union, he labored assiduously, even unto the end of his life, to point out the danger and invoke the application of appropriate remedies. It is but justice to him to say that his ardent devotion to the Union of the Constitution was the source of whatever his friends will admit were the errors of his political life, and it is a tribute to his elevated nature that he did not anticipate all that sordid avarice and narrow selfishness would build on the small foundation which patriotic credulity had laid.

Imposts designed to provide revenue, like the costs of trans-

portation from foreign countries, were of advantage, and served to encourage home manufactures, and in so far as the benefit thus resulted to individuals in any of the States, Mr. Calhoun did not object; but when duties were made, not to provide the means necessary for the support of government, but were discriminations intended solely for the profit of particular classes—*this* was not the scheme to which he had ever given favor; and then he invoked the Constitution as the shield of the minority to protect it against oppression. In pointing out the landmarks of the fathers, and showing how they were being obliterated, and the tendency of such crime to produce disunion, he was not expressing a thought which originated in desire, but warning those who, he hoped, would, like himself, recoil from the approach of so great a disaster, that they might, in time, retrace their steps, and, before it was too late, avert the threatened calamity. He was too wise to ignore how many and grievous would be the consequences of disrupting the bonds which held the States together; not only the compact, but the traditions, memories, and historical glories which cemented them as a family together. To those who knew him well, and remember how regardless he was of his personal safety, when, with a disease that was rapidly carrying him to the grave, he rejected all solicitation to remain quietly at home, and came, at an eventful period, to renew his labors in defense of the Constitution and the preservation of the Union, it must seem absurdly strange that currency could have been obtained for a report that he desired to destroy a confederation to which his life had been devoted, and in the annals of which all his glories were recorded. This may, perhaps, be due to the fact that the unreflecting have confounded nullification with disunion, when, in point of fact, the idea of nullification, so far as South Carolina is concerned, was adopted as a remedy *within* the Union. The hope was, by State interposition, to induce the call of a convention of States, to which would be submitted the constitutional question of laying duties; otherwise, imposing taxes upon the whole people for the benefit of a particular class. The question to be presented was, What was the proper limit of the powers delegated by the States to the general government? All else was expressly reserved to the States or the people. The phrase "the people" necessarily meant the people of the several States, as there were no other people known to the Constitution. The language must have been intended to con-

vey the State governments and the people of the States so far as they possessed rights and powers with which their governments had not been invested. The whole proceeding of South Carolina was on the ground that the Constitution did not authorize the general government to impose and collect duties on imports for the benefit of manufacturers, *i. e.*, a protective, not a revenue tariff. In this connection Mr. Calhoun referred to the constitutional provision for amendment, and it was in the nature of his profound intellect to believe that, if the States were assembled in convention, any imperfection which experience had proved to exist would be remedied, and additional safeguards provided to protect the people from the usurpations of government. It would be needless to inquire, in the light shed by the experience of 1860 and 1861, especially of the peace congress, whether that hope would have been realized. I am now treating of the question as it was presented to his mind and that of his associates. Thus it is evident that their remedy looked, not to a dissolution of the Union, but to the purification of its general government, the happiness and contentment of the people, and the perpetuity of their fraternal relations. No more dangerous and vicious heresy has grown up than the supposition that ours is a government made and controlled by a majority of the people of the United States *en masse*.

Let us now examine the odious and unfounded accusation that he was a disunionist.

To the clear understanding of the charge it is necessary, in the first place, to define the true meaning of the word "union." The history of its formation irrefutably proves that it was a confederation of Sovereign States, each acting separately and for itself alone. The States so agreeing to unite entered into a compact styled "The Constitution of the United States of America." This constitution was declared to be binding between the States ratifying the same, and that "The ratification of the conventions of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of the constitution between the States so ratifying the same."—Art. VII.

The men who founded our constitutional government were too profound as statesmen and philosophers, after having achieved their independence of Great Britain, to transfer the liberties they had acquired to the control of a majority of the people, *en masse*. The most careless reading of the Constitution, and the laws enacted

to carry out its provisions, will show there is not a department or officer of the Federal Government who derives power and authority from a majority of the people of the United States. The power of amending the Constitution was given to the States, not to the people collectively. From the speech of Mr. Calhoun delivered in the Senate February 15th and 16th, 1833, I make the following extract:

"To maintain the ascendency of the Constitution over the law-making majority is the great and essential point on which the success of the system must depend. Unless that ascendency can be preserved, the necessary consequence must be that the laws will supersede the Constitution; and finally, the will of the executive, by the influence of his patronage, will supersede the laws; indications of which are already perceptible. This ascendency can only be preserved through the action of the States as organized bodies, having their own separate governments, and possessed of the right, under the structure of our system, of judging of the extent of their separate powers, and of interposing their authority to arrest the unauthorized enactments of the general government within their respective limits." Additional evidence could be abundantly offered that nullification was intended to conserve, not to destroy the Union, and in the manner proposed to secure a remedy short of secession. It would be unfair to judge of the practicability of the plan by the state of the country at a subsequent date, and we must presume that it was more feasible in 1833 than it was in 1860.

In 1850, during the long and exciting debate over what was known as the compromise measures of that year, Mr. Calhoun was generally confined to his lodgings, being too ill and debilitated to occupy his seat in the Senate. In that condition he wrote the speech read for him to the Senate on March 4th, 1850. It was the effort of a dying man whose affections clung so tenaciously to the Union he had long and faithfully served, that, though unable to deliver the speech, he submitted the MSS. to the Senate. To him earthly ambition was a thing of the past, but the love of truth and justice, devotion to the cause of liberty, and hopes for the people's welfare and happiness under the Constitution, all of which could not die, sustained his sinking frame for this last supreme effort in his country's cause. A few brief extracts from that speech are here inserted.

Referring to the supposition of States held together by force, he said :

"It may indeed keep them connected ; but the connection will partake much more of the character of subjugation, on the part of the weaker to the stronger, than the union of free, independent, and sovereign States in one confederation as they stood in the early stages of the government, and which only is worthy of the sacred name of Union." Then, referring to frequent eulogies on the Union, he said :

"It usually comes from our assailants. But we cannot believe them to be sincere ; for, if they loved the Union, they would necessarily be devoted to the Constitution. It made the Union, and to destroy the Constitution would be to destroy the Union."

The day after the reading of the speech from which these extracts have been made, a Senator made a speech in review, Mr. Calhoun being absent ; but, when his colleague, Mr. Butler, had commenced a reply Mr. Calhoun came in. After expressing his regret that a member of the body should have commented upon his speech during his absence and before the hour for the consideration of the question under discussion, he said : "I had not the advantage of hearing the remarks of the Senator of Mississippi. Did he accuse me of disunion ? Did he mean to insinuate that ?" To which Mr. Foote, the Senator referred to, replied that he "had not the slightest intention to impute to him designs hostile to the Union." . . . "I have always maintained that he is one of the most devoted friends of the Union in this body."

The evident purpose for which the question was put was to answer the charge or insinuation, if made, by the most emphatic denunciation. This was the last time Mr. Calhoun appeared in the United States Senate. Death had laid its icy hand upon him ; he was aware of the near approach, and with the heroism of a martyr strove with his last breath to bear testimony to the faith in which he had lived and labored.

If a young man should ask me where he could, in a condensed form, get the best understanding of our institutions and the duties of an American patriot, I would answer, "In Calhoun's speech in the Senate on what is known as 'The Force Bill.'"

No one has so fully and clearly expounded the Constitution, no one has so steadily invoked a strict observance of it, as the

means of securing the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, for which the more perfect Union was formed. It required neither his dying assertion nor the testimony of others to exculpate him from the charge of desiring to destroy our Constitutional Union. His whole life speaks trumpet-tongued denial.

Another accusation was his inconsistency—to which it may be briefly answered, he was practical as well as logical, and was consistent to principle, to truth, to the Constitution, and to the duties of a patriot. Consistency as to measures when every day brings forth unforetold phases could honestly belong only to one having more than human foresight, or to one having less than human capacity to learn.

The questions agitating the country to such degree as to threaten convulsion were the subjects under discussion when Mr. Calhoun last addressed the Senate. They were the slavery and territorial questions. Long he had foreseen and given warning of the danger of the hostile and unconstitutional interference with the domestic institution of African servitude. The States having that institution had become a minority and claimed the protection which the compact of Union had expressly promised to give.

In regard to the territories outside of the limits of any State, there were three divisions of opinion. The one, that they belonged to the United States, and consequently that the citizens of every State, with every species of property recognized by the United States, had equal right therein; another, that they belonged to the immigrants who should settle thereon; and another, that the United States Government had proprietary right over them. This last form of opinion, which has grown with the political decadence of our time, was, in 1850, the least dangerous, because it was then, as it is now, the least defensible. The general government was formed to be the agent of the States for specific purposes and with enumerated powers; it was penniless, could only collect revenue as the agent of the States, and as the agent of the States only had the means or authority to acquire anything. The authority conferred upon Congress to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States applied equally to the public lands within the new States as to the outlying territories, save and except such regulations as might be necessary in the outlying territories with a

view to the exercise of the granted power. The arguments of Mr. Calhoun were directed to support the first-named opinion and to demonstrate the fallacy of the other two. His proposition was maintained with the conclusiveness of a mathematical demonstration, but we shall be verging on the millennium when reason shall prevail over passion and prejudice, and the lust of dominion shall yield to truth and justice: it was a contest of might and right.

The permitted limit of this article does not allow me to follow the career of this great statesman through that period when he sacrificed personal ambition and party ties to lead the few against the many, in defense of truth, justice, and the liberty the Union was formed to secure and perpetuate. Exposing himself as a target to serried ranks of foes, he stood like a sentinel on the watch-tower warning the people he loved.

In my early manhood I enjoyed the personal acquaintance of Mr. Calhoun, and perhaps received especial consideration from the fact that, as Secretary of War, he had appointed me a cadet in the United States Military Academy. In 1845, as a member of the House of Representatives, I frequently visited Mr. Calhoun, who was then a Senator, at his residence. His conversation was always instructive and peculiarly attractive. The great question of the day was on giving notice to Great Britain of a termination of the joint occupation of Oregon. He and his colleague, the brilliant orator McDuffie, did not fully concur, as I had occasion to learn, being one of several in a private consultation. There was great excitement in the country, and there was believed to be imminent danger of a war with Great Britain. Under these circumstances, Mr. Calhoun, though in such feeble health as to require rest, responded to the call for his services in the Senate, and went to Washington to labor in the cause of peace. War was to him an evil which only defense of the honor and rights of his country would justify. That state of the case made him the advocate of the war of 1812, but, in 1845, he saw no such justification, and was, therefore, in favor of negotiation, by which he believed war could be averted without the surrender of the rights of our country.

As a Senator he was a model of courtesy. He politely listened to each one who spoke, neither reading nor writing when in his seat, and as long as his health permitted was punctual and con-

stant in his attendance. His correspondence was conducted by rising at dawn and writing before breakfast. Issues growing out of the disposal of the public lands within the States occupied much of the time of Congress, and for this and more important reasons he proposed, on certain conditions, to surrender the public lands to the new States in which they lay. This was but another exhibition of his far-reaching patriotism and wisdom, as shown in his argument for the measure.

Always earnest, often intense in debate, he was never rhetorical, seldom sought the aid of illustration, simile, or quotation, but, concisely and in logical sequence, stated his views like one demonstrating a problem, the truth of which was so clear to his mind that he did not doubt its acceptance by all who listened to the proof. Perhaps he was too little of a party man to believe, as the English parliamentarian did, that opinions might be, but votes were never changed by a speech.

Wide as was his knowledge, great as was his foresight, reaching toward the domain of prophecy, his opinions were little derived from books or from conversation. Data he gathered on every hand, but the conclusions were the elaboration of his brain —as much his own as is honey not of the leaf, but of the bag of the bee. He paid little attention to style—probably undervalued it ; words were to him merely the medium to convey his thoughts, and these flowed on unbroken and with the resistless power of a mighty river.

The death of Mr. Calhoun, though anticipated by those who saw him, with tottering steps, enter the Senate Chamber for the last time, and feebly struggle to repel misconstruction, created the deep impression which his high and reverend character commanded. His great political antagonist, Mr. Webster, had always been his personal friend ; they were born in the same year, 1782. There was a custom in the old Senate that, at the beginning of each session, Senators should give one another a friendly salutation as evidence that past controversies were buried. On one occasion I remember that Mr. Webster approached Mr. Calhoun, and with cordial greeting said : "How do the men of '82 stand on their pins ?" When the death was announced in the Senate, Mr. Webster said : "I think there is not one of us, when he last addressed us from his seat in the Senate, who did not feel that he might imagine that we saw before us a Senator of Rome, when

Rome survived. . . . He had the basis, the indispensable basis of all high character, and that was unspotted integrity—unimpeached honor and character. If he had aspirations, they were high, and honorable, and noble. There was nothing groveling, or low, or meanly selfish that came near the head or the heart of Calhoun. . . . We shall delight to speak of him to those who are rising up to fill our places. And when the time shall come that we ourselves shall go, one after another, in succession, to our graves, we shall carry with us a deep sense of his genius and character, his honor and integrity, his amiable deportment in private life, and the purity of his exalted patriotism."

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

SUMMER REFRIGERATION.

PHILOSOPHERS have often called attention to the curious influence which the experience of childhood is apt to exert on the theories of after years. A city lad who has passed his vacations in the highlands will come to associate the advantages of country life with his plans of salvation; an overworked backwoods boy who has enjoyed the hospitality of an indulgent city uncle will prefer St. Augustin's City of the Blest to the shadiest idyl of Elysium. In a similar way the predilections of civilized nations seem to be biased by the habits of their primitive ancestors. Wealthy Turks, even in the chill climate of Adrianople, still pass the evening hour squatting silently at the foot of their doorsteps, as their nomadic forefathers did in front of their desert tents. The descendants of the sea-faring Normans are still the most enterprising emigrants of northern France. A Mexican land-owner of my acquaintance noticed with surprise that the American colonists of his neighborhood preferred treeless to wooded tracts of land, and pitched their tents in the dry gravel of an abandoned cotton-field. "Next summer," said he, "they will be sorry for it; but I suppose they come from some part of the States where trees were badly in their way, and where droughts never amounted to much."

And if that shrewd hidalgo could study the architecture of our North American cities he would readily infer that the builders of such houses and streets must have come from a country of hard winters and very mild summers. Our dwelling-houses are winter forts. They defend us from snow and storms, and combine manifold facilities for the production of artificial warmth; our streets, with their long ramparts of unbroken masonry, admit every ray of the vertical sun, but exclude the breezes that sweep freely through the open arcades of the forest; our clothes are

calorific contrivances, calorific food forms the perennial staple of our diet; all our domestic arrangements seem carefully calculated to make winter as tolerable and summer as intolerable as possible. A few months ago a prominent religious weekly estimated that during the past winter the organized charities of a single Christian denomination distributed in the United States a weekly average of 104,000 bushels of coal. Coal riots (as in Dakota, where a fuel train was stopped and emptied by the armed inhabitants of a treeless settlement) are more readily condoned than even bread riots; every larger forest furnishes free fuel for scores of impecunious neighbors. As in the days of our Scandinavian forefathers, gods and men still join in the battles against Rymir, the frost giant; but the cry for help against the Dog-star fiend—the Noonday Devil of the Semitic pandemonium—appeals in vain to the sympathies of our northern souls. And while the cities of pagan Rome vied in the establishment of free public baths, the cities of Christian North America vie in the enactment of penal by-laws against the use of the scant bathing facilities by which a convenient river might mitigate the midsummer martyrdom of the poor. In combination with the influence of the compulsory indoor life of our workshops and factories, our peculiar type of civilization has, indeed, succeeded in completely inverting the order of Nature's almanac, and doomed millions of our fellow men to endure the maximum misery of their existence at the very season when the creatures of the wilderness celebrate life as a festival.

Habitual indoor life might tend to produce that result even in a climate of less torrid summers, but it seems certainly strange that an artificial evil has failed to suggest the usual expedient of an artificial remedy. The problem of refrigerating a summer house should seem to offer no insuperable difficulties to the inventive genius of an age that has managed to create an artificial summer amidst the snows of Quebec and St. Paul; for after all, *cold*, like darkness, silence, or poverty, is a mere negative condition, and refrigeration a deductive, rather than productive, process. The time may come when suffering from an excess of heat will seem as strange an *embarras de richesse* as a complaint about an excess of light or a superfluity of bed-clothing. In a state of nature the problem of survival has no difficulties in summer time. Wild animals that risk to perish in cold weather,

pass their summer noons pleasantly enough in forest glens or in the shade of caverns ; the pachyderms of the tropics keep their siesta in a state of semi-submersion ; savages avoid the inconvenience of summer heat by negative precautions, less exercise, less clothing, a minimum of calorific food. The Bedouins, even, of the great desert, if not migrating, pass their afternoons day-dreaming in the shade of a tent or at the brink of a rock-sheltered spring.

Civilization has deprived us of such expedients, and ought to devise available substitutes. The architecture of our dwelling-houses would admit of manifold improvements, but there is no doubt that even the average tenement, or, indeed, any structure of weatherproof walls, could be made habitable by the introduction of cold, as well as by the introduction of warm, air. Ice is cheap, and could be made cheaper than the cheapest fuel, and the experiments with the government buildings of Vienna and Washington, and the arsenal workshops of Marseilles, prove that the largest halls can be cooled to a temperature of 20 to 30 degrees below that of the outdoor atmosphere. In the cartridge factory of the Marseilles arsenal, a hall of fifty feet square by sixteen high, and ventilated by means of revolving fans, the temperature was, in one instance, kept *forty-five degrees* Fahrenheit below that of the coolest nooks of the adjoining streets ; in other words, while the outdoor thermometer may rise to a hundred degrees in the shade, a room large enough for a lecture-hall can be brought to a thermal condition resembling that of a breezy October day in the highlands, and cool enough to chill flies into inactivity. In Washington, similar results have been obtained with the most primitive apparatus, a combination of air-pumps and ice-boxes, connected with pipes unprotected by any thermal non-conductors, yet efficient enough to suggest the possibility of completely restoring the amenities of the summer season.

Considering the number of refrigerating agencies known to modern chemistry, there would, indeed, be nothing surprising in the invention of a parlor cooler, as portable as a small cooking-stove ; and it needs no special clairvoyance to foresee that the cities of the future will have refrigeration companies and Arctic reservoirs with network of cold-air pipes, and that their plutocrats will freeze their ears in over-cooled summerhouses with the complacency of Hacklaender's *parvenu*, who endured all the horrors

of the Calcutta Blackhole, to demonstrate his ability of indulging in a lavish expenditure of fuel.

The antiseptic uses of artificial cold are likewise destined to assume proportions hardly anticipated by the constructor of the first refrigerating car. Refrigeration is nature's method for counteracting the decomposition of organic tissues, and the chemist of the future may smile at the barbarisms of the primitive plan which tried to prevent decay by the use of parasite-killing poisons. The protective efficacy of salt, pepper, and mustard being exactly analogous to that of the arsenious acid by which the taxidermist insures the integrity of his mummies. Frozen meat will keep for an unlimited length of time; the undecayed mammoth carcass discovered in the sand of a Siberian river-delta had thus been preserved for a period measured perhaps by millenniums; and the experiments of a Belgian chemist have established the fact that in a dry and uniformly cold store-room even raspberries can be kept from June to the end of the next winter.

In October, when the first night-frosts expurgate the atmosphere of our Southern swamps, ague and yellow fever subside with a suddenness which would certainly have suggested the idea of curing climatic diseases by artificial refrigeration, if *cold* had not somehow become the hygienic bugbear of the Caucasian race. Gout, rheumatism, indigestion, toothaches, and all sorts of pulmonary disorders are ascribed to the influence of a low temperature, with persistent disregard of the fact that the outdoor laborers of the higher latitudes are the halest representatives of our species. "Catching cold" is the stereotyped explanation for the consequences of our manifold sins against the health laws of Nature; but the secret of the delusion can be traced to the curious mistakes which logicians used to sum up under the head of the "*post hoc ergo propter hoc* fallacy,"—the tendency of the human mind to mistake an incidental concomitance for a causal connection. Woodpeckers pick insects from the trunks of dead trees, and the logic of concomitance infers that the decay of the tree has been caused by the visits of the birds, which in our Southern States are, indeed, known as "sap-suckers." Young frogs emerge from their hiding places when a long drought is broken by a brisk rain, and the coincidence of the two phenomena has not failed to evolve the theory of a frog-shower. In winter, when millions of city dwellers breathe the air of ill-ventilated dwelling houses,

lung affections are more frequent than in midsummer, when ventilation is enforced by the horrors of stagnant heat. But the coincidence of frosts and catarrhs has decided the bias of the popular hypothesis, and in sixteen different European languages the world *cold* has become a synonym of an affection which the absolutely conclusive evidence of physiological facts proves to be a result of vitiated warm indoor air, and to be curable by cold outdoor air. In other words, the best remedy has been mistaken for the cause, and as a consequence catarrhs are considerably more frequent than all other disorders of the human organism taken together.

If cold outdoor air were the cause of pulmonary affections, the frequency of such affections would increase with the distance from the equator, and the prevalence of outdoor occupations; but it so happens that among the natives of the Arctic regions lung diseases are almost unknown, and that consumption is from ten times to twenty-five times more frequent in the cities of the lower temperate zone than in the pastoral regions of Scotland and Scandinavia. Consumptives have also ascertained (if not explained) the circumstance that their affliction can be relieved by a winter bivouac in the Adirondacks far more promptly than by a sojourn in the perennial summer of the Bermudas; nay, that even impure cold air is a more effective lung balm than warm air, for the intense frosts of the Arctic winter nights disinfect even the foul hovels of the Esquimaux seal hunters.

The gastronomic exploits of those same seal hunters would leave no doubt that cold air is the most effective peptic stimulant, if local experience should fail to convince us that digestive disorders increase with every warm summer and decrease with the temperature of the shortening days. The diseases of infancy are chiefly summer diseases, so much, indeed, that their average death rate during the six warmest weeks relates as 3 to 1 in northern Europe, and as 4½ to 1 in North America, to the average death rate of the six coldest weeks. All *zymotic* diseases, *i. e.*, cholera and small-pox, as well as yellow fever, are more virulent in summer than in winter. The opponents of the "germ theory of disease" must at least empirically admit the fact that in ninety-nine of a hundred cases warm air promotes and cold air counteracts the development of disease, just as they promote and counteract the development of maggots and mushrooms. Cold air

is an antidote which mitigates the effects even of those anorganic poisons which the stimulant-vice has made almost a necessity of existence to a large portion of our fellow men; for we find that the degree of impunity in the use of intoxicating drinks decreases with the degree of latitude, and that the organism of a Russian soldier can eliminate, if not assimilate, a quantum of ardent spirits that would transfer his French comrade to the spirit land.

Cold air is Nature's panacea, as proved by numberless facts which are being more generally recognized the more the study of disease has been diverted from the suppression of the symptoms to the removal of the cause, and it would be an insult to the intelligence of the coming generation to doubt that the hospitals of the future will be ice-houses.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY OUTLOOK.

I.

The Two Opposing Party Forces in American Politics.

For the first time in thirty years the Democratic party holds the trump cards in the political pack. It has only to play them to win. The record of an administration which has addressed itself to the business of the country with cleanliness and directness; the possession of the National House of Representatives at a moment when the reduction of taxation is an inexorable demand of an over-flowing treasury; and the personal character of a candidate who has impressed the popular imagination variously, but on the whole favorably, and whose renomination is assured without a contest, complete a very strong hand.

It is the Republican party, whose discipline and tactics have been so invincible in days gone by, which is irresolute and which trusts to luck. It has only a single suit to lead from, and this it has nearly, if not quite, exhausted. Out of a throng of brilliant captains, but one whose name excites universal enthusiasm remains to it, and on him there appears to have fallen, with the genius and renown, also the fatality of Henry Clay. That luck may save it, as luck has saved it, is possible. But there is bad luck no less than good luck, and Burchard did not look like good luck, which, having whipped over to Cleveland and the Democrats, seems to stay with them.

Thus we find a leader so considerable as Sherman talking one way in Tennessee and another way in Illinois; whilst lesser lights of the party, with the Governor of Ohio at their head, plunge with the recklessness of men who have nothing to lose. These things have the air of ill omens. The battle-flag incident, on the other hand, furnished a curious instance of the President's continuous good luck. Though an official blunder, it turned out to his advan-

tage. It completely and prematurely developed the hand of his adversaries; startling the country by the lurid spectre of a Red Republicanism it had not suspected, and warning the Administration of a danger to be avoided. If such an accident had come about in the heat of a national campaign it might, and perhaps it would, have precipitated irretrievable disaster. Falling upon a tranquil state of public feeling, it simply disclosed a conspiracy to rob the treasury, and produced a reaction among the tax-payers.

Within his competency, indeed, the President is a crafty politician, and the use to which he put the violence of his critics had done credit to an older strategist. It did add immensely to his strength with those who regard the office of Chief Magistrate as the representative of the sovereignty of the people, commanding the respect of all, without regard to party association. Before the eyes of these, at least, the defender of its dignity stood in the character of a sacred bull. More than this could not have been achieved by the most astute diplomatist.

II.

The President and His Happy-Go-Lucky Policy.

Peter Simple's ingenious friend surmised, in accepting the challenge of a famous duellist to fight with rapiers, that the expert would be more disconcerted by his adversary's lack of skill than helped to a victory by his own superior swordmanship; which, indeed, was proved to be true by the issue of the encounter. Such freaks of humor used to be common and favorite devices with a certain class of play-writers. Mr. Pierce O'Hara on the race-course and Sir Patrick O'Plenipo in diplomacy perpetrated blunders enough to baffle all calculation and keep the audience in a perpetual roar; yet, somehow, to their amazement, everything went to their profit —worked, as far as they were concerned, by the rule of contraries. The President seems to be a lineal descendant of these happy-go-lucky sons of Irish wit.

He came to Washington not merely unqualified by antecedent experience for the duties of the Presidency, which he had reached by a succession of events unequaled except in comic opera, or the Hibernian drama, but disqualified by a conviction that he was himself the one honest man in the public life of the country. The oldest and best known members of the party which had elected him—barring Mr. Bayard—were ignored with the

most unconscious disdain. Even such men as Thurman and McDonald were left to find their way to the White House as best they might, or to stay away if they liked that better. A smart attorney was discovered hid away in a little Republican pocket-borough, and placed at the head of our Diplomatic Service in Europe. The Congress of the United States was considered and treated as much the same sort of body as the Legislature of the State of New York. Each day brought in its sensations and surprises, until the reorganized official fabric—at home and abroad—had Americanized the French saying that it is the impossible which happens.

The government thus formed has existed nearly three years, to execute the conceits of this self-confident and well-intentioned theory of Administration; and for all the blunders—and truly our melodramatic Celtic friends could hardly have perpetrated more or greater ones—who that knows the state of the public mind shall say that the President is not stronger than he was when he took the oath of office? He has flouted the functionaries; and there is that in human nature which takes a secret satisfaction in seeing its favorites come to grief. He has had his own way, and carried it with an exceedingly high hand; and this has pleased the image-makers and the worshipers of sturdy independence. He has worked like a hodman himself, and commanded others to work in the language of an overseer; and this has identified him with Mr. Lincoln's "plain people," and aroused a sense of fellow-feeling never before existing between a chief magistrate and the far-away masses. Back of all, two fine and real elements of beneficent power have stood on the right and the left of this favorite child of fortune, unflinching integrity, and robust common-sense. I cannot, for my part, help admiring the good that is in him, and when I consider the good it has brought in excess of the evil—which might have attended the efforts of one less blessed in his cradle—I almost forgive his inconsiderate personal behavior, his disregard of the claims of the aged, and the counsels of the wise, in the political family of which he was, until raised to chiefhood, the merest cadet.

It is my opinion, therefore, that he will be re-elected, and that we shall have four years more of an administration that pleases nobody very much, but which does strike a kind of general average, continuing the policy of letting well enough alone, which

falls in so aptly with the prevailing spirit of material progress and money-getting developed at the South at last in a degree hardly less eager than at the North ; a spirit which has no time to quarrel about exploded issues, nor temper to listen to disturbing theories from humane agitators.

III.

False Hopes and Fears Among the Party Leaders.

The coming session of Congress will meet amid a great confusion of ideas and clashing of interests. But here, as elsewhere, the Democrats will find themselves in possession of all the strategic positions. Those Republicans who think that there is campaign capital to be made for their party out of the tariff, and who affect the wish that this may become the battle-line of political controversy, base their conclusion upon the belief that the Democrats are irremediably divided and muddled upon the question, and the hope that Democratic failure to unite and pass a bill will prove fatal to the Democratic ticket in the ensuing Presidential election.

The case stands otherwise. The fruits of unjust taxation are at length visible to the naked eye in a vast surplus needlessly wrung from the people and lying idle in the Treasury. This raises a question which is bound to be settled, and which the politicians cannot shirk. 1st. The surplus must be disposed of. 2d. Its recurrence must be prevented. There are many ways of disposing of the surplus, but there are but two ways of preventing its recurrence. These latter present to time-servers the dilemma of abolishing the internal taxes on whisky and tobacco, or reducing the duties on imports. On that issue, the Democratic party, led by the Democratic administration, will be substantially united in favor of lower import duties; and if a measure to this end be defeated, the responsibility will rest where it will belong, with the Republicans.

Nor need the Republicans expect anything from the extremism of the Free Traders, as they persist in naming the Revenue Reformers, or from the recalcitrancy of the handful of Protectionists who masquerade as Democrats. These middle men are mainly from Pennsylvania and Ohio, sure Republican States, and will be dismissed as common enemies after they have been given and have refused a fair chance to act with their party. The

majority of the party is in as little mood to put up with mere doctrinal trifling as with individual performances. It is led in the national House of Representatives by conservative and enlightened men, and the tariff training they have had the last four years has not been without its instruction. They are ready for practical legislation and equipped for debate. The measure, therefore, which they are likely to frame will embrace none of the features so glibly foretold by the Republican press and hailed so gleefully by the Republican managers. It will contain a series of provisions so tangible and plain as to mark the clearest distinction of party lines, and to leave no doubt in the minds of intelligent men—anticipating the assembling of the national Democratic convention, and constituting in advance the tariff plank in the national Democratic platform. Nor will its authors be thrust by a factional organization of the National Democratic Committee out of the next Presidential campaign, as the friends of Revenue Reform were thrust out of the last. They will be present in the East no less than in the West to advocate the views of the majority and to meet misrepresentation with truth. To this extent, at least, progress has been made.

The issue between the two parties will in this way be simplified, and will become a fight for a cheapening of the necessaries of life through a reduction of excessive imports on everything that enters into the daily consumption of the people, against free whisky, to be procured by a repeal of the internal taxes on distilled spirits, the surplus serving as a very dark lantern to expose the inequalities and false pretensions of an economic system that, not content with robbing millions to enrich a few, has piled up a useless fund in the treasury, to be stolen or wasted.

Hitherto, the Republicans have had it pretty much their own way, construing and misconstruing Democratic tariff utterances to suit themselves. The question has now descended from the heights of theory to the dead-level of business, and it must be considered in a businesslike way; as, in fact, the Democratic leaders in Congress have always proposed to consider it, but as, unfortunately, certain Democratic bosses out of Congress, and directly concerned in protected monopolies, have not had the honesty or courage to meet it. Thus submitted to the people, the Republicans will discover it a horse of quite another color than the grotesque effigy they have for years set up.

IV.

The Red Republicans and Their Sectional Issue.

The single issue on which the Republican party leaders are united, and to which they can and will appeal with confidence and enthusiasm, is the sectional issue. They hope, if they do not believe, that in the folds of the "bloody shirt" one more President is enwrapped, and, whether there be or not, the "bloody shirt" is a never-failing recourse of waning party spirit, and can, in extremities, be relied on to serve many party purposes. We may look, therefore, to see it enter very early in the coming session as the opposition shibboleth and ensign; an oriflamme to inspire the Republicans and a red-rag to goad the Democrats.

Two excellent pretexts are right at hand by which this may be done; the introduction of a pension bill more sweeping than that vetoed by the President, and a fusillade of partisan resolutions touching crimes alleged against the franchise in the South.

In both these plans of campaign the ground may be found uncertain, if not untenable. There is a limit to the just claims of the soldier upon the bounty of the Government, which must be admitted even by the Grand Army of the Republic; and when our pension laws are compared with those of other countries, thoughtful men are disposed to ask themselves whether this limit was not reached long ago. Indeed, a pretty general belief has taken hold of the public mind that thrift lies at the bottom of that excess of loyalty which so delights in appropriating the money of others, and a suspicion is gaining currency that the resonance of the patriotic clamor which followed the veto of the Dependent Pension Act was largely the work of the claim agents. As to complaints against the operation of the franchise in the South, it is worth no man's while to say that they are without foundation. But it is true to declare that the negro in Mississippi is no worse off in this regard than his ignorant white yokemate in Massachusetts; and it is positively certain that no remedy this side of the millennium can be reached short of a total revolution in the spirit and machinery of our Government.

During one entire decade the Republicans had it all their own way in the South. They enfranchised the blacks *en masse*. Very nearly *en masse*, they disfranchised the whites. The army and navy were sent to carry out the scheme of *bouleversement*, which went by the name of Reconstruction. After ten years of

trial it fell by its own weight and rottenness. Who shall propose seriously to go back to it and to set it up again? Yet, if this be not the purpose of the agitation of the question in its sectional form, what purpose have the Republicans in forcing it upon the country? Their outcry is very great, and, doubtless, it is very sincere. Obliged at last to take a dose of their own medicine, they like it no better than those for whom it was originally compounded liked it. In short, now as ever, it makes a considerable difference whose ox is gored.

The true answer which reason and justice have to give impatient criticism in this matter may be summed up as follows: Government must rest upon a responsible basis; that basis does not exist among the blacks of the South, and, where they are in a numerical majority, society will find some means for its own preservation; but, on the other hand, society is concerned in law and order, and can be trusted, in its own behalf, to maintain these, wherever left to itself. During the reign of force, society had no other recourse than force, and, as an inevitable consequence, a bloody record of violence ensued. Thrown upon its own resources, society was not slow to seek milder, but not less efficacious, measures of defense against the preponderating mass of ignorance and barbarism. If the native white population were removed and replaced by an equal number of extreme Republicans the outcome would be the same. It is not a sectional, or party, but a race question.

But, considering the case from a party standpoint, the Red Republican leaders can never unite the North against the South upon any sentiment of hostility based upon old sectional prejudices and antagonisms. There is nothing to sustain the attempt, except a job-lot of obsolete partisan freaks and fancies, which will be everywhere met by the contradicting actualities of love, commerce, and religion. The day when it was argued that one Southern man could whip six Yankees with a corn-stalk is not deader than the day when it was thought the first duty of patriotism to make treason odious and to punish traitors. But the South can always be united in its own defense against an agrarianism which loses none of its terror because it happens to be black, and gains nothing of consideration in the circumstance that it is led by a few white men claiming exclusive loyalty.

The moment outside pressure is withdrawn parties will divide

in the South. Whilst outside pressure is applied, the simplest law of self-preservation will keep the white people together. If the Republican idea had any breadth or forecast to it, it would realize this truth, and, accepting it, would bury the bloody shirt, and seek in the South an honorable, responsible, and logical following. It will find such a following awaiting it whenever it has the courage to go in quest of it.

These, then, are the grounds on which the Democratic party may stand and defend its position against the simulation of an implacable hatred on the part of the Red Republicans. No such hatred exists among the masses of the North, nor can any such be justified by fair-minded men. The people of the South are no more perfect than the people of the North, but they are just as law-abiding, patriotic, and humane, and are equally interested in the maintenance of their domestic integrity and in the national well being. The genius of our free-fabric is home rule, nowhere clung to with more tenacity than in New England, and as reasonably might Texas set herself to dictate internal policies to Maine and Vermont as that a party, wholly sectional, should seek to lay out the Southern States upon a six-inch Puritan foot-rule. Each community must regulate itself, and be left to itself. In the long run good, and not bad forces will predominate, because it is in every case the interest of society to seek the good, and not the bad, in the business of self-government.

V.

A Charcoal Sketch of the Political Situation.

In taking an inventory of the possibilities and probabilities of the political situation, two forces are attracting an attention greater than they deserve. These are the Mugwumps and the Socialists. The Mugwump is the professional gentleman in politics. The Socialist is the professional adventurer. Neither seems quite clear in his mind, or steady in his aim; yet both affect confidence in the virtue of certain nostrums which they have put upon the market.

Indeed, to be strictly accurate, there is a third claimant for the recognition of mankind in general, and the notice of the people of the United States in particular, who has as good a right and as strong a case as the Mugwump or the Socialist,—I mean the Prohibitionist. In spite of the black eye he got in Texas the other day, he, too, will be around next year, confusing the managers and upsetting calculations.

All these factions play into the hands of the Democratic party. The Mugwumps, if they contribute nothing else, supply it a much-needed press, and the Prohibitionists will cut at least as deeply into the Republican vote as the Socialists are likely to cut into the Democratic vote. As long as the President continues to regard himself, and to wish to be regarded as better than his party, he will satisfy the Mugwumps. Whether he will displease the rank and file of Democrats sufficiently to cost him the absence of enough Democrats at the polls to lose him his election remains to be seen. He has made up an issue largely personal, supporting this issue with a great array of practical and valuable reforms in the conduct of the Government, particularly with respect to the public lands. Even at this moment it is the administration against the field, and, having brought the leaders of his party to a complete, though unwilling, subjection, the President will appeal to the whole vote of the country for a confirmation of his title. No disinterested man, who takes the trouble thoughtfully to examine this title, can fail to see that it has a weight not usually ascribed to it by the professional politicians. To contest it, successfully, will require all the resources and address the Republicans are able to muster, and even at their best they can hope to set it aside only through the defection of Democrats in the States of New York and Indiana.

These are, of course, mere speculations, and in affairs of this description one man's surmise may be said to be as good as another's, since it is given to no man to foretell the issue of a horse-race, the verdict of a petit-jury, or the result of an election. They are thrown out more than twelve months in advance of the events to which they relate, rather in the way of suggestion than in the way of prophecy, and have no claim to consideration other than that of a disinterested attempt to get at the truth, as it is, without malice or fear or favor; being, in fact, but the mid-summer essay of an off-year in political criticism. Nevertheless, the belief is held by the writer that he has given a charcoal sketch of the present condition of the country, and the actual state of parties, which those professionally and personally concerned may peruse, not without profit to themselves, and which may amuse, if they do not instruct, that great multitude of good Americans who care little what happens so it does not happen to them.

HENRY WATTERSON.

A SERVICE OF LOVE.

A FRIEND told me that he once overheard the following dialogue between two members of the old State militia :

Officer (*half jokingly*)—"I guess I'll have to report you for disrespect to your superior."

Private (*sturdily*)—"Report and be hanged. When we get home I'll discharge you."

For the first and second speaker bore to each other in civil life the relation of employé and employer.

The vast improvement in the discipline and military spirit of the National Guard would render the above a matter of extreme unlikelihood at the present day, and so palpable a lack of courtesy from an inferior to his officer would even be made the subject of investigation and punishment by court-martial.

Indeed, the change is immense from the old "umbrella and corn-stalk militia," with its village muster and carousing parades in buff-faced swallow-tails, to the present highly-drilled and organized force each State has at its call. Yet, organized as these forces are, highly drilled and improved as they have been, they have hardly attained perfection, nor are they yet quite ready to assume the position that will undoubtedly be theirs; for in the opinion of the most far-sighted, the regular army is destined to be supplanted by these State armies, till it becomes simply a nucleus for them to gather around, and a fountain head of instruction for the more popular branches.

Certainly when we reflect that the regular army now, with our population of sixty millions, is no larger, but rather smaller, than it was in ante-bellum days, with half the people, the importance of our National Guard must have grown with the population. Simultaneously with this comparative reduction of the army, too, our wealth and interests have multiplied enormously, and the complexities of modern society have brought in their train the

element of discontent. Every day the country instinctively relies more on our National Guard, because there is relatively less in the way of any army to rely on, and still again because the police forces of our numerous cities have hardly been augmented in proportion to their growth.

Our State armies become our principal defenders in time of need, and they are really stronger than any army of hirelings could be, because, being based on free consent, they have the weight of popular approval to back them. How to bring up this force to the highest state of efficiency, how to keep it at once an active agent and yet in harmony with our democratic institutions, becomes, therefore, a matter worthy of the most careful investigation. Of the organized forces throughout the country we have a grand aggregate of 92,734 men, and amongst the different States and territories $200,000 (lately increased by act of Congress to $400,000) is yearly distributed. This sum at the requisition of the Adjutant General of each State is paid in kind, and the right to share in this is based on the possession of one hundred uniformed and organized men for each congressional representative.

Four hundred thousand dollars amongst ninety-two thousand odd men is not a very liberal allowance, and to make matters worse the requisitioned supplies are given grudgingly and so slowly that the necessity has often ceased by the time they arrive. Early this spring a modest request was made by New York for targets, but up to the present time I learn that they have not been received.

Four hundred thousand dollars amongst ninety-two thousand men amounts to a little more per man than one cent a piece per diem, and when you think that up to now it has been only half of this you can readily perceive that the volunteer has not been exactly pampered at the hands of his government.

But, you say, the State governments make up for this lack of generosity. Let us see: Vermont allows $13 to each man for his uniform; the cheapest, however, costs $23, and though the soldier pays this difference out of his own pocket, Vermont yet claims that uniform as her own. The rifles with which she arms her sons have been in use twelve years, and while many of them are without sights the majority are defective in their mechanism.

Missouri allows nothing to her volunteers, and the expenses of her late encampment were defrayed partly by voluntary con-

tributions and partly by the sale of tickets to witness a sham battle.

Imagine the effect upon the *morale* of troops of seeing a general officer, it may be in full feather, taking in gate money, or a perspiring adjutant clearing the fences of interested but non-paying spectators.

The condition of things in Indiana last year was even more distressing, for here, *horresco referens*, the grand parade was made in conjunction with Barnum's circus.

Indiana votes no appropriation for her encampment, and allows a flying battery of artillery no horses to fly with.

"As they had no horses," writes the government inspector, "they had only the standing drill." "I find," concludes the same authority, "that the great drawback was lack of funds." In fact, the necessary money "had to be obtained by the sale of tickets to the fair grounds and Barnum's circus. It did not look well to see officers in full uniform acting as ticket agents."

The artillery of Alabama is in almost equally hard straits, for though there are horses (hired, presumably, by the men), some of the guns have no front sights, while the harness, as if to countervail any feeling of superiority in the possession of quadrupeds, "is old, and would not stand rough usage." The State, however, atones for her frugality in this respect by lavishly allowing $50 per quarter to every organized and uniformed company, and if we take the full complement of the company to be one hundred men, we obtain the gratifying results of fifty cents per man for one quarter of a year. This sum, if economically administered and judiciously spent, would just about keep a man a quarter of a year in shoelaces.

Kansas and Dakota providing no bedding, the boys sleep on nice clean straw; and as the former supplies no blankets the nice clean straw would not stay down, we are told, but blew about during the last encampment in a manner to blind the runner of a threshing-machine. The State of Iowa allows each enlisted man of its National Guard four dollars yearly, and on this extravagant sum he is expected to provide himself with full and undress uniform. "The money for the clothing is paid into the hands of the captain on the orders of the men," relates Col. R. I. Dodge, "and I questioned the captain of a specially dilapidated company as to why his men appeared in such miserable rags.

'Oh, you see,' was the reply, 'the former captain got the money, bought this [inferior] clothing, and then skipped.'" Of a truth, from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath.

Section 31 of the Military Code of Iowa provides certain penalties for breaches of discipline and requires that all suits shall be brought in the name of the State, adding with a thrift worthy of the most cautious spinster, that she will, however, in *no* case pay the costs of such suits herself. What is the likelihood of an officer bringing suit against any of his men for an infraction of discipline if, in the event of his losing it, he must pay the costs out of his own pocket?

Minnesota has but sufficient tents for one regiment, while the overcoats of the wealthy State of New York were made a tenth of a century ago.* Speaking about overcoats, there are just four men to each overcoat in the State of Michigan, and during cold weather her troops are compelled to take turns at them, since it is manifestly impossible for four of these men, half starved and emaciated as they presumably are, to occupy one coat at the same time.

"I noticed," says Colonel Pennington, while speaking of these same troops, "that many of their bayonets had the screws off, and a number of rammers were missing from their guns."

They have no canteens or haversacks, and the colonel closes with a pathetic appeal that they should at least be supplied with tin cups.

Yet with all this cruel neglect and niggardly treatment at the hands of both State and General Government the verdict of the several inspectors whom I have quoted is that the *personnel* of our State armies is magnificent, that their drillings and marchings often equal and occasionally surpass that of regular troops; and that if they seem better instructed in mechanical precision than in the active duties of a soldier, it is because their instruction has been principally gained in armories. Looking over the reports on some twenty odd encampments, I should say that the first requisite for the improvement of these, our national guards, is a little more liberal treatment at the hands of both General and State Governments, appropriations in short worthy of the great service these troops stand ready to perform.

* Overcoats just arrived about eight years late.

In regard to the *personnel* of these forces the Government inspectors speak, as I have said, in the highest terms. As a rule they excel in smartness of drill, and many of them have attained to a high degree of perfection in rifle practice. They are always zealous, anxious to learn the duties of a soldier, quick and intelligent to a wonderful degree. "I saw many companies," says Col. Field concerning the Maine troops, "that inspired feelings of positive envy and a wish to enlist every man." The defects of our militia force as a whole are "an exuberance of animal spirits on the part of the men that sometimes gives to their encampments the appearance of junketing grounds," "intolerable violations of the dignified relations between officers and men," and in short a scantiness of cermonial and of military discipline. "I was often saluted by men sitting down and once by a man lying on his back," relates one Government inspector. "The military salute was seldom, if ever, given me," reports another, "and at night" (referring to the annual encampment) "there was a perfect din of noise, shouting, cheering, singing, and marching about in squads."

"During a portion of at least two nights" (in another encampment), observes a third inspector, "the noise caused by the firing of blank cartridges and loud yells was such as to render sleep impossible, and the attempts of the guard to suppress this uproar proved utterly futile. These disturbances did not proceed from vicious traits or drunkenness, but from the exuberant spirits of a multitude of young men suddenly brought together."

Now, the inference which these several inspectors draw from their observations is that the system to which the militia officer owes his position is responsible for this lack of discipline. Strictly to enforce order, whether in camp or elsewhere, they argue, is for the officer to incur a possible loss of popularity with his subordinates. Now, that officers who are looking to promotion fear to do this is very likely true, but it seems to me that the trouble can be also explained by the shortness of the service in camp, the comparative newness and rawness of many of the men, and the too evident contempt with which both State and General Government treat the militia.

From the strictly military standpoint, however, from which these United States officers naturally look, the election of National Guard

officers must undoubtedly seem odd, but be it remembered that these are civilian soldiers, volunteers without bounty; they must have some keen inducement to enter the ranks at all, and the chance of promotion for every one is probably the keenest inducement that you can give them. Take the State of New York, for instance: the system is the same. But General Jackson, the United States Inspector, speaks in the highest terms of the military discipline and the courtesy from soldiers to officers that prevailed in last year's encampment. Does not this show that the system is not at fault? He says in his report, "the discipline was indeed admirable. The men were obedient and respectful. The quiet that prevailed in camp, particularly between taps and *reveille*, was remarkable. Military courtesy, as a rule, was strictly enforced, and the police of the camp and its surroundings was carefully attended to."

Going on to speak of the efficiency of these elected officers, he says they have generally a good knowledge of their duties and are zealous in performing them. Lieutenant Thurston, recognized as a most competent instructor, delivered daily lectures in camp, and he also in equally high terms alludes to the anxiety of all, both officers and men, to profit by his teachings.

Of this willingness to learn an amusing illustration was given me during the last encampment by a bluff old sergeant of a well-known Irish regiment, for in speaking about his men and their desire to receive instruction, he said that "if they did not do it willingly, begorra he'd make 'em do it willingly"; and as for the attention to military courtesy, I have seen whole lines of men rising to their feet and saluting their superiors when I am quite sure they were beyond the regulation distance. Therefore, I think it can scarcely be said that the lack of discipline in the organizations of other States and territories comes from the elective system. It probably comes, as I have said, from the lesser attention newer States have been able to pay to military matters, the shorter time the men have had to derive instruction, and the contemptuous treatment they have received at the hand of the Government.

Nevertheless, the elective system can be improved, I think, and greatly improved, without any very radical change of principle. At present the officer who is elected has to pass an examination before receiving his commission, but this is offset by the fact that no regular progression is necessary. Thus a captain can jump

into a colonelcy, or even a lieutenant, if sufficiently popular, I suppose, might be raised over the intermediate stages to the same high rank. What would seem to be preferable is this, that promotions, except in extraordinary cases, should proceed in regular order, and that the elective principle should be left to the men in so far as nominating their favorites for the vacancy is concerned; then, that the best of these nominees should be selected by competitive examinations.

This would leave all that is good in the elective system, and would deprive it of its evil features, for there is much that is good in the elective system, even when directed to the selection of officers. Bodies of men are quick in discerning traits of character, courage, firmness, dash, and endurance; and it is just here, viz., in determining traits of character such as these, that competitive examinations fail. The knowledge that the nominees would be subjected to a searching examination of a competitive character would gradually tend to reduce the value of good fellowship as a qualification in favor of military knowledge as a qualification; and if military knowledge is combined with the traits of character enumerated above, namely, courage, firmness, dash, and endurance, we have the perfect basis for the perfect officer.

A factor without doubt contributing much to the high standard of the National Guard of the State of New York is, I think, to be found in the extensive disbandments that have taken place. The dismissal from the service of an inferior force has a good moral effect upon the rest, and in addition to these disbandments, the present Adjutant General has consolidated into four effective brigades the troops previously distributed in eight brigades and four divisions.

A curious condition of the law touching the responsibilities of the soldier, would, if settled definitely, tend greatly to the peace of mind of guardsmen as well as of regulars. At present the civil code says a soldier is only required to obey his superior if the order is a lawful one. Suppose, for instance, the command to fire is given. The private may be afterwards held responsible for the results. He must decide at the time being whether the occasion warrants his pulling the trigger. In other words, the civil courts may hold him guilty of murder if he obeys and the military tribunals (I will take an

extreme case) may punish him with death for disobedience should he consider it unwise to follow the order of his superior. He is placed on the horns of an awkward dilemma, and could only go into action safely with the statutes under his arm and an able lawyer at his side to expound the legal aspects of each case.

On the other hand, the unfortunate soldier must remember that on occasion he is expected to act—even without orders. "A soldier," says Sir James Mansfield, "is as much bound to prevent a breach of the peace or a felony as any other citizen. In 1780," continues the Chief Justice of Common Pleas, alluding to a riot in Bristol, "this mistake (as to the soldier's duties) extended to an alarming degree, soldiers with arms in their hands stood by and saw felonies committed, houses burnt and pulled down before their eyes, without interfering, some because they had no commanding officer to give the order, and some because there was no Justice of the Peace with them." The law here is identically the same as in England on this point, and under the circumstances it seems hardly too much to say that the statutes are as necessary to the soldier as a knapsack, and a lawyer as a captain.

We have seen that officers of the regular army are annually detailed to the encampments of the different States. A wise suggestion, as it strikes me, is made by Lieut. Totten, to return this compliment, and to detail from each State officers of the National Guard to the encampment at West Point, and to convenient army posts. Nor would it be a matter of too great expense for some of the wealthier States to send an officer occasionally abroad to follow the army manœuvres of some of those European nations whose misfortune it has been to have had a greater experience in modern wars than ourselves.

To argue about the advantage of a uniformity of arms between the States and the general government would seem to be scarcely necessary, so palpable ought it to be. For one State to have Sharp's rifles, another Remington, while the General Government uses Springfield, is to prevent an interchange of ammunition and accoutrements at a time, perhaps, when such interchange might be invaluable. The inconvenience of a difference of armament in the same State is open to the same objection, only with still greater force. With regard to a uniformity of dress, however, so strict as to preclude all individuality, the gain seems less pronounced. The

tendency at present is to abolish regimental uniforms in favor of a State uniform closely approximating to that of the General Government. So far as a fatigue or active service dress is concerned, this general uniformity of attire is undoubtedly advisable, but I think a distinctive uniform, and even a showy one for dress occasions, has much to recommend it. A distinctive uniform gives "*esprit de corps*," undoubtedly tempts and attracts a larger enlistment, engenders greater care in its preservation, and keeps alive the martial fervor. I remember talking to a French officer on this subject, and he told me that there were once but two sizes of uniforms for the French infantry, and the necessity of every man to adjust himself to one of these extremes caused greater dissatisfaction than even could have been produced by short rations.

Lord Wolseley is equally decided on the value of dress uniforms. "The soldier is a peculiar animal," he says, "who can alone be brought to the highest efficiency by inducing him to believe that he belongs to a regiment infinitely superior to others about him. In their desire to foster this spirit, colonels are greatly aided by being able to point to some peculiarity in dress." Again he says: "The better you dress a soldier the more highly will he be thought of by women and consequently by himself."

Smartness, beauty, picturesqueness has its utility, much as this utilitarian age affects to despise it, and we must not forget that if we rob the soldier of his glamor there remains to him little but cold steel.

To sum up, I have endeavored, by glancing at the different encampments during the past year, to show the necessity of larger appropriations from both State and General Governments to our militiamen. I have tried to meet the objections of the inspectors detailed by the War Department against electing the National Guard officer, and have ventured to suggest an improvement that would yet leave the best features of that system intact and without change of principle. I have touched on certain legal aspects of the responsibilities of our troops; and instead of the present mania for tinkering at uniforms and for reducing them down to a dead level of monotony, I have tried to show how much more useful would be the same energy in the line of a uniformity of armament. These, however, are all principally matters of detail and of technical improvement. There now remains to

consider what I deem the most important shortcoming of our National Guard, and I have purposely left it to the last in order to give to it special weight. The criticism I would make is on the general plan of their training, for it seems to me that this has not been of such a character as to develop the highest efficiency in case of attack from outside.

Armory drills, parades, and annual encampments are extremely useful as far as they go. They give the rudimentary instruction of a soldier's career in the best and most practical manner, but at most they are the trainings of troops by detachments. The massing of troops from different States together could easily be accomplished, and is occasionally necessary for both officers and men. The concentration of these State forces on our frontiers, and at possible places of landing on our coasts, practice in rearing earth-works at the most exposed points, and exercises in handling heavy ordnance are also essential if our troops are really to be of practical utility.

The training, up to now, of our National Guard would seem to have been conducted on the principle of fitting them to repress intestine strife alone. They have been drilled too much as if police work were their only destiny, and as if labor and capital were expected to be continually flying at each other's throat.

Fit them also for the blow that may come from without ; thus and thus only shall they attain the popularity with *all classes* that they deserve, and be veritably in all men's eyes the free sons of a free country shouldering their muskets willingly at their country's call.

LLOYD S. BRYCE.

THE FUTURE AMERICAN.

WHAT is to be the outcome of the amalgamation of the numerous languages, races, colors, customs, and conditions of life in America?

Are the English-speaking people drifting toward a universal language and race of the future?

Is a new type of man in process of development, of a higher or lower degree?

The present manifestations of the influence of foreign tongues upon the English language in America covers too wide a field to be answered in entirety. In one article, the data on the subject can only be considered briefly and in sections. In the southwestern portion of America the Aztec and Spanish tongues have stamped themselves upon our language. There we are confronted with a vocabulary of words and phrases of which we have little or no comprehension. In the Western mining regions are numerous terms which have become a part of our dictionary, and which emanated from various foreign sources, and were grafted into our language. In Louisiana we find a Creole population from whom the whites borrowed; a dissemination also of Acadian words which add to the confusion. There we find negroes who speak the Creole language, or the Acadian, or their own exclusively, or all of them indifferently, or mix one or more so as to be quite misunderstood by the Northerner. We find that Creoles, whites, blacks, Frenchmen, and Spaniards have intermarried somewhat, and interbred more with the descendants of these in the form of quadroons, mulattoes, etc. Many of these have no definite tongue of their own, and it would require the most skilled linguist to trace their vocabulary to its many sources. In that section one finds many people who cannot speak English at all, although possessed of the soil for over a century; again others

who speak a garbled or mongrel English ; and still others who converse in several languages but cannot claim any one as their own. Further north, in such States as Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, South Carolina, etc., we find the negro and white dialects thoroughly amalgamated. In New York State, the Dutch tongue has left its wreckage all along the Mohawk Valley and among the Catskill Mountains. In the Western States, there are large areas where only German, or Scandinavian, or some other foreign language is spoken. The Irish have introduced many words from the Celtic tongue. In large cities, such as Chicago, there is a confusion of German, French, Polish, Chinese, Japanese, Irish, Greek, Scandinavian, and various other dialects. In spite of all that can be done—and little is done, by the way—we find the words and customs of these people stamping themselves upon our existence. I have not made a pretension of going over the entire field, or to speak of Quakers, Down East Yankees, and the peculiar expressions and words common to every State as distinguished from those of every other State. One has only to cross a river at Cairo, Ill., for instance, to imagine that Kentucky or Missouri is some planet far removed from Illinois, on which he has accidentally been transplanted.

The English tongue has no basis of its own. It has been a collection of thefts from its incipiency. Its roots extend into many dead languages, and its branches into all modern. Being a thief on a colossal scale, it follows necessarily that it is made richer by every acquisition from the sources mentioned. It may have become demoralized and degenerated in some instances, but I take the hopeful and optimistic view, that the grand tendency of the amalgamation of languages in America is upward and onward into a broader sphere, with a completer and a more surpassing vocabulary than the world has ever seen.

The question of a universal language as the outgrowth of amalgamation in America seems beyond forecast at present. We must admit that the vast assemblage of nations on this continent would have a tendency to make English the universal tongue, although not in its present form. This would be particularly true if the English-speaking people should become the majority, or, by force of numbers, conquer other nations. There can be no doubt that foreign people who learn English in the United States materially influence their respective fatherlands. At present

this is a very important element in the universal language question. But we must be frank to admit that the German tongue is still the superior one, and through it thoughts can find expression for which the English has no equivalent. We still lack a grammar, and what we call our "grammar" is a heterogeneous conglomeration, the laughing stock of foreign scholars and the despair of our own. We also lack words which no one has been able to coin, nor does it seem possible to create their perfectly satisfactory German equivalent into English. On the other hand, the English vocabulary is surpassing in the number of its words.

In arguing in favor of the English as the universal tongue we can say that the territory covered by our people is vast, that owing to a vaster number of occupations, inventions, and progresses, there are a vaster number of thoughts and ideas to be expressed, requiring an overwhelming vocabulary. This condition must have a tendency to engulf all foreign languages into one English tongue. But what will be the English tongue of the future? All foreign languages in future, more than in the past, will continue to stamp upon the English speaking races their impress, which will cling to it. It will not do to forecast too much. We stand upon the borders of the infinite sea of the future, blank to us, unknown as to the riches it has in store for the human race.

In this connection we must take into consideration the publication of papers and periodicals in foreign languages in the United States. The question has already arisen as to whether these ought not to be suppressed, as retarding the acceptance of the English tongue by those who have already cast their lot with America. The abolition of such publications would create much injury, as they have proved of the greatest possible advantage to America. When immigrants arrive in the United States they cannot speak its language and know nothing about its ways and methods of industrious living. These papers publish American news in the foreign tongue and give exactly the information these immigrants most need and could not otherwise obtain with facility. The new arrivals are thus enabled to settle down to work at once. As fast as they learn the language they begin taking American papers as well. Their children, who are invariably ashamed of their foreign origin, strive to pose as Americans, change the spelling of their names to make them appear American, and read only American publications. There is still another

field of usefulness for the papers published in foreign tongues. Thousands, yes millions of them, are scattered broadcast in the old countries, giving full information about America, which could not otherwise be disseminated among all classes abroad. This method of reaching old countries invites immigration of desirable brawn and brain. It must be confessed also that the study of German in American public schools has proved of great benefit in broadening the mind and as a mental discipline.

The amalgamation of color in the United States is a very remarkable spectacle. Negroes are becoming so white skinned, in many instances, as to lose apparently their African origin, and are often regarded by those unpossessed of the facts as whites. This, of course, is generally due not to intermarriage, but to interbreeding without the formality of a ceremony. The illegitimate descendants of the old slaveholders are exceedingly numerous, and the progeny of these are unmistakably white. These illegitimate progeny have in most instances inherited brains, and are smart, well educated people, highly industrious and good citizens. In brief, it may be said that the tendency of color of southern races in the United States has been toward the white, and of the white races toward the red, or copper-color, of the aborigines. In the latter case climate has been the prime factor, and its influences are quite visible in many sections. If we were to cast the horoscope of a thousand years hence we might say that the whites of that period will be the reds of to-day, and the blacks and southern races of to-day the whites of to-morrow.

Of the amalgamation of customs much might be said. The German has made the average American a beer drinker; foreign cooking is found on all the better tables in the United States; English clothing, manners and styles are borrowed by American gentlemen, and Paris makes the dresses and fashions for the ladies. The American army, outside of the graduates of West Point, is made up of the light-haired Europeans. Foreign music is cultivated by all classes in America. All of the lower political offices are in general held by foreign-born citizens. In the large metropolitan cities ladies purchase and use more cigarettes than men, a custom imported from southern lands. But while the American is taking these customs upon himself, he is also influential abroad. His inventions go into all foreign countries, and he follows to explain their use. The English and

American men-of-war have pushed into isolated places and forced in the missionary and white-race customs and trade.

In borrowing, the English speaking people capture many from whom they borrow, and in lending, force the lenders to become like themselves somewhat.

It is perhaps impossible to fathom the outcome of intermarriage of races in America and the consequent intermixture of blood. The result ought to be the same as among the lower animals. If a cat and dog, for instance, are interbred, a result may be obtained; but nature stops there and will permit no further descendants from the resulting object. But species of the same family invariably interbreed with the best of results, often producing a higher type of an animal. The human family all belong to the same genus. The intermixture of blood ought to have a health-giving influence on the descendant. If the descendant inherits the best traits physically and mentally of ancestry, certainly this would be true. I am inclined to believe, in fact forced to admit from observation, that such has been the case in America, and that intermarriage has resulted in a higher type of brains and physique, although no specific race is prepared, through pride, to make such an admission.

We now find ourselves confronted with the greatest question of modern times, viz.: What is to be the American of the future? History would show that nations which lived unto themselves have died out. To say that we are living over their lives, literature and thoughts—that there is nothing new under the sun—is the greatest libel on the grandest age in the history of the world. The past is scarcely the basis of the present and future. The growth of man intellectually during the past ten years is greater and of more importance than that during his entire previous history.

If, then, other nations died out because they lived unto themselves, it is proof presumptive that an intermixture of races by intermarriage, and in customs and languages, must endure forever. This assemblage of nations on the American continent; this rapid development of a universal language by the amalgamation of all tongues, past and present; this formation of a single race of man out of all races, can only be regarded as a colossal scheme of nature to infiltrate new life into humanity, and produce an enduring and higher type of man and language.

WILLIAM HOSEA BALLOU.

HIGH LICENSE NO REMEDY.

It is entirely proper to "regulate," by law, good things which, in the hands of bad men, are liable to abuse. The law-making and law-enforcing power may be properly invoked to regulate transportation by rail or water, the law may be called upon to declare what is proper interest, and at what point interest leaves off and usury begins, and the law may also regulate the sale of necessary drugs to prevent their misuse by careless, immoral, or bad men.

But an evil, a known, marked, admitted evil, an evil which has no admixture of good, an evil which the sense of the entire civilized world has branded as an evil, can no more be "regulated" than a barrel of powder can be fired off by degrees.

Any evil that needs regulation needs death. If it be an evil, if the world acknowledges and regards it as an evil, killing is the only remedy.

What would be thought of a proposition to make:

A Law regulating Adultery,
A Law regulating Burglary,
A Law regulating Arson,
A Law regulating Larceny,
A Law regulating Highway Robbery,
A Law regulating Forgery,
A Law regulating Assault and Battery,
A Law regulating Wife Beating,

and so forth?

These crimes are not to be regulated. They are forbidden. The law does not say, "You MAY, under certain Rules and Regulations, do these things;" but, for the protection of society, it says, "You shall NOT," and when the law is broken swift punish-

ment is meted out to the offender in any country where law really holds sway.

All offenses against what civilization has decreed to be good are absolutely prohibited, and punishment is prescribed for the offender. The violator of any of the laws of the country expects the punishment prescribed, if he be convicted thereof, and no party has ever been organized to in any way change the nature either of the crime or punishment. There has never been a proposition made to change the estimation in which these crimes are held, neither have those addicted to them ever asked that the protection of the law be thrown over them, or that they should be given any consideration. They are crimes against society, crimes against God and man, and are treated as such.

The traffic in intoxicating liquors is a greater crime than any of these, because it is the parent and cause of all of them, with pauperism, insanity, wretchedness, and everything that is included under the general head of human misery thrown in as make-weights. It is the only traffic on earth permitted to exist that is based upon pure selfishness, and that lowest of all low kinds of selfishness which sees suffering of the most frightful kind unmoved, and which makes profit out of the sufferings of others. There is no traffic permitted to exist so destructive of everything that is good, and so promotive of everything that is bad. It blights, it sears, it rots, it decays, it destroys whatever it touches. If the seller outlives the buyer, it is only because he is cold-blooded enough to make profit out of the destruction of his fellows without exposing himself to the danger they invite, but in the end it kills him. It so worries what little good there may have been in him originally, that if liquor itself does not finally get hold of him, the demoralization inseparable from it brings him to a frightful end in some way. He can no more escape than his victims.

It is the cause of ninety per cent. of the pauperism with which the world is afflicted, and which good men have to pay for, and fully ninety per cent. of the crime in the world may be charged to the same cause. It makes paupers and criminals of men in the first instance, and entails pauperism, insanity, and an irresistible tendency to crime upon posterity. There is but little use in saying this, for it has been said and proven a thousand times over.

The fact that liquor-using is idiocy, and liquor-selling crime, being admitted, we come to the one question, "What are you going to do about it?"

A vast majority of thinking men say—prohibit it. Treat it as you do any other crime—call it crime, treat it as crime, punish it as crime. They want this monster which is eating the very foundation out of everything that is good and decent in society strangled and buried, without the benefit of clergy, with the stake of public opinion thrust through its foul body.

But, unfortunately for humanity, there is another class who say "No" to this, the only direct way of reaching the evil. They admit the criminality of the business; they admit its utter and entire infernalism; they admit that it is ruin, past, present, and future, but they say "Regulate" it. And they base their demand for Regulation upon three propositions.

First. That Prohibition does not prohibit; that where you close the saloons with Prohibition, the drug stores and secret resorts continue to furnish the material for drunkenness the same as ever.

Second. That license, which is their favorite form of regulation, compels the rumseller to pay into the public treasury whatever amount is assessed upon him, which goes to make up to the community a part, at least, of the cost of the traffic.

Third. That under a license system the law will have some control of the traffic, and thus confine it to respectable men.

Never in the world were there three more untenable or absurd positions.

First. No Prohibitionist claims or ever has claimed that Prohibition does away with the use of intoxicating liquors entirely. Everybody knows that in the Prohibition States of Maine, Iowa, and Kansas, liquors are bought, sold, and drank. No one supposes that an appetite which was productive of disastrous results so far back as when the human family consisted of but eight persons, and, so far as we know, was the cause of the reduction of the human family to that number, and which has been steadily increasing ever since, the same as leprosy, the syphilitic taint, and other curses which in the providence of God have been let loose upon mankind, can be stopped at once by the mere edict of a State Legislature. "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," with eight other "Thou

Shalt Nots," were thundered from Sinai some thousands of years ago, the utterances were clothed with the authority of the Eternal, and the penalty for violation, misery on earth and damnation hereafter, accompanied the Divine command ; but, all the same, all these commandments are violated to-day, as they were yesterday and will be to-morrow, if to-morrow comes.

Does any one suppose for a moment that the rum-enthralled soaker of Portland, whose stomach would make a fair war map of Virginia, in whose enfeebled system the fires of alcoholization have been burning and eating for years, is not going to continue to have the stimulant upon which he has lived so long ? He would have it were it forbidden by twice the authority of the utterer of the Ten Commandments, and were the penalty thrice that spoken by the Almighty and written by Moses.

Does any one suppose that the young thief, or the still younger harlot, the one who wants fictitious courage for the commission of crime, and the other a quick and sudden Lethe in which to find forgetfulness, will be without what they have made necessary to them ?

Does any one suppose that the fast young man who has gotten himself well along the road which has but one ending, is going to be deprived of his wine at his club, and all the accompaniments to the life he has been drawn into ?

Does any one suppose that the proprietress of the brothel is not going to have wine and other stimulants to inflame the habitués of her place, especially as her profit on this branch of her frightful trade is five hundred per centum ?

Who so believes, knows nothing of human nature. Give profit enough, and facilities for breaking this law will be found just as plenty as for the breaking of any other. Is there theft in Portland ? Is there adultery ? Is there Sabbath-breaking ? Is there murder ?

As a matter of course liquor will be sold and drank, no matter what laws are enacted against it. But, mind you, under the well enforced Prohibition laws in those States, the drinkers are only those who are already ruined, either in whole or in part, and, leaving out individual hardships and individual heart-strings as well, it makes precious little difference how much this class gets of it. Confirmed drinkers and confirmed hoodlums are, as a rule, incurable, and the sooner they are out of the way, so far as the com-

munity is concerned, the better. It would be a good thing to give all of these classes all they want, that the reproach of their living might be removed as soon as possible. There is no knife to remove the cancer of appetite when once fixed; there is no medicament that can resuscitate the will-power drowned in alcohol. In ninety-nine cases in a hundred the man once enrolled in the great army of drunkards remains true to his flag, and he marches to no other drum-beat. His fate is fixed, and to the community at large the sooner death relieves him from the service the better. In life he is a curse to himself, a burden either to some one individual or to the community at large, and what power he wields by virtue of his having been born a man, and being borne upon the census rolls as a man, is always wielded to the detriment of everything that is decent and good.

Were this class the only ones affected by the open saloons, I would have them open wide their doors. The community could well afford to furnish the rum to kill off quickly the confirmed drunkards, for modification is impossible in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in a thousand, and a complete cure is out of the question.

These confirmed victims of the drink habit will have it, and so long as they will have it, and can beg, borrow, or steal the money to pay for it, men will be found who will furnish it to them. It may be a druggist who keeps a back room—it may be an ingeniously contrived hole in the wall or cellar—it may be almost anything, but it can and will be had. In Portland the construction of hiding places for illicit liquor is a regular business out of which one or two men make a rich living.

The admission that Prohibition does not entirely prohibit is no argument against Prohibition. It does prohibit, and at the right place. The dealer who is compelled by virtue of the sweeping Prohibitory law, to which penalties are attached, and which penalties are enforced when the crime is brought home and fastened, may and will sell to confirmed drunkards, but what is he going to do with the boys and the young men who are not confirmed drunkards? He dare not sell to them, and much less dare he entice them into his place. The claws of the hyena are pared and its teeth are extracted. The rum-soaked wretch who must have it can always get it, because his appetite seals his lips and makes him an unwilling witness, but the boy is not so prudent.

And, besides, it is not constantly in the way of the boy. The gilded saloon, with its light, and warmth, and glitter, and show, is not on every corner, furnishing him a more than comfortable lounging place. There is no place open where he can hear the laugh, the song, the jests born of rum, which amuse him more and more as he hears them. To get rum he must go in search of it, and he must undergo the severest kinds of tests before the seller dare commit himself to the chances of furnishing it to him. The young man who lays the foundation of his ruin by occasionally taking a drink with a friend, because he is invited, rather then because he wants it, is spared this temptation. The laboring man who drifts into the whirlpool because he wants a place that is warm and light, where he can read a newspaper, talk politics, or play at games, finds no such place under Prohibition, and he spends his evenings at home, where he should be, seven nights in the week. These classes, which furnish recruits to the great army, are saved, because there is nothing enticing to invite them. It costs more than it comes to to find the stuff, and, when found, there is nothing but the baldest and coldest inducement for them.

Second. The only way that any one has found yet to "regulate" the liquor traffic is to license the sale of liquor, exacting a penalty in money from each one licensed, thus prescribing who may sell and who may not. Two things are sought for in this, or rather one thing is actually sought for, and the other is pretended to be. The thing that is actually sought for is the money for the license ; the pretended thing is that no license shall be issued except to respectable persons.

It is true that the licensing of the sale of liquor does pour money into the public treasury at a fearful rate, because the profit on the business enables it to pay almost any tax without material injury to it. The brewer who has a net profit of $2 a barrel on his product cares but little what tax is put upon the retailer, who is always his man. He cares, as a matter of course ; for the less impediments put in the way of his nefarious business the better for him, but it makes but little difference. Few of the large breweries manufacture less than 100,000 barrels a year, and the tax imposed by a license upon each of his retailers is nothing to a man with an income of $200,000 per year. Make it $200, as it is in Ohio now, under the "Dow Law," and he laughs at it.

Where the tax is low he does not pay it, because the retailer can well afford to. All the retailer has to do is to be a little more enterprising in seducing weak men and thoughtless boys into his den, and the amount is easily made up. His profits are so enormous that a tax of $200 per year is nothing to him. He makes it up by the ruin of a few more than he would have been content with without it.

This tax does close out a few grocers who combine liquor with other goods, but that is the very class who do no special harm. Liquor is not their principal business, and they give it up if it does not pay, and the fact that a tax of $200 compels them to give it up shows how little damage they do. The aggressive liquor dealers,—those whose business it is to hunt men and boys,—they laugh at it. They go on just the same, only they put enough extra work into their business to make up for what the State exacts from them.

Raise the tax to $500, or even $1,000 per year, and the result is the same. The brewer reimburses himself by adding something to the price per barrel to the retailer, and the retailer makes himself good by adding a cent a glass to the price to the drunkard. As to the retailers of whisky, they care nothing for it. Another bucket of water in each barrel of whisky makes them all right with the tax. The dealer has a mortgage on the stomach and the nerve system of his customer, and he is absolutely sure of him. If for rum a man will pawn his wife's last gown, or his children's shoes, or the tools he lives by, does it make any difference to him whether the price is five cents or ten? The better class of drinkers can afford any price, the lower grade cannot help themselves. They must have it, and they will have it. Tax, indeed! It is not as it is with flour, and meat, and dress-goods. The poor slave may choose whether he will or will not buy those things, but rum he must and will have, and price is nothing in the count.

I repeat. The manufacturers and dealers have it all their own way. The poor victim must have it, and will have it, no matter what the price may be. Price is nothing to him. Food for himself and family, clothing, shelter, and fuel—when a man can part with all these for rum, it makes no difference to him what the price may be. He will have it.

True, a license law pours money into the treasury, but put the

tax as high as you choose, the amount of this blood money does not and cannot bear any proportion to the cost of the traffic to the community. It does not pay one per cent. of the money-cost to the public, to say nothing of the tears and anguish it occasions. These latter items may not count in the mind of a stern legislator, but to the mother whose life is one of abject misery, who sees before her the certainty of harlotry for her daughters, and the penitentiary and gallows for her boys, it does count something. Her interest in this question cannot be expressed with figures with a dollar mark before them. But the figuring member of the legislature, no matter how much he may brush up his stiff iron-gray hair, cannot show that the heaviest tax makes the community good for the money-cost of the liquor traffic. We do not ask him to consider the moral or heart aspect of the case at all.

One should be ashamed to write on the dollar-and-cent aspect of the trade with the black shadows of the misery it inflicts hanging over him, but there are those who can only be reached through the pocket. The people of the United States pay one thousand millions of dollars per annum for drink alone. What an infinitesimal figure the money taken for licenses cuts compared with this colossal sum! Figure up the cost of your police system, your jails, penitentiaries, alms-houses, criminal courts, insane asylums, with the thousand other items that should be charged to rum, and then compare it with your petty little license fees! Toledo, Ohio, pays $3,000,000 per annum for rum. The city supports a costly police force and has an expensive infirmary, house of correction, insane asylum, and gorgeous courts,—police and criminal,—and the receipts from licenses, all told, amount to about $80,000! Rum does not pay in license one per cent. of its direct cost to the community.

Third. The claim that a system of license confines the business to men of respectability is absurd. There can be no such thing as "respectable" whisky sellers. I mean exactly what I say. It is true the proprietors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel are whisky sellers because there is a bar in the house, and it is true that the place is kept quiet, and that only a certain grade of people are admitted. But because they do not show themselves they are not counted as whisky sellers in the general business sense of the word.

But they do more damage to humanity than the regulars, and

this class is the first who should be wiped out. How many respectable men are in the business, or ever have been? There is that in the trade which prevents respectability.

A man may enter it as pure as a snow-flake and in a year every particle of decency will be rubbed out of him. No man can sell the poison, or be where it is sold, without going by the board, morally.

He sees in a bar-room, I care not how respectable it may be, only the nasty side of humanity. The bar and the rooms adjoining where liquor is sold is where all the smut in the world is originated, and it is where it is retailed and given currency. In these places is where the prize-fighting, the foot-racing, the amusement-gambling of all kinds, is most securely entrenched. There is nothing that is vile or demoralizing that has not whisky for its centre—whisky is the magnet which attracts everything that is indecent, demoralizing, and criminal. Bets are arranged for yacht and base-ball in the bar of the fine hotel, burglaries and murders in the low grade saloons. It is all bad, it is all vile, it is only a question of degree. The wealthy debauchee frequents the Hoffman House, the low ruffian finds his place in Baxter street. But whisky is the inspiration of both, and their ends and aims are exactly alike. It is merely the difference between broadcloth and fustian. There is rotten and rotting mankind under both.

Did anybody ever know of any one being refused a license under a license law because of moral unfitness? Ah, no. In States where the applicants are required to publish their applications, what sort of men make up the long list? The fine hotels are there as a matter of course, but side by side with them are the lowest grade of dives—the vilest places, kept by the vilest men and women.

They get their licenses, never fear. The licensing board dare not offend this class by refusing them. And why? Because these very men make the licensing board. The board is made up by and for these moral pests for their protection. They make the power that makes the licensing power, and they control it. Year after year the sickening farce is played—the lowest and most notorious of the low dives get their license and are authorized to keep their thieves' resort as "respectable" men. License neither diminishes the number nor betters the character of those engaged in the nefarious business.

License does not do the only thing which should be done with the traffic—it does not kill it. I have no patience with the religious sentimentalism that whines about "Licensing a sin," and all that. If a license law would shut an appreciable number of groggeries, and make it more difficult for men and boys who are not caught by the drink habit, I should say license in default of anything better. A family saved from utter ruin is so much good done—a boy saved from ruin is so much good done. The person who would do what he or she can to help humanity has no right to reject any aid. A half loaf is better than no bread, and if license could be shown to be even a half loaf I should take it eagerly.

But it is not. It does not lessen the amount of liquor sold; it does not improve the *personelle* of the wretches engaged in the nefarious business, and if it does drop money with one hand into the public treasury, it takes it out with the other in increased charges and more shameless raids upon the attenuated purse of the individual victim. It does not stop the traffic. It does not stop the infernal raid upon humanity which is filling jails and lunatic asylums and feeding the gallows. It leaves the conscienceless wretches who are hunting men and boys to pursue their infernal trade, with the additional protection that law gives them. It keeps the saloon open on the most prominent corners, with its private rooms for the initiation of the young into the vices of which it is the centre and inspiration. It makes liquor free, it licenses with the sale all the horrible devices for strengthening its reign and consolidating its power. It leaves the enormous class of weak men and inexperienced boys, which society is bound in its own interests, if not in theirs, to protect—it leaves them open to approach the same as before.

It throws no shield over the helpless wife, or the naked, hungry child. It leaves the State with the regular burden of lunatics and paupers. The mill grinds on just the same, and the never ending grist of fresh humanity, with capabilities for good, goes into the hopper, and out comes the horrible product of lunatics, paupers, and criminals, just the same.

The wail of the worse than widow, the cry of the starved and suffering child goes up to Heaven, but human fatuity has interposed the shield of "Regulation," and no answer comes. Regulation, forsooth! Can the vitiated appetite of the boy be "regulated?" Is there any way to regulate the man or boy who has

implanted within himself an appetite which has taken from him every particle of will-power? Can you save a man with a fever in any other way than to remove the cause of the fever? "Regulation?" Do you want to take a census to enumerate your children and say, "I will so regulate this evil that this child shall be mine and that one the saloon keeper's?" In brief, do you want to perpetuate an evil, or do you want to kill it? If the rum power really owns the State and community, in God's name let it have its way in peace. If it does not, if humanity has any rights, if the State and the family have any claim to be considered, let the law assert itself, and stamp it out. It is regulated in Ohio, it is prohibited in Maine, Kansas, and Iowa. Ohio is given over to rum and beer. In the others the coming generation, at least, are free from the horrible crime.

At the risk of prolixity I want to re-refer to one or two points already touched upon.

There are two lies which have always been accepted as truths, that ought to be exploded: The first is, "Men will drink in spite of all the law in the world."

Men will not drink until they have been educated to drink. No man was ever born with an appetite for liquor save those unfortunates born of drunken parents. They take to it more kindly than others, but it requires temptation to start even them on the short but steep road. No natural stomach ever craved it. After the boy has been enticed into a whisky or beer shop, and has been plied with the horror a certain time, he wants it more and more every day, and the time comes when he will have it at no matter what cost, but it takes months of bedevilment to bring him to that pass. Of himself he is neither going to hunt the ruin nor take it after he has found it. It is a matter of education, and the brewer, and his agents, the saloon keepers, are the educators. The drunkard is made, not born.

The other lie is that quotation of Pope's which is more quoted than almost any other in the language:

> "Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
> That to be hated needs but to be seen,
> But, seen too oft, familiar with its face,
> First we endure, then pity, then embrace."

Pope sacrificed sense to sound. Vice never puts itself up in

frightful form at the beginning. On the contrary, vice is always clothed in light and is always pleasant and as alluring as the ingenuity of the devil can make it. Vice, in gin mills, has gorgeous mirrors, cut glass ornaments, bright, cheery furniture, and the most gorgeously beautiful pictures that human genius can devise. Artists of the highest ability are employed to make these places beautiful, and their art is prostituted into a decoy. Is there anything frightful in the gorgeous bar-room of the Hoffman House, with its walls made luminous with nude nymphs warm from the sensuous brush of Bouguereau? Is there anything frightful in the wonderful pictures which speak to the senses from all the walls? Not at all. Thousands throng that wondrous place to see those jewels so appropriately set. What are they there for? The proprietor probably knows no more of art than the pig does of Sunday, but other people do, and he paid his money for the best in art. What for? In the interest of art? Ah, no. These pictures are so many decoys. The young man whose pulse quickens as he stands before this work of forbidden beauty, must patronize the bar, and he drinks, paying two prices for what he consumes. He takes this art bait kindly, and comes again, or goes straightway to other bars of the same kind, whose proprietors give him quite as tempting excuses. The proprietors are simply rumsellers, and these fittings and accessories are their advertisements.

Vice does not stop with beauty on its walls. Vice has the liquors it kills with, of the warmest and most seductive colors. Its wines sparkle, it puts pure cold vestal ice into glasses, through which prismatic rays dart and glitter to the enticement of the eye; it adds to that sugar of the whitest and purest, lemon of the richest and coolest colors, and liquors that look as beautiful as a painter's dream, and it mixes the delicious compound in a way that would seduce an anchorite. And the compounder has diamonds blazing from his immaculate shirt-front, his hair is combed and brushed in most careful particularity, his apron is of the whitest and his boots are polished to the last degree. And then this compound, which is seduction to the eye as well as the stomach, is not shoved at the victim coarsely or carelessly. The very mixing of it is artistic. In the most tantalizing way the right hand of the low priest of vice pours the glittering mixture in a rainbow-like stream from one beautiful glass to another, permitting it to

dance through the air, giving you as many tints as there are in a kaleidoscope, and filling space with a delicious perfume. The drink is a work of art. There is a seduction in the clink of the ice against the sides of the glass, there is a treacherous kindliness in the "glug, glug, cloop, gug glug" of the liquor as it leaps out in an amber stream over the ice, and lights up with brilliant color its crystal whiteness, and when the compound is completed it is permitted to stand a moment while the rim of another glass, as thin as paper and as beautiful as a fairy's dream is dipped into pure refined sugar, making an inexpressibly delicate frosting, the vision is poured into this, the whole then crowned with cool green leaves of mint, with slices of lemon artistically disposed, and with ripe luscious red strawberries nestling lovingly among them ; well, talk of vice putting on a frightful mien. Why there is nothing more beautiful in the world. No housewife so decorates the dishes she places before her guests ; nowhere can anything so absolutely æsthetic be found.

But the bottom, the foundation of the whole is alcohol, and that bites and stings just the same as though it came hot from the still, and was drunk out of a tin dipper. The eye, and sight, and the other senses are used to betray the young man at his vulnerable points, the stomach and brain, and the law gives the greedy seller the right to do it.

Is there anything frightful in the heated air that steals up from unseen sources in the winter and the cooled air that comes without call in the summer ? Is there anything frightful in the flowers they have for your delectation all the seasons, and the things of beauty with which they surround you ? Ah ! no, indeed.

But what has all this to do with license ? Everything. When an advocate of license wants to crush a Prohibitionist he takes him to one of these places to show what the liquor business should be, and would be were it properly conducted. The idiot does not realize that these are the places that should be remorselessly crushed out first of all ; that these places are the ones above all others that should be killed. These are the recruiting stations. These are the places where young men congregate, because they are respectable. Here is where Vice exerts her greatest power, because she is disguised and in her best array. The skeleton is puffed, padded, and painted.

If mankind had to deal with the hideous, frowsy, filthy

termagant Pope has in his mind, there would be no danger, to the young at least. After dealing awhile with the syren who invites him, he will and does become so depraved as to deal with the hag, but not at the beginning.

When it comes to the "frightful mien," it is when vice has him safe in her clutches, and does not need to masquerade. It is after the fancy drinks have done their work that vice finds that sugar, lemon, pounded ice, and all that is wasted, that all she needs to finish with is plain matter of fact alcohol, undisguised. Then vice becomes hideous, but she cares not. She is then dictating terms—not the victim. So that he gets the alcohol it does not matter whether it is served by a sprucely dressed, be-diamonded young man, or a toothless hag whose hair has not known a comb from girlhood. It may come from washed or unwashed hands, the alcohol is all that is wanted; the shortest road to death on a dung-hill or the padded cell in the lunatic asylum is what the victim wants then, and he will get it no matter what laws stand in his way.

Now, what are you going to do with these gilded places where your boys are seduced? License them? Better license the places of low resort, the finishers.

The young man who is seduced into these places by the cut glass and wonderful concoctions will not long stay there. Ah, no! The time will come when his blunted senses will have no enjoyment of these beautiful surroundings; when all he will require will be the straight, unadulterated liquor; when he will care nothing for surroundings, but drink for effect only. He goes from the Hoffman to the Bowery, and from the Bowery to Baxter street. He is as sure to come to it as the sun is to rise and set so many days. He starts with the cut glass and the strawberries, but the day will come when the bottle will be good enough for him, and that day is never far distant. It only takes a few years, —sometimes months,—to mark the time. There is no disease that does its work so certainly and none so quickly.

Looked at from any point of view, "Regulation" of the liquor traffic is not to be thought of, provided the liquor traffic is wrong. When you have conceded the necessity of "Regulation," you have conceded the necessity of Prohibition. If it is an evil that calls for legal intervention at all, it calls but for one kind, and that is destruction. A good thing that may be abused may be regulated,

but not a bad thing, which the whole world concedes to be bad through and through. You license the respectable makers of drunkards with a faint hope of prohibiting the traffic by the finishers of the work. Humanity does not want "Regulation." It makes no difference to the starving and freezing wife whether her rum-enthralled husband gets his liquor at the licensed drunkery or at a free one. He will have it anyhow, at no matter what cost. But it does matter to the suffering mother whether there shall be licensed rum shops on every corner, full of light, full of beautiful things, warm in the winter and cool in summer, full of enticements, which, under the protection of the law, shall entice her children into their awful devil-fish embrace, and add to the horible curse of a drunken husband boys certain to be drunkards and girls certain to be harlots. It makes a difference to the community at large, to the tax-payers, whether the evil shall go on, the black stream rolling on for ever, bank-full. License, which is Regulation, means its perpetuation, its continuance, without let or hindrance. Prohibition means the saving of the coming generations and the help of those now on the road. One strengthens traffic—the other is an honest attempt at its suppression.

That is the difference between Regulation and Prohibition.

DAVID R. LOCKE.

WHY I AM NOT A HEATHEN.

A REJOINDER TO WONG CHIN FOO.

I DRAW a sharp distinction between Religion and Ethics. Religion pertains to the heart. Ethics deals more with outward conduct. Religion inculcates principles. Ethics lays down rules. Religion without Ethics is like a disembodied spirit; Ethics without Religion is a body from which the soul has fled. The most intelligent form of Heathenism, namely, Confucianism, never taught the "relations and acts of individuals toward God," the Ruler of the Universe. Confucius inculcated a lofty morality, but left Religion to shift for itself.

"Born and raised a heathen, I learned and practiced its moral and religious code," by worshiping the prescribed number of idols, and I was useful to others, though not to myself, because I helped to fatten the lessees of the temples, incense-venders and idle priests. "My conscience was clear," because I knew not what I was doing, "and my hopes as to the future life were undimmed by distracting doubt," simply because they were never very bright. In fact, I was not precocious enough to think much on the subject.

I came under Christian influences at the age of thirteen, and I am ashamed to confess that I did not take to Christianity kindly at first, and for three years to come,—for it takes a long time to weed out error, and my Chinese friends and teachers had taken special pains to prejudice my mind against Christianity. But in 1876 that grand man of God, Mr. Moody, came to proclaim the Gospel in Springfield, Mass. I attended the meetings and listened to his presentation of the truth with wonder, and, at length, with conviction of my lost estate, of my need of redemption. I had a personal interview with Mr. Moody, and was strengthened in my resolution to be a Christian. That was one of the happiest

periods of my life. I did not join the church then, as friends advised me to wait; for it was feared that the Chinese Commissioner of the Educational Mission, to which I belonged, might send me home before I got well started on the right road. I identified myself with Christians, and took part in all religious exercises; and certainly friends there are who can testify that I became more gentle and more thoughtful of others. I got along well with my studies, because my mind was free and I had learned concentration. When the Chinese students were recalled in 1881, I went home with the rest. The mandarins made some attempt to draw us back to heathenism, with varying success. Not confident of my strength to stem the current that was setting in toward heathenism, I left the naval school as soon as I could get leave of absence, went to Canton, and joined the Presbyterian Church in charge of Rev. Dr. A. P. Happer. I had to give up the government service and heathenism at the same time; but do you suppose I regretted it?

I did not bother myself with the peculiarities and shortcomings of different denominations. It mattered little to me which sect I identified myself with. For the frailties of human nature are no part of Christianity. They are the very things it teaches us to overcome. There are as many conceptions of Christianity as there are men who give any thought to the subject. But Christianity is one; it is like its head,—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. It appears to be distorted on account of the human medium through which it must pass. But the very fact that so many people misunderstand it, misapply its principles, and abuse its privileges, is proof positive of its Divine origin. Whatever is human can be understood of man; whatever is from God can only be apprehended imperfectly by man.

Thus, I not only discriminate between Christianity in the abstract and Christianity in the concrete, but also between its correct application and its perversion. There was at one time a dyspeptic who preached a crusade against eating. He argued that, because a great many men abused it, and injured themselves by eating too much, and ruined their health by defying its rules and violating its principles, therefore the whole doctrine and practice of eating was a humbug. He said, moreover, that eating, instead of giving health and maintaining life, was every day making people sick, and in some cases people had actually died

from eating. In consequence of such representations, he converted a great many to his views, and was hailed as a great deliverer of mankind. The more zealous of his followers eschewed eating, and, as they persisted to the last, of course they died. Then people began to open their eyes, and said: "Since without eating we die any way, while *with* eating we may live to a green old age, we will stand by eating and let those cranks do as they please." The doctrine and practice of Christianity is very much like the doctrine and practice of eating.

I did not have much difficulty in believing the Bible to be an inspired book. If the wickedness and imperfections of men obscured the mercifulness and goodness of God, it was a great pity; but that is no argument against Christianity. Clouds may get between me and the sun, but I believe it is there, and that it shines all the same.

I did not profess to comprehend the Divine Will, Purpose, Wisdom, and Justice, in the plan of Salvation. What a conceited fool you would have called me if I did! I accepted the truth as it is told in the Bible, and confessed that there were things that I could not comprehend, and was not expected to comprehend.

If others believe that a man can enter heaven by repenting at the eleventh hour, what is that to me? How should that destroy my faith in the saving grace of Christianity? Such, indeed, is its power to change the heart of man, that even if Dennis Kearney should slip into the Heavenly Jerusalem, he would be lamb-like and would be heard to say: "*The Chinese must stay!* Heaven is incomplete without them."

It is very easy to misinterpret the Bible. Some minds are so crooked that everything which goes through invariably comes out crooked. Some men understand the Bible literally. Others take each verse out of its context and tack it to some other place, and the result is something like this: "And Judas went out and hanged himself," "Go and do thou likewise!"

The reason why I am enabled to sign myself a "Christian" is because I am endowed with the faculty of reason, which I have supplemented with formal logic and *a desire to tell the truth.*

Heathenism teaches nothing if it does not teach fatalism and the control of Destiny. If it does not go so far as predestination, it is because its notions of a future life are a confused heap of nonsense.

Now, my faith teaches me to cultivate my mind, rectify my heart, and to make my conscience delicate and sensitive. It bids me to be tolerant, charitable, and just to my fellow-men. It tells me to faithfully discharge my duties, public and private. It gives me the requisite strength to act the good citizen and the true husband. It commands me to accord to others their rights, and to take nothing that is not my due. Finally, it teaches me how to discharge my duties towards God, Father and Preserver of us all.

I not only discriminate between Christianity and its professors, but I also discriminate between true Christians and hypocrites. Confucius says: "It is impossible to carve on rotten timber." Christianity is not responsible for the acts of morally rotten men, and yet, where there is any soundness at all, it has demonstrated its power to heal and to save. I think that ministers should be paid according to the work they do. The laborer is worthy of his hire. But I am not "down" on *all* ministers, because *some* betray their trust. I do not believe that *all* Christians are worldly, because I have met *some* conspicuous cases of worldliness among them.

Organized charities may seem to lack sympathy, and, perhaps, have too much of red tape to be vigorous; but private charity is too apt to be indiscriminate, and too liable to be imposed upon, so that, instead of relieving the distress of the really deserving, it may encourage shiftlessness and idleness. Neither method of relief is perfect. But that is owing to the sinfulness of man, which Christianity alone can cure. When the Chinese were persecuted some years ago—when they were ruthlessly smoked out and murdered—I was intelligent enough to know that Christians had no hand in those outrages; for the only ones who exposed their lives to protect them were Christians. The California legislature that passed various measures against the Chinese was not Christian, the Sandlotters were not Christians, nor were the foreign miners. They might *call* themselves Christians, but I don't call a man a great genius simply because he *claims* to be one. Let him *do* something worthy of the name first. You shall know a man by his works. If there is any sentiment in this country in favor of the Chinese to-day, it is only to be found in the Christian church. I don't forget that that Congress (which was most liberal and most jealous of the national honor) that finally voted the magnificent

indemnity, was influenced and urged on by Christian opinion as expressed in petitions and the press. If there was no Christianity in this land, things would be too hot, not only for the Chinese, but for all who form the base of the social pyramid.

I flatter myself that I am broad, and entertain cosmopolitan views. For while I glory in China's ancient civilization, her extensive literature, and lofty philosophy, I am aware that other nations are superior to her in science and the arts. While I am proud of China's philosophers, statesmen, and heroes, I can admit that other countries have also produced great men.

Murders and robberies may be pretty frequent in New York State, but who knows how many are committed in China in a year? If foreigners have such paradises in their native countries, why do they persist in staying *here?* For my part, I am content to stay and cast my lot with the good people of this country, who, you will find, are mostly Christians.

I do not confound Christian congregations with cowardly mobs organized for arson and murder, and I deny that Christianity encourages the young to abuse the aged. Granting that there is more wickedness in the neighborhood of a single church district of one thousand people in New York than among one million heathen in China, that only proves that one thousand heathen in New York have a greater capacity for wickedness than one million heathen in China.

By no torturing of Aristotelian logic can I connect heartbreaking and suicides in New York with Christian charity, and wherever I have met with any "fraternity" I invariably found it in the Christian church. Having been a heathen myself, and an associate of the heathen, I am competent to say that they never do any good without expecting a return, or gaining some merit. The true Christian does good for the love he has toward all God's creatures. When I was in need of friends, Christians befriended me. Christians helped me to return to this country, and they said nothing about it either. When I was in doubt about the advisability of returning to college, Christian friends gave me encouragement and promised help. When I undertook to work my way through college, Christian people assisted me in pursuing that course. They got me to lecture, and aided me in the disposal of my literary wares. When I stood on the commencement platform to denounce the anti-Chinese policy of this gov-

ernment, it was the Christians who strengthened me with their enthusiasm and their applause. It is the Christian who looks on me as his equal, and who thinks that the Chinese are as well endowed, mentally, as he. The true Christian is the friend of the poor, the down-trodden, and the oppressed of all countries. When the famine was at its height in China, some twelve years ago, Christian missionaries went into the doomed districts to heal the sick and relieve the distressed.

If England were a truly Christian country, as she *claims* to be, the Opium War would have never taken place. Christianity is nowhere so explicit as where it warns people against the sin of covetousness. If Mephistopheles persuaded John Bull Faustus to sell his soul for gold, I don't see what Christianity has to do with it. Were half the Christians running mad after the Golden Calf, Christianity would still be the only saving religion in the world.

The ways of the American heathen and the Chinese heathen are wonderfully alike. Only the American may become a Christian whenever he chooses with greater facility than the Chinese. That is not saying, however, that the American heathen may not be worse than the Chinese.

I fervently believe that if we could infuse more Christianity into politics and the judiciary, into the municipal government, the legislature and the executive, corruption and abuses would grow beautifully less. The Christian men are the last hope of the Republic. The final appeal is to be made to the Christian sentiment of the nation.

I have the misfortune to be a college-bred man; but a collegiate education does not necessarily disqualify one for the duties of life. A classical education would not have injured men like Lincoln and Greeley, but they had something better than that,—they had a Christian education. No greater praise can we give them than this: They were *Christian* gentlemen.

The duties of parents and children are reciprocal. The Americans lay more stress on the duty of parents towards their children, while the Chinese insist too much on the duty of children towards their parents. Both have departed from the golden mean. Christianity alone can restore harmony in the domestic relations. Neither foolish parents nor undutiful children are the products of the Christian religion. They are such either from

imperfect training or natural depravity. Water, and air, and sunlight are beneficent things, but when applied to some seeds, fine fruit-trees spring up from the soil; when applied to others, poisonous weeds overrun the land. In the last case, water, air, and sunlight are misused. So the perversion of Christian teachings has produced many poisonous weeds.

It is hard to tell what a heathen fears or what he believes. It is some consolation to know that he does believe something. He is slightly better off than the atheist. There are good men among the heathen. Such men you will find to be just, reasonable, honest, and truthful. Christianity would make such men perfect almost. But a bad heathen is quite the reverse.

I have some confidence left yet that Christianity will survive this last and most terrible of attacks. Indeed, I am silly enough to believe that that religion, which flourished in spite of the Pharisee and the Sadducee, which survived the persecutions of the Cæsars, and finally supplanted them, which passed through the Dark Ages of ignorance and barbarism undimmed in lustre, which rose serenely after the terrible French Revolution, will continue to reign supreme so long as eternity itself shall endure.

Christianity has demonstrated its fitness to supply my spiritual needs. Its authenticity as a history no reasonable man can deny. I believe, I accept, its truths, as I hope to be happy in this life and to enjoy a blessed immortality in the life to come.

Do you wonder that I am a Christian? I cordially invite all heathen, whether American, or English, or Chinese, to come to the Saviour.

YAN PHOU LEE.

BLUNDERING AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

After the overthrow of Napoleon the First, a league was formed by the sovereigns of Europe nominally to regulate the relations of Christendom by the principles of Christian charity, but really to preserve the power of the existing dynasties. This compact became known as the "Holy Alliance," and in virtue of its power, Austria crushed the revolutions in Piedmont and Naples, in 1821, and France restored absolutism in Spain, in 1823. The apprehension soon became general that the Alliance would lend its aid to reconquer the Spanish-American colonies, whose independence had been recognized by the United States; and that while a portion of those colonies would be restored to Spain, the others would be divided among the allies.

In view of this probable result, President Monroe declared in a message to Congress, with a view of giving formal notice to Europe, that no portion of the American continent was thenceforth to be deemed open to European colonization; and that the Government of the United States would consider any attempt to interfere with the sovereignty of the Spanish-American States, or any attempt to colonize a portion of the American continent, as imposing upon it the obligation to use all the means in its power to prevent it. This declaration became known as the "Monroe doctrine;" and it seems almost superfluous to add that it neither contemplated intervention by the United States in the internal affairs of the Spanish-American States, nor interference with any vested European rights on this continent. But it was intended and understood as an emphatic protest against any extension of European influence, power, or dominion on the American continent; and, in this sense, it responded to an intelligent public sentiment, and has always been appealed to by our ablest and most conservative statesmen as a settled principle to be upheld and maintained at whatever cost.

It is worth while, therefore, to inquire how the "Monroe doctrine," thus defined and understood, has been respected by European powers; and, above all, to what extent it has been adhered to by those charged with the administration of our foreign affairs. And this inquiry is the more pertinent at this time in view of the possible failure of the Panama Canal scheme, or rather the probability, by no means remote, that French dominion on the isthmus will be the final outgrowth of the failure of the de Lesseps Company. In order, however, to a clear comprehension of the subject, let us recur briefly to some antecedent circumstances.

Something more than a century ago, some British merchants sent out ships to Central America, and loaded them with mahogany and dye-woods cut from the forests of Balize. Balize then belonged to Spain; and subsequently, by treaty stipulations, Spain granted to England permission to cut and ship logwood from that province, without, however, conveying any right to the soil or any right of eminent domain. It was merely a permit to cut and ship logwood, and nothing more.

But, under this permit, England founded a settlement at Balize (now British Honduras) without any fixed boundaries; and, subsequently, when Central America became independent of the Spanish crown, this "settlement" was gradually extended without much regard to the territorial rights and boundaries of the adjoining States. In the course of time, England claimed to have made a treaty with an insignificant tribe of Indians called the Mosquitos, then living near the coast of Honduras, by which they had been guaranteed the protection of the British Government. After this, the British Government sent out an agent to the Mosquito coast, found a half Indian boy, the reputed son of some mythical Indian chief, carried him over to Jamaica, there crowned him as "King" of the Mosquitos, took him back to his native country, and set him up as its nominal ruler; the real authority being prudently vested in the English Consul at Balize. All this, it should be remembered, took place at a time when the entire Mosquito country was known to be within the territorial limits of Nicaragua, and when the Mosquitos themselves were under the allegiance and jurisdiction of the Nicaraguan Government.

This was the condition of affairs in Central America in 1848,

when our war with Mexico had been brought to a close. The English Government, through its diplomatic agent in Mexico, exerted its entire influence to defeat any treaty with that republic by which the United States might acquire any territory on the Pacific coast, disclaiming, in the meantime, the purpose to establish a British colony in Central America, and declaring its only concern in the premises to be the "protection" of the Mosquito kingdom. But this solicitude for the welfare of the Indian "King" became so great that, when it was known a treaty had been signed by which California was transferred to the United States, the British fleet immediately set sail from Vera Cruz and proceeded directly to the mouth of the San Juan River, took possession of the town of San Juan, changed its name to Greytown, established authority there in the name of the Mosquito "King," and commenced fortifying the place. This, of course, was not only an unprovoked aggression upon the sovereignty of Nicaragua, but it likewise revealed a hostile motive toward the United States, since it had for its object the closing of the only channel of communication then available between our Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

Now let us see how this high-handed measure was met by our Government. I sincerely wish so humiliating a page might be erased from our diplomatic annals; but since that is impossible, we cannot ignore its existence.

After a mild protest, the Government at Washington finally sent an agent to Nicaragua, who negotiated a treaty with that republic, known as the Hise Treaty, by which the United States was invested with the exclusive right to open a ship canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans through the territory of Nicaragua, together with the right to establish towns and free ports at the termini, and to fortify the canal itself from end to end. In other words, the treaty provided that the proposed water transit of the isthmus should be under the exclusive control and protection of the United States; but before it reached Washington the Government had changed hands, the quadrennial division of the "spoils" had commenced, and Mr. John M. Clayton, of Delaware, had become Secretary of State.

The new administration, representing an adverse political organization, refused to accept this treaty, or even to submit it to the Senate for consideration, and, in the re-distribution of the

political offices, a new man was sent to Nicaragua as minister, and a new treaty was negotiated by which the proposed canal should be under the joint protection and control of the United States and Great Britain! Nor did the "reform" stop here. Fresh in the starch of office, Mr. Clayton opened negotiations with Sir Henry Bulwer, then British Minister at Washington, the result of which was the famous "Clayton-Bulwer Treaty" of 1850. That treaty not only recognized and ratified the scheme of a joint protectorate of the proposed canal, but contained a clause by which both England and the United States pledged their faith, each to the other, that neither of them would ever colonize, annex, fortify, or attempt to exercise exclusive control over any portion of Central America.

It would be unjust to assume that this step was taken preliminary to an unconditional repudiation of the Monroe doctrine. On the contrary, it is quite certain that the new administration had no such ulterior purpose. Its primary object, doubtless, was to secure from the British Government a solemn pledge not to colonize the isthmus; and the agreement to a joint control of the proposed canal was probably made as much for the accomplishment of this purpose as for the purpose of stimulating capital to undertake the opening of a water transit at a time when money for such enterprises was difficult to raise. But this presumption of a patriotic and praiseworthy motive involves conclusions that are very detrimental to the judgment and diplomatic skill of the new Secretary of State. For if he was not aware of the fact that the British Government had already established a Protectorate, and was in the full exercise of dominion, within the jurisdiction of a friendly state in Central America, he certainly ought to have been; and he ought to have been equally well aware that the pledge not to exercise dominion could not be so far retroactive as to very materially alter the *status quo* on the Mosquito coast. And knowing these facts, it seems most remarkable that he should have so unwittingly committed his Government to at least a constructive recognition of British dominion in Central America; and more remarkable still that he should have supplemented this recognition by an express agreement to a partnership control of the isthmean transit, thus laying the foundation for endless misunderstandings, and providing for a source of discord rather than a bond of friendship.

It has been asserted, by way of apology for this piece of headlong diplomacy, that Mr. Clayton refused to sign the treaty until after he had obtained the secret pledge of two-thirds of the Senators to ratify it; and that this secret pledge was given on the assurances of the British minister, made through him, that, upon ratification of the treaty, the English Government would abandon its scheme of colonization on the isthmus. This is not improbable. In fact, it is very well-known that he did refuse to sign the treaty before consultation with certain Senators, and that they did give him the pledge to ratify; and it seems wholly improbable that such a pledge would have been given in the absence of some authentic assurances such as were attributed to the British minister. But the curious part about it is, that this assurance seems to have been *ex-parte* and verbal; for in none of the long discussions which followed, has any written memorandum been produced, or any evidence disclosed, that the minister gave the assurance by authority of his Government. At any rate, the fact is that, no sooner had the ratification of the treaty been officially proclaimed, than the British Government put forth the claim that the United States stood committed by its provision to a recognition and acknowledgment of the *status quo* on the Mosquito coast.

This awakened the country to the magnitude of the blunder that had been committed, the treaty became odious, and the Diplomatic discussion which followed was kept up at intervals until the breaking out of our civil war in 1861. In May, 1862, when we were in the midst of that terrible struggle, and when France was preparing to send Maximilian to Mexico, the British Government threw off the mask, and, by royal commission, erected the pretended "Kingdom" of the Mosquito Indians into a full British colony, and placed it under the Colonial Government of Jamaica.

This was the condition of affairs on the Nicaraguan isthmus in 1873, when two several efforts had failed to secure a concession from the Columbian Government for the opening of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, to be under American control exclusively, and a commission had been named to re-examine and report upon the Nicaraguan route. And in 1876, while our people were absorbed in the contest for the Presidential succession, and after the demagogues in Congress had, in the interests

of "economy," abolished our legation in Columbia, a French syndicate obtained from the Columbian Government the basis of the exclusive privilege under which M. de Lesseps is still operating along the line of the Panama Railway. This caused a second awakening to possible perils incident to so anomalous a condition of affairs on the isthmus; and, after much diplomatic floundering, it was discovered, in May, 1882, that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was voidable, first, because it contemplated an enterprise which had never been begun, and, principally, because its provisions had been violated in the act of converting the Mosquito protectorate into a British colony. The position thus assumed by our Government was not only legally tenable, but commended itself, as a politic measure, to the common-sense of every well-informed and patriotic American citizen. True, the voluminous diplomatic correspondence which ensued was barren of immediate results; but it ultimately led to the negotiation of a treaty with our sister republic of Nicaragua, analogous to the Hise treaty of 1848, but which has never been ratified.

It is said that history repeats itself, and the saying has been often verified; but it has seldom been more strikingly illustrated than in the instance of the two Nicaraguan treaties negotiated in 1848 and 1884, whereby provision was made for an inter-oceanic canal under American control exclusively, and which were smothered out of existence by the succeeding administrations of 1849 and 1885. Meantime, amid much fruitless discussion, in which, under successive administrations, our Government has managed to get on both sides of the Isthmean transit question, it has failed to formulate any well-defined policy, or to adopt any practical measures touching the canal problem; while the declaration of 1823, known as the Monroe doctrine, has been contemptuously disregarded by at least one European power, and by us apparently abandoned with a pusillanimity in strange contrast with our national character.

William L. Scruggs.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

IRISH AID IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THE Queen's Jubilee year has had many surprises for the Irish race the world over, but none so strange as the information afforded the American section of the children of the Gael in the July issue of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which Mr. Duffield Osborne concludes is sufficient "to explode forever the fiction of American indebtedness to Ireland on the score of revolutionary succor." Most Irish-Americans had hitherto believed otherwise, even to the extent of doubting with "the demagogues" the truth of Mr. Osborne's oracular: "We do not find that our Irish auxiliaries were unmitigated blessings." It might be asked, what depth of historical research made Mr. Osborne a plural of sufficient weight "to correct the public misapprehension that the Irish were of any great and special service to this republic of ours in the days of the Revolution?" Indeed, a glance at his corrective contribution merely shows that he is fresh from the perusal of the pages of Mr. Froude, and entirely too guileless to perceive that, unfettered by the four corners of hard matter of fact, his historian is a past-master in the pleasing art of realistically romancing—to borrow from *Punch's* parliamentary vocabulary.

Mr. Osborne looks first at "the individual cases of prominent Irishmen in the Revolution," and kindly admitting that among the "soldiers of fortune" who thronged to the revolutionary army "there were, doubtless, Irishmen," he can find no "single name like Lafayette, Kosciusko, Pulaski, or Steuben," except Conway of "the cabal," over whom he waxes wroth. Mr. Osborne seems to be unaware that Conway was one of the soldiers from France of whom he is enamored, or that he was a mere tool, "imprudently led into the cabal," as General Sullivan said in his letter to Washington, to further the jealous ambitions of the un-Irish clique headed by Gates, Mifflin, Schuyler, and Lee, who made him the scapegoat of their intrigue. He also conveniently ignores Conway's manly apology and regret for the part he took in the affair. If Mr. Osborne means that there were no trained Irish generals like Lafayette and his brother commanders, the explanation is easy. Ireland then, as now, was a nation of disarmed men, ground as far into the dust as the penal laws could force her. Where could commanders spring from such a source? But, even with this disadvantage, there are some single Irish names that stand out in American history on a par with those Mr. Osborne has mentioned. On the theory, I suppose, that being born in a stable does not make a man a horse, the name of Richard Montgomery is stricken off the roll of Irishmen, although he was born in "Dark Donegal," and his father was a member of the Irish Parliament. Granting this style of reasoning to Mr. Osborne, he must allow me the same privilege, and he will then be confronted by the "single names" of such Irishmen born in America as Major-General John Sullivan and his brother

James, Major-General Henry Knox, Major-General Anthony Wayne, Major-General James Clinton, and Major-General John Stark in the army ; Jeremiah O'Brien, and his four stalwart brothers, sons of Maurice O'Brien, of Cork, the heroes of "the Lexington of the Seas ;" or among the signers of the Declaration of Independence with the names of George Read and Thomas McKean, of Delaware ; Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Md. ; Thomas Lynch, of South Carolina ; and Thomas Nelson, of Virginia, whose grandfathers were Irish born ; and Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina.

If he does not like this turn and wants to hear of native-born Irishmen like Montgomery, let him hunt up the histories of Generals Stephen Moylan, Edward Hand, William Thomson, Walter Stewart, William Maxwell, Griffith Rutherford, John Fitzgerald, Washington's favorite aid ; Commodore John Barry ; or among "the Signers," of James Smith, and George Taylor, of Pennsylvania, and Mathew Thornton, of New Hampshire. These are "a few of the hard facts which really bear upon the issue—only a few out of many, but enough to explode forever" Mr. Osborne's fiction of the absence of American indebtedness to Ireland on the score of Revolutionary succor.

In answer to the assertion that a drunken vagabond of an Irishman was bribed to poison Washington, it can be said there was also an Arnold, and, to disapprove any reflection on the race by the former fact, it is recorded that when Arnold's treason was discovered, the picked men of the whole army sent by Washington to guard West Point were the "Pennsylvania Line," Irishmen nearly to a man, as their muster rolls prove.

To show the "spirit of the Irish immigrants," Mr. Osborne cites from the not unprejudiced or reliable pages of Bancroft, that Clinton raised for Lord Rawdon "a large regiment in which officers and men were exclusively Irish. Among them were nearly five hundred deserters from the American Army."

Well, what if he did. The Tory Joseph Galloway, a native of Pennsylvania, in his testimony before the House of Commons in 1779, stated that he had received in Philadelphia, from the army at Valley Forge, 3,000 deserters ; and Sabine, in his "History of the Loyalists of the American Revolution," says : "I conclude that there were, at the lowest computation, 25,000 Americans who took up arms against their countrymen in aid of England." This proves "the spirit" of the army and of the country at large in the same ratio as Bancroft's "large regiment" does for the Irish immigrants. What are the real facts? In the Parliamentary investigation above quoted, Galloway again testified, in answer to the question of the nativity of the army enlisted in the service of the Continental Congress: "The names and places of their nativity being taken down, I can answer the question with precision. They were scarcely one-fourth natives of America,—*about one-half Irish*,—the other fourth English and Scotch" (Vol. 13, page 431, British Commons Reports).

General Robertson, who had served in America twenty-four years, swore : "I remember General Lee telling me that he believed half the rebel army were from Ireland" (*Id.*, page 303.)

Washington's adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, says in his Personal Recollections :

"Tell me not of the aid we received from another European nation in the struggle for Independence. That aid was most, nay, all-essential to our ultimate success ; but remember the years of the conflict that had rolled away ; and many a hard field had been fought ere the fleets and the armies of France gave us their powerful assistance. We gladly and gratefully admit that the chivalry of France, led by the young, the great, the good, and gallant Lafayette, was most early and

opportunely at our side. But the capture of Burgoyne had ratified the Declaration of Independence. The renowned combats of the Heights of Charleston and Fort Moultrie ; the disastrous and bloody days of Long Island, of Brandywine, and of Germantown ; the glories of Trenton, of Princeton, and of Monmouth, all had occurred ; and the rank grass had grown over the grave of many a poor Irishman who had died for America, ere the Flag of the Lilies floated in the field by the Star Spangled Banner. . . .

"Of the operatives in war—the soldiers, I mean—up to the coming of the French, Ireland furnished in the ratio of a hundred for one of any foreign nation whatever.

"Then honored be the good old service of the sons of Erin in the War of Independence. Let the Shamrock be intertwined with the laurels of the Revolution, and truth and justice, guiding the pen of history, inscribe on the tablets of America's remembrance eternal gratitude to Irishmen !"

Perhaps Mr. Osborne will set this down, however, as coming from the lips of an "American demagogue."

The Marquis de Chasteloux, a distinguished Frenchman, who was here in 1782, published an account of his travels. An English gentlemen, in his translation of this novel, in a note to a friendly allusion to an Irish soldier of the Revolution, writes as follows :

"An Irishman, the instant he sets foot on American soil becomes *ipso facto* an American. This was uniformly the case during the whole of the late war. While Englishmen and Scotsmen were regarded with jealousy and distrust, even with the best recommendation of zeal and attachment to the cause, a native of Ireland stood in need of no other certificate than his *dialect*."

The "spirit of the Irish immigrants" was still further manifested in July, 1780, by an association in Philadelphia called the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," the members of which were either of Irish birth or blood. Twenty-seven of them subscribed, in gold and silver, to the relief of the starving patriots of the army, then at Valley Forge, the sum of one hundred and three thousand five hundred pounds, Pennsylvania currency. General Stephen Moylan was the President of this society, and the men whose generosity then saved the nation bore such Irish names as Thomas Fitzsimmons, John and Matthew Mease, John Maxwell Nesbitt, John Shee, Blair McClenachan, and George Meade. If Mr. Osborne will accept the testimony of a "demagogue" named Alexander Hamilton, he will find him bearing witness to the help he obtained from Thomas Fitzsimmons, in establishing the financial policy of the Government and in funding the debt incurred in waging the Revolutionary War. The "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick" made George Washington an honorary member at their meeting, at which he was present, at the City Tavern, in Philadelphia, on January 1st, 1782. In accepting the membership, Washington wrote to the president of the society:

"I accept with singular pleasure the ensign of so worthy a fraternity as that of the Sons of St. Patrick, in this city, a society distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked."

Another instance of "demagogery !"

In 1789, the Catholics of the United States, then almost exclusively of Irish birth or origin, presented an address of congratulation to Washington on his election to the Presidency. In his reply the first President said :

"I presume that your fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution and the establishment of their government."

All this hardly agrees with the "spirit" with which Mr. Osborne has tried to

animate his "Irish immigrants," and he has had no better success with his "Irish in Ireland."

In order to draw a parallel, he cites from Bancroft again, and from Froude the alleged fact that "in 1775 one hundred and twenty-one Irish Catholics," in proof of their "just abhorrence of the unnatural American rebellion," made a tender to the English King of "two millions of faithful and affectionate hearts and hands in defense of his person and government in any part of the world."

Has Mr. Osborne ever heard of the powerful body known as the historical convocation of the "three tailors of Tooley street?" or, has he read, recently, in the public press, of the extraordinary manifestation of Irish National gratitude and rejoicing over Queen Victoria's "jubilee," as evidenced in the presentation to "Her Majesty," by a poor Irish widow, of two fresh eggs? Either of these incidents would be on a representative par with his alleged historical "petition." Besides, Mr. Froude has been challenged to produce this "petition," and has failed to do so. A few lickspittle "nobles"—having as little in common with the Irish nation as have the Anti-Home Rulers, to-day—did send a petition, in 1775, to Sir John Blaquirre, protesting their "loyalty" in terms of slavish and servile adulation; but there is not a single word about America in the copy that is extant.

Then Mr. Osborne, with that thorough insight into Irish history that distinguishes his whole article, next turns "to Ireland as represented in her Parliament; for she had a Parliament of her own then," he adds with unction; and tries to show that this Parliament voted soldiers to Lord North to put down the Revolution. He does not state (he probably does not know) that the Irish Parliament of those days did not have the right to originate any bill whatever, and was made up exclusively of a section of Protestants barely representing one-sixth of the population of the Island. Whatever voting was done was done by the government majority of place-holders, who were as representative of the nation as were the "one hundred and twenty-one Catholics" of Mr. Froude's "petition." There was not a single Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, or other "dissenter" eligible to a seat in the so-called Irish Parliament of that time. Not a single one of the three million Catholics in the land could vote for a Member of Parliament, or even for a parish beadle. Lord Chancellor Bowes, speaking in the highest court of law in Ireland at the time, said officially:

"The law did not presume a Papist *to exist* in the kingdom, nor could they breathe without the connivance of the government."

Chief Justice Robinson, in a similar declaration, said:

"It appears plain that the law does not suppose any such person to exist as an Irish Roman Catholic."

The Irish Parliament consisted of three hundred members, *only seventy-two of whom were elected by the people*, the rest being appointed by the Lord Lieutenant and a few of the Anglo-Irish nobles, who owned the land.

These are the people of Mr. Osborne's "petition" and his Parliamentary enemies of American liberty!

Yet he has the effrontery "to close the last loophole of doubt" by an attempt (again quoting from Bancroft) to make "the Irish patriots, with Henry Grattan at their head," appear as having neither aid nor sympathy for the American Revolutionists. Unless Mr. Osborne is invincibly ignorant, he will find by an examination of the Irish Parliamentary reports, or of Barrington's "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation," that the exact contrary is the case. The Irish patriot leaders—Yelverton, Hatch, Wilson, Hussey Burgh, Bushe Daly, Ponsonby, Hewenham, Ogle, Fitzgibbon, Connolly—are all on record in strong speeches in opposition to the government's sending of resources or troops "to help suppress the cause of American

independence." Grattan, in the terrible scoring he gave Flood, on this very subject, said:

"With regard to the liberties of America, which were inseparable from our own, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an enemy decided and unreserved; and that he voted against her liberty—and voted, moreover, for an address to send four thousand troops to cut the throats of the Americans; that he called these butchers 'armed negotiators,' and stood, with a metaphor in his mouth and a bribe in his po ket—a champion against the rights of America, *the only hope of Ireland and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind.*"

Has Mr. Osborne ever read the speeches in favor of the justice of the American cause made by an Irishman named Edmund Burke? They say some things very pointedly in opposition to his theory.

Arthur Lee, the diplomatic agent in Europe of the Continental Congress, with Deane and Franklin, wrote home, in June, 1777, saying:

"The resources of our enemy are almost annihilated in Germany, and their last resort is to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. They have already experienced their unwillingness to go—every man of a regiment raised there, last year, having obliged them to ship him off tied and bound; and most certainly they will desert more than any other troops whatsoever."

Plonden, in his history, says: "In Ireland the people assumed the cause of America from sympathy."

General Howe, writing to his government in 1775, expressing a preference for German troops, tells of his "great dislike for Irish Catholic soldiers, as they are not at all to be depended upon."

In the third volume of the "American Archives," an account given of the attempt of a Major Roache to get recruits in Cork, says: "The service is so distasteful to the people of Ireland in general, that few of the recruiting officers can prevail upon the men to enlist and fight against their American brethren."

In the English House of Commons, in 1775, Governor Johnstone said: "I maintain that some of the best and the wisest men in the country are on the side of the Americans; and that, in Ireland, three to one are on the side of the Americans."

In the House of Lords, in the same year, the Duke of Richmond stated:

"Attempts have been made to enlist the Irish Roman Catholics, but the Ministry know well that these attempts have proved unsuccessful."

The Congress of the United States, addressing the people of Ireland in 1775, said:

"Accept our most grateful acknowledgments for the friendly disposition you have always shown to us."

I have here cited a few "isolated instances of Irish sympathy with the 'spirit of '76,'" which Mr. Osborne was unable to discover. He wishes us to praise France for the help she gave. Does he know that among the soldiers she sent were several regiments of the Irish Brigade? or that at the siege of Savannah and at Yorktown, where the French contingent were specially prominent, among the officers who distinguished themselves were "Frenchmen" named Count Arthur Dillon, Col. Roche de Fermoy, Col. Hand, Col. Browne and Col. Lynch? If he has ever been in Savannah he must have seen the monument in one of the principal squares that commemorates the "isolated instance" of the Irish hero, Sergeant William Jasper.

To conclude this very imperfect record, I shall slightly alter one of Mr. Osborne's own sentences, and say of his assertions: Comment is entirely unnecessary; and, while perhaps we should not blame him, under the circumstances, for

the course he took, yet when he claims that we ought to hear no more of this "debt to Ireland," save, of course, from the lips of the Irish agitator or American demagogue, he exhibits an ignorance or an impudence for which he should occasionally, at least, be snubbed. Like *Dick Deadeye*, "he means well, but he don't know." When he learns more of the real history of the country, he will have less to say. And I do not even despair of having him an Irish-American champion. Did not the study of Irish history make a Home Ruler of Mr. Gladstone? In the face of that conversion shall we despair of so ripe a historical scholar and investigator as Mr. Duffield Osborne? Perish the thought! But he must abjure Froude and Bancroft, at least on Irish topics.

THOS. F. MEEHAN.

II.

A PLEA FOR THE PAGAN HINDOO.

An Open Letter to the Rev. Henry M. Field, D. D.

REVEREND SIR: In your open letter to Colonel Ingersoll, published in the August number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, you lift up your voice in righteous horror at the shocking superstition of the poor Hindoo. You gaze in disgust from the back of your elephant at the "horrible scene of human degradation," enacted in the river at Benares. With indignant protest you cry out that "such a religion, so far from being a purifier, is the greatest corrupter of morals." . . . And finally, in pious abhorrence, you anathematize such a religion as "*an immeasurable curse.*"

Of course, using the words of an eloquent writer, I might tell you that "you swing your sentences as the woodman swings his axe." Or that "this slashing style is very effective before a popular audience, which does not care for nice distinctions, or for evidence that has to be sifted and weighed, but wants opinions off-hand, and likes to have its prejudices and hatreds echoed back in a ringing voice." And I might add that "this carries the crowd, but does not convince the philosophic mind." But I prefer to ask you, "Does it never occur to you that there is something very cruel in this treatment of the belief of your fellow creatures, on whose hope of another life hangs all that relieves the darkness of their present existence?"

When thus inveighing, you forget the same eloquent writer's words that "the faiths of men are as sacred as the most delicate manly or womanly sentiments of love and honor." In your public letter "things that I held sacred you not only rejected with unbelief, but (gratuitously) sneered at with contempt."

Now, I do not propose to argue in favor of this religion or of that. I do not care to make a Hindoo of you, and you cannot make a Christian of me, for I have lived among both Hindoos and Christians, and know them well; besides, I am of the opinion of our Bagavâd-Gita, which tells us that "it is good for a man to abide in his own faith, for the faith of another bringeth fear;" but I do claim a fair and impartial statement of facts.

You inform your readers that with the Hindoos "penances and pilgrimages take the place of justice and mercy, benevolence, and charity!" Yet you have been in India. Have you forgotten that so universal is the individual charity of the people that work-houses and poor-laws do not exist? Do you not remember the "choultries" (rest-houses) which are met with every few miles from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin? In some, food is given freely to all comers, but in all the weary wayfarer, irrespective of caste, is sure of free shelter and a bathing tank near at hand. The custom, it is true, owes its origin to Çakya Muni's

gentle teaching, as do so many of the Hindoo rites and thoughts, for although the Brahmins consider Buddha's philosophy as heretical, he has, nevertheless, strange to say, been granted a place in the Hindoo Pantheon, and is an admitted incarnation of Vishnu. Indeed, stranger still, he has been canonized by your Christian Church. But, as Doctor Hunter says so truly, "the noblest survivals of Buddhism in India are to be found, *not in any peculiar body*, but in the religion of the people; in that principle of the brotherhood of man, with the reassertion of which each new revival of Hindooism starts; in the asylum which the great Vaishnavite sect affords to women who have fallen victims to caste rules, to the widow and the outcast; in that gentleness and charity to all men, which take the place of a poor-law in India, and give a high significance to the half-satirical epithet of the 'mild Hindoo.'" Knowing this, is it fair to condemn the sacred creed of millions of your fellow-men as without justice or mercy, benevolence or charity? Is it strictly in accordance with the principles of "justice and mercy, benevolence and charity" to stigmatize such a faith as "*the greatest corrupter of morals?*" Is the religion which teaches the "brotherhood of man," and which practices what it preaches, "*an immeasurable curse?*" "But gently, gently, sir! We will let this burst of fury pass before we resume the conversation." "When you are a little more tranquil, I would modestly suggest that perhaps you are fighting a figment of your imagination."

You profess a great horror for the superstition which induces the Hindoo to wash in the Holy Ganges; but stop a moment: Is it not an imperative necessity that every Christian should be baptized in the sacred water of Jordan (figuratively speaking), the shivering convert being immersed more or less deeply, according to the tenets of the sect to which he or she is to belong? Does not the Catholic sprinkle himself with the Holy Water at the entrance of his church? You shudder at the Hindoos "even carrying the ashes of the dead to cast them upon the waters;" yet pause for a moment and consider your own superstitious horror at burying your beloved dead in any other than consecrated ground! You partake at your altars of bread and wine, calling it the "body and blood of your Lord," while the Hindoo eats his sacrificial cakes before the emblem of his Deity. You make the sign of the cross on your children's foreheads, while the Hindoo mutters his "mantras" and rinses his mouth with Ganga's flood. You confirm your youths and maidens with diverse ceremonies, while the Brahmin stripling is invested with the "sacred thread." You confess or comfort your dying (as the case may be), or administer absolution with the extreme unction, while the expiring Hindoo is sprinkled with water from the Ganges (or any other of the sacred rivers or pools). In either case salvation is promised. The mourning watchers at either bed-side are solemnly convinced that all that is necessary for the future welfare of the departing soul has been accomplished.

It seems to me that all these instances may be fairly pronounced as parallels. If so, is it not illogical to object that one is superstition while the other is not? And do such superstitions "overthrow the very foundations of morality?"

Of course, no person conversant with the subject will drag into the discussion the miserable "suttee," for this blot on Hindooism has no more religious sanction than witch-burning. Although considered by the masses as highly meritorious, it was as purely an act of supererogation as that of Saint Simon Stylites on his pillar.

But, as I have said above, it is not my intention to argue the pros and cons of either system; superstition, unfortunately, exists in both religions—not more so with the uneducated Hindoo than with his low-born Christian brother—but I have no fear but that all who know India will agree with me that the "religion of

humanity" is strongest within the breast of the Asiatic, and that whatever may be its metaphysical errors from a Christian point of view, such a creed cannot in justice be stigmatized as "an immeasurable curse."

The origin of Brahminism is lost in the night of time. Would not the Hindoo, in so far as mere antiquity is concerned, be justified in claiming for his creed what you do for yours, and, making use of your own words, exclaiming, on *his* side: "Why is it that it lives on and on, while nations and kingdoms perish?" "Is not this the survival of the fittest?"

SCRIMAN MADHWA-CHARYAR.

III.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS?

THE article on working women, by Ida M. Van Etten, in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for March, ends with a regret expressed for their condition, the hopelessness of bettering their outlook for lack of capital, and the impossibility of ever saving enough to enable them to establish, even in a small way, a business of their own. I take up Mrs. Van Etten's regret, and will endeavor to show a way in which women would be enabled to have a financial future.

My proposition is meant, not for working women only, but includes every family of moderate means, blessed with daughters.

All over Germany exist what are called "Sparcassen" (saving banks), which correspond, in a measure, to the endowment plan of the American assurance companies. The best known is the "Wilhelmscasse," named after the Emperor, who is its patron. At the birth of a girl, the father and mother insure her (kanfen sie ein) in such a Casse for as much as they are able to bestow every year on the future of their new born baby girl. The amount is paid annually. The Casse lays out the money in behalf of the insured, at interest, chiefly in real estate. In this way the money accumulates, and at 18, or her majority, the girl is the possessor of a snug little capital. This will serve her to study any favored profession, go to some good conservatory, or start in business; and last, but not least, buy her trousseau, if she has a chance to follow woman's truest mission! Now, why cannot well-to-do American women establish such a way of providing for their less fortunate sisters? What a blessed gift from a godmother to a poor little girl such an insurance would be! I truly believe it would give zeal and encouragement to many true, poor parents, if by this small economy they could help to provide for their dear ones. It is better than a life assurance, for it takes away the "sting of death:" all may live and enjoy the fruit of their economy! How much better a yearly outlay would be, for people in moderate circumstances, than in costly toys and extravagant dress, by which children are brought up to expectations.

There is no great capital needed for this "Casse," only the help of some well-known woman! The "Casse" itself would afford employment to many intellectual women, for I advocate the exclusive management by women. This Casse established, women who now slave for large factories at starvation prices could, with the help of their few hundred dollars, establish a work room of their own and, through thrift, again provide in the same way a future for their daughters! And for all classes it would help to solve the puzzling question:

"What shall we do with our daughters?"

E. SHUSTER.

IV.

NO AMERICAN SIBERIA.

MUCH has been said in favor of a project to utilize Alaska as a penal settlement, and to largely substitute exile thither for the penalty of imprisonment in

the jails of our cities and States. We have heard of the advantages sure to fall to the lot of the criminal classes from life in the open air at a distance from the vices of the prison and the evils of injurious association ; of the great and excellent work in the interest of the nation at large that could be done in the opening up for travel and commerce, and in the provision with ways and means of communication, of a territory fine and important as that of Alaska ; finally of the relief from unjust competition that would be afforded to the honest workmen and artisans of the country by the transportation to that territory of the convicts who are now let out periodically for the intramural performance of set industrial tasks. But what are the natural results of punitive exile, and above all what has been the experience of Russia in this form of convict deportation ?

Foremost among the evils that have been wrought by punitive exile to our neighbor continent of Siberia is the scourge of vagabondage. A Russian official once said to me : "Siberia is a huge prison. In which of its cells a convict is confined matters little. The great thing—and this we accomplish pretty successfully —is to prevent him from getting over its walls." In this statement we have presented to us the first condition of convict life in a penal settlement such as it is proposed to form of Alaska. Exchange the open fields for the prison, and you make strict supervision of the convicts an impossibility. In Siberia, where to break prison simply means to lag behind until the guards have passed on, the escape of convicts has taken place so habitually and incessantly as to have given rise to a special class of the population known as the "vagabonds" (*brodyagi*). These outlaws number many thousands, and are constantly accumulating. Some of them ramble aimlessly about, laboring in the fields when there is work to be had, or living at the expense of the colonist when there are opportunities for plunder ; not infrequently the vagabonds band themselves together for a raid on some inadequately protected farm or isolated village. The *raison d'être* of vagabondage is the hope of return to Europe, but the task of getting over Siberia's walls is well nigh impossible to the single *brodyaga*, nor is it much more easily performed under circumstances of joint effort. There is, nevertheless, a regular vagabond road far off from the ordinary caravan routes, one perfectly safe, so far as the authorities are concerned. The road is a simple path through some of the wildest tracts of Siberia, and can only be followed with success, if followed at all, by the oldest and most experienced of the wanderers.

How deeply rooted and ineradicable has become the vice of vagabondage is shown by the obstacles and perils in spite of which it thrives. It is not merely that the *brodyaga* must cross foaming torrents, too rapid to be forded even on horseback ; must clamber over mountains carpeted with eternal snow, or force his way through the tangled growths of primeval forests, where a single false step brings in its wake the punishment of death from hunger. The vagabonds have their enemies in human form. They are shot down without mercy by the colonists. It is true that they sometimes provoke this treatment. Convicts who have escaped from the mines or settlements, and are making their way westward, mark the line of their retreat by the most audacious acts of plunder. Kitchen gardens are robbed, fruit trees despoiled, even houses and cellars entered, in order that the vagabond may have the means of subsistence on his homeward journey. Predatory habits of this kind have naturally given rise to acts of retaliation on the part of the colonists. But the inhabitants have not been content with barricading their houses, turning their grounds into miniature fortifications, and providing themselves with guns and revolvers. They have carried the war into the enemy's camp with such zeal, and under such circumstances of open encouragement or tacit approval on the part of the Russian Government, that "vagabond hunting" (*okhota*

na brodyag) has become in some cases a pastime, in others, a means of subsistence for large numbers of the Siberian population.

The necessities of the vagabond are often his ruin. Obliged to offer his services to the colonist, he is worked like a beast of burden, and punished in a terrible fashion for wishing to resume his journey. His wages are paid without demur, but before the convict can get clear off, he falls dead, killed by the bullet of his cruel employer. This method of ridding the country of the *brodyaga* is sometimes carried out on a large scale. It is adopted in the case of vagabond laborers, who, having finished their autumn work in the fields, return to the neighboring village to be paid off. The wages are forthcoming, and the laborers allowed to depart with their hardly earned money, but they have no sooner gone than the farmer assembles his neighbors, and having provided them with horses and fire-arms, the whole party set forth in pursuit of the vagabonds. The retiring laborers are speedily overtaken, most of them are killed on the spot, all are robbed, while the recovered money is divided between the farmer and his confederates.

While the celebrated Transbaikal region was being colonized, the settlers looked upon the hunting of vagabonds as a legitimate diversion. In the Tomsk Government whole communities are described as living solely by the robbery of murdered convicts. Near Fingul there are some open woods that have acquired notoriety as the slaughter ground of vagabonds. The river Karasan was at one time so filled with the bodies of murdered exiles as to become putrid. The whole of this district is full of the memories and traditions of Siberian man-hunting. Heroes of the sport still enjoy the fame they acquired as experts in the shooting of vagabonds. One Romanov, for example, gained celebrity in the village of Fingul by lying in ambush close to the highway and picking off with a musket every vagabond who happened to pass that way. In autumn evenings a certain Bitkov used to shoot stragglers along the banks of the river Angara. During subsequent sport along the Biryus there were individual Siberians who boasted that they had brought down sixty, in some cases ninety, vagabonds. The barbarous custom finally spread as far as the Chinese frontier, and there for immense distances along the rivers Kaluky and Chikoy are villages the inhabitants of which, without exception, engaged habitually, and as a means of subsistence, in the business of plundering vagabonds. In the Irkutsk district, Governor Rupert had to sentence thirteen hunters of vababonds to death, while not many months ago, in the Atchinsky Government, there were fourteen sentences for willful killing, all of them for the slaughter of vagabonds.

It would thus seem that the authorities not only do not approve of the sport, but adopt severe measures for its suppression. Yet the hanging of an occasional offender has had no visible restraining effect. Indeed, the measures adopted by the government have tended rather to confirm the colonists in their ineradicable habit. Since a reward of ten roubles was offered for the recovery of a convict alive, and of five roubles for the return of his body, whole populations have been demoralized into the business of vagabond hunting. The official system of rewards, besides giving a general encouragement to the cupidity of unscrupulous settlers, soon brought into existence a class of professional vagabond hunters. One of them captured a hundred convicts. Of these, one-half were seized by him and presented alive ; the remainder were killed outright and robbed. Another professional vagabond hunter, named Grudinsky, received a gold medal from the authorities for his zeal in intercepting and capturing escaped convicts. Large sums of money are known to have been stored up for the purpose of providing means for man-hunting on a large scale and a paying basis ; the same blood-thirsty amusement has raised many a Siberian peasant from a condition of poverty to one of signal affluence.

Such is the practice of man-hunting, as it has been described hundreds of times by newspapers like the *Golos* [Voice], the *Dyelo* [Deed], the *Otechestvenniya Zapiski* [Annals of the Fatherland], the *Sibirskaya Gazeta* [Siberian Gazette], the *Vostochnoyé Obozreniyé* [Eastern Review], the *Sibir* [Siberia] and the *Vyestnik Yevropy* [European Messenger]. But Siberia suffers not alone from vagabondage. The system of punitive exile has destroyed even the morals of the governing class. The worst forms of Russian bribery and corruption have penetrated to this icy north of tundra and morass. The offense of robbing the government by reducing the already miserable rations of convicts in close confinement has become far too common to excite remark. Exiles possessing money, moreover, have only to dispense their wealth judiciously to command not only complete immunity from troublesome surveillance, but to acquire a power over their fellow-convicts positively tyrannous in its character. The whole fabric of social order and administrative stability in Siberia is menaced by the growing influence of men who, representing the worst vices and grossest ignorance of the convict class, have bought their way into place and power.

As to the bearing of exile upon the relations of capital and labor, let me cite a few lines from an article recently published in the *Siberian Gazette*. The writer says: "Exile is a highly important factor in the economical life of Siberia, for it places at the disposal of the exploiter of labor a willing and homeless army of workers—a body of men without natural or legal rights—a population of human beings with whom one can do what one likes, even to the extent of taking their lives. It is with the aid of this army that the capitalist exploiter has been enabled to usurp large tracts of public land, and by carrying on great enterprises—particularly the gold-mining industry—to completely break up, disorganize and destroy, in his own interest, the broad tracts and the ancient system of the village commune. In the wake of operations like these, bad harvests and terrible famines have everywhere made their appearance."

But I have a still more pregnant statement to cite. It appears in the last number of the *Eastern Review*, and forms the appeal, so far as it can be expressed, of the Siberian community at large, to the central authorities at St. Petersburg. "The moment has come," it says, "to speak out and to indicate plainly the great evil from which we in Siberia suffer as a community. It is we, remember, the settlers of Siberia, who have maintained the convoys, provided and kept in order the station-houses, fed and doctored the convicts as they came to us. Yet for all this we have been repaid only by risk and danger. Siberian society has awakened to the consciousness of its burden, and now gives expression to its natural instinct and aspiration—to its desire to be rid of a heavy responsibility. Siberia feels all the injury done to its best interests by the system of exile, and not only the injury, but the demoralization wrought by that system, together with the dishonor which it visits upon the community. It does not ask for any vindictive increase in the punishment now visited upon these convicts, but it appeals to the central authorities to relieve it and its honest population from the necessity of mixing and coming into contact with a class of people who are without honor and without conscience—with men who disgrace and pollute the community by their very presence—with beings that trample out in our midst the very germs of social order and moral sentiment. Our sense of this evil and danger has been rendered all the more acute in recent times, because of the fact that the exiled convicts who now enter Siberian territory from week to week, and month to month, are not only, for the most part, persons highly immoral and depraved, but men possessing resources of wealth such as enable them to command the advantages of social position, to seize upon important official and administrative positions, to control

public opinion, and even to create and possess their organs in the Press." The appeal goes on to say, "Only by the abolition of the system of punitive exile can we look for a safe and steady development of our social life. Siberia," it urges in closing, "asks for the abolition of that system, and she awaits the moment when her prayer shall be granted, as the moment of her greatest happiness and good fortune. The abolition of exile to Siberia will be as grand a blow for civilization and humanity as was the abolition of serfdom in 1861. For even if these parallel cases had no other point of resemblance, they would be profoundly alike in the demoralization suffered in each of them by the two classes—by the one as the victims of the system, and by the other as the enforcers of it."

These words—the appeal of a despairing community threatened with the complete extinction of its social order and moral sentiment—abundantly show how significantly inopportune is the clamor for a system of convict deportation in this country. We are asked, in fact, to send our offenders into exile in Alaska at the very moment when the Siberians, after decades of experience in the reception of deported prisoners, are recoiling in horror from the results of an experiment that has already ensanguined the white north with the blood-red signs of its disastrous failure. Who, now, among us, believes that America, with her democratic form of government, continually held in check by the people, could compete favorably in such an experiment with a Tzar untutored and unthwarted, having at his back the resources of all the Russias? How many of us are prepared to affirm that the administration of Alaska, under the penal settlement scheme, would not shelter more corruption and jobbery than has been fostered in any two territories of this country since the beginning of the United States? Yet these questions and the issues they suggest are of minor importance. Quite apart from the Alaska scheme, there opens up a prospect not at all hopeful to contemplate. We have had our own vagabondage for years, and our tramp class—a class found only in America and Siberia—definitely allies our conditions with those of our neighbor across the Pacific. Imagine, now, the result of empowering a distant territory to create a brand new class of vagabonds. Think of transporting our murderers, house-breakers, thieves, to the broad lands of Alaska, and thence turning them out at the expiration of their sentences, should they remain for "honorable discharge," to tramp their way back to civilization, to the place whence they came? Picture the result for honest labor of this hungry, penniless, and homeless army of industrial serfs, offering its services, in peaceful moods, to the lowest bidders, or the dilemma for society and constituted authority of desperate bands of escaped and liberated convicts, robbing farms, sacking villages, barricading towns! A better plan for infesting our Northwest with a dangerous army of outlaws and exile-breakers, for terrorizing whole communities, cursing labor and capital alike, demoralizing society, and giving infinite perplexity to the government and the police, was surely never suggested.

You ask that America shall stretch out the blood-stained hand of a new slavery to our human brethren in the West—that two territories, the homes of the Anglo-Saxon American and of the Russian Slav, shall kiss each other beneath the sea, not with the salute of countries pledged to universal freedom, but with the greeting of territories alike cursed with the evils of convict serfdom and punitive exile.

The heart revolts against such a project—the reason condemns it. No! There will be no American Siberia!

EDMUND NOBLE.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

I.

HISTORICAL RETROSPECTIONS.

THE third and concluding volume of the "Greville Memoirs"* covers a period so recent that to many it must seem almost like contemporaneous history, and yet in nothing does the flight of time appear more startling than in the reflected light which gleams from these pages. One feels a constant tendency to ask, "Can these things have taken place so long ago as to have become sober history?" The charm of Mr. Greville's writings lies in their genuine, Boswell-like simplicity. To the American reader there may seem to be surprisingly little about our country in these pages. It might be supposed that a man of observation and affairs, like Mr. Greville, would have found certain American events worthy of a place in his journals, in the remarkable epoch through which this country was then passing, and which must have furnished, one would think, subjects of occasional discussion in intelligent circles in Britain. The preliminary rumblings of our great national convulsion were making themselves heard. John Brown's raid had been described in every English newspaper. But the truth is that American affairs at that time were matters of little interest to the average English mind. They became of interest soon after the Greville journals closed. The only distinct reference to the United States we have discovered in this volume is on the question of Foreign Enlistment, when some American citizens were enlisted for service in the Crimea. Greville met Thackeray, who had just returned from his American tour, and describes him as saying that there was not an American who did not believe that if war ensued they could give England a good thrashing; upon which Greville remarks: "But in a country where the statesmen, if there are any, have so little influence, and where the national policy is subject to the passions and caprices of an ignorant and unreasoning mob, there is no security that good sense and moderation will prevail." At the same time he deplores even the remote prospect of what he calls a "suicidal contest between the two countries."

"Retrospections of America"† goes farther back. John Bernard was one of the first British actors to figure as a stage manager in the United States. The greater part of these retrospections are here published for the first time. The author had good opportunities for observing the state of society then existing, and he describes it very graphically. He seems to have been favorably impressed with

* "A Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria. From 1852 to 1860." By the late Charles C. F. Greville, Esq., Clerk of the Council. Edited by Henry Reeve, Registrar of the Privy Council. D. Appleton & Company.

† "Retrospections of America, 1797—1811." By John Bernard, sometime secretary of the Beefsteak Club, etc. Harper and Brothers.

republican institutions, and stands up for them in his introductory chapter. He saw in America, even at that time, the arena of new principles, and even of manners and morality. "Thanks," he says, "to the spread of intelligence, French manners may be seen in loving alliance with English morality." He has many pleasant anecdotes and adventures which throw light on the social and domestic habits of his day, both Northern and Southern, and which are, therefore, of more than transient interest. The book should on this account, if no other, be in every historical library. We cannot refrain from quoting from a conversation the author had with Washington. Washington was giving utterance to some strong sentiments about liberty, when in walked a black negro carrying a pitcher of spring water, and the author says he could not repress a smile, which the general at once interpreted, and which furnished the occasion for the expression of his opinions about slavery. The mind of the slave, he thought, should first be educated to understand the obligations of freedom before the slave could profit by emancipation. He added, "Not only do I pray for it on the score of human dignity, but I can clearly see that nothing but the rooting out of slavery can perpetuate the existence of our Union, by consolidating it in a common bond of principle."

"Recollections of a Private Soldier"* brings us nearer our own day. This book is written from the standpoint of the rank and file. Without considering every opinion expressed—that, for example, as to the policy of calling for volunteers to suppress the rebellion, instead of at the outset drawing soldiers ratably and by lot, which the author thinks should have been done—it may be said that his book is exceedingly valuable in many respects. It is certainly interesting and thoroughly readable. It gives a better idea of the reality of a soldier's life than many of the more pretentious histories of the War. When the author enlisted the Rebellion was at its height, and the first flush of excitement in volunteering was over. He speedily found himself among eight hundred or a thousand ruffians, most of them bounty-jumpers, who were guarded by heavy lines of sentinels, and were almost to a man cowards and bullies. His description of his life among these wretches until he found himself in camp gives a vivid picture of unrelieved misery. And there is a good deal about camp life and drill which comes in for criticism, though not in a spirit of mere fault-finding. The story of Grant's last campaign is graphically told. The impression had got abroad in the ranks that Grant was a fighting general, and veterans shrugged their shoulders and said: "He can find all the fighting he wants." The author states that the soldiers of the Potomac had the highest opinion of Lee and his army, and recognized the fact that it required the best kind of generalship to overmatch them. Human life was sacrificed in a constant and fruitless endeavor to drive the army of Virginia from their defenses. The author states that on one occasion, at the battle of Cold Harbor, after a terrible repulse accompanied with immense loss of life, the order to charge was again given but not a man obeyed it. "The army to a man refused to obey the order, presumably from General Grant, to renew the assault. I heard the order given, and I saw it disobeyed." Many of the enlisted men had been up to and over the Confederate works. They had seen their strength and they knew they could not be carried by direct assault and they refused to make a second attempt. Again, when before Petersburg, the author heard some veteran soldiers thus describe a charge: "We are going to run toward the Confederate earthworks and then we are going to run back. We have had enough of assault-

* "Recollections of a Private Soldier in the Army of the Potomac." By Frank Wilkeson. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ing earthworks. We are hungry and tired, and we want to rest and eat." He states that in the latter part of June, 1864, it was freely charged by the generals in the Army of the Potomac that the army was not fighting as stanchly at Petersburgh as it had fought in the Wilderness or at Spottsylvania. He believes that the charge was true, and was explainable by the demoralization of the army, owing in part to its loss of confidence in the generalship which hurled it unavailingly against impregnable earthworks, and in part to the wretched character of the raw recruits sent to fill up its broken ranks. The general opinion was that if Grant had had command of the army in 1862 the rebellion would have been crushed that year. With regard to McClellan, he states that while personally liked by his soldiers, they did not, as a rule, concede to him great aggressive military talent.

Our author did not follow Grant to his final victory. Having been offered a commission some time previously, he at length decided to claim his discharge, and subsequently rejoined the army as a lieutenant in the Fourth Artillery, and served with his regiment before Washington and elsewhere.

It is quite natural that widely different estimates should be formed of the men who rose to eminence during our civil war ; but to select five such characters, and, without reference to the services of other men, to eulogize these five as the men who saved the Union, as Mr. Donn Piatt does,* is to invite the suggestion, not simply of hero-worship, but of idolatry. Nevertheless, his volume is exceedingly interesting. And the men here portrayed undoubtedly stand in the central group of heroes and councillors who earned immortal honor as saviours of their country. But they were not the only men worthy to be so designated. Lincoln, Stanton, Chase, Seward, and Thomas were mighty men, and their names will live ; but to ignore the part which other brave and prominent chiefs bore in the great ordeal of the nation, is to ignore the facts of history. It is, for instance, commonly supposed that General Grant and General Sherman had something to do in saving the Union. Mr. Piatt not only refuses to admit General Grant into his galaxy of heroes, but takes special pains to belittle him. Whenever Grant or Sherman is spoken of in this book it is in tones of depreciation approaching contempt. McClellan, of course, is consigned to the incapables. In Mr. Piatt's view, General Thomas was the one soldier-general who saved the Union, and, in admiration of his hero, our author sees none else. The best thing he has to say of General Grant is that he was a brave man, and would fight, but his success is regarded as purely adventitious, and in no sense the result of high military qualities. Of course, this is no place for discussing that question. But to ignore Grant in any memories of this kind is to place one's self at once on the defensive, since, rightly or wrongly, the country persists in regarding him as the central hero of the war. But in spite of his prejudices, Donn Piatt's work is always brilliant and captivating. In his present book Lincoln stands before us in all his homeliness and in all his grandeur, the man of the hour, to whom the preservation of the Union was the one great object to which every other question, including slavery, was secondary. Stanton, Chase, and Seward appear natural and life-like on the canvas, each filling his peculiar sphere and each indispensable, the first two occupied with the heavy responsibilities of domestic administration, and the last managing with infinite tact the nation's difficult foreign affairs. Speaking of the statue of Seward in Union Square, New York, the author justly says : " For four years nothing stood between that great commercial centre and the utter ruin of a bombardment but the subtle intellect and patriotic heart of that one man. Without a navy, possessed of no coast defenses, our cities on the sea were at the mercy of the weakest naval power in Europe."

* "Memories of the Men who Saved the Union." By Donn Piatt. Belford, Clarke & Co.

Of General Thomas, whose sketch is the longest, the American people are well proud, and it may possibly be true that his not coming to the front as Commander-in-Chief was a national calamity. General Sherman, in a recent article in these pages, has marked his high opinion of the soldierly qualities of Thomas. But it certainly appears to be too late to convince the American people that he, and he alone, of all the generals of the war, is worthy of a niche in the monument erected to the saviours of the Union.

II.

DOUBT, NEGATION, FAITH.

THE interest excited by Count Tolstoi's book, "My Religion," will naturally find many readers for the "Confessions." In this book, which really preceded the other in the order of composition, the author lays bare his individual life, shows what his early training was, how he drifted into the current of fashionable folly and wickedness, and the mental processes by which he emerged from an easy-going skepticism to a tranquil and assured faith. What this faith is, and how related to the life of man and the teachings of Christ, also form a part of this interesting memoir. There is evident, throughout, deep earnestness of spirit, a knowledge of books and men, the power of philosophic abstraction, and a profound conviction on the part of the author that he has reached the conclusion of the whole matter. The thoughtful reader will find himself carried along without effort over roads often traversed,—through labyrinths of questions which have baffled wise men all the ages,—until at length he reaches the goal, which in this case is the restful faith which gives satisfaction and peace to the author. Probably the majority of readers will be unable to accept the views of life here put forward as a whole. There is a touch of mysticism and, perhaps, of fanaticism in the Count's theology, but not enough to spoil the book. The author breaks clear away from ecclesiastical moorings, but instead of landing in infidelity or mere negation, finds refuge in a fervid spirituality, in the atmosphere of which worldly and sensuous things fade and melt away. In many particulars this Confession and the added synopsis of Christ's teachings are remarkably suggestive.

The author sees a good illustration of life in "an old Eastern fable about a traveler in the steppes who is attacked by a furious wild beast. To save himself the traveler gets into a dried up well; but at the bottom of it he sees a dragon with its mouth wide open to devour him. The unhappy man dares not get out for fear of the wild beast, and dares not descend for fear of the dragon, so he catches hold of the branch of a wild plant growing in a crevice of the well. His arms grow tired and he feels that he must soon perish, death awaiting him on either side, but he still holds on; and then he sees two mice, one black and one white, gnawing through the trunk of the wild plant. As they gradually and evenly make their way around it, the plant must soon give way, break off, and he will fall into the jaws of the dragon. The traveler sees this and knows that he must inevitably perish; but, while still hanging, he looks around him, and, finding some drops of honey on the leaves of the wild plant, he stretches out his tongue and licks them." "Thus, says Tolstoi, do I cling to the branch of life, knowing that the dragon of death inevitably awaits me, ready to tear me to pieces, and I cannot understand why such tortures have fallen to my lot. I also strive to suck the honey which once comforted me, but it palls on my palate, while the white mouse and the black, day and night gnaw through the branch to which I cling."

* "My Confession and the Spirit of Christ's Teaching." By Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

The author feels that all the attempted solutions of the problem of life to be found in physiology, psychology, biology, sociology, present "a striking poverty of thought," with an utterly unjustifiable pretension to decide questions beyond their competence, and a constant contradiction of one thinker by another, and even of most thinkers by themselves. He draws a broad distinction between exact science, which deals with the succession of cause and effect in material phenomena, and theoretical science, which deals with the conception of the uncaused. The former avoids, the latter only mystifies the great subject of infinite causation. As to philosophy, the author finds that Solomon, Buddha, Socrates, Schopenhauer, all deny a meaning in life and proclaim its vanity; that however much and well men may reason they get no real answer to the question: "What is life?" except that it is an evil; hence, philosophy tends on the one hand to fatalism, despair, suicide; or, on the other, to an epicurean recklessness. As to the Church, orthodox, heterodox, evangelical, catholic, the doctrines set before him still further obscured the question, especially as nobody ever thought of living up to them. "I felt," he says, "that they (Christians of his own class in life) deceived themselves, and that for them, as for myself, the only meaning of life was to live from hand to mouth, and take, each for himself, all that his hands can lay hold on." At the same time he found that among simple peasants there were multitudes whose lives, while interwoven with superstitions, were sustained by a faith which deprived poverty and even death of terrors. This set him on a new line of research. Finally, having barely escaped suicide as a "rational" way out of the wood, he renounces the life of his own class, with its luxury, and begins the simple life of a laboring man, believing that to live after God's word a man must, in very fact, renounce all the pleasures of life, labor, be humble, endure, and be charitable to all men. He is a Christian in the sense of accepting the teachings of Christ, apart from everything else, either in Scripture or tradition; and what the teachings of Christ really are he discovers in the Gospels, and he finds, after a long process of analyzing and sifting, that "the Lord's Prayer is indeed nothing less than the whole teaching of Christ, expressed in the most condensed form." "On studying," he says, "the various forms of Christian religions, I found them to consist in large measure of the strangest superstitions, which, however, did not prevent many from finding life in their teaching. Now, the chief matter is, not whether Jesus Christ was God, or from whom descended the Holy Ghost, or when and by whom was a certain Gospel written," but the undimmed light flowing from the teachings of Christ; and in these teachings he sees not even a hint of the great mass of doctrinal theology which people usually identify with Christianity.

III.

UNSOLVED PROBLEMS IN SCIENCE.

No apology, such as the author offers in his preface, is needed for the appearance of well written and intelligible works on such topics as are discussed by Mr. J. H. Kedzie, of Chicago, in the treatise before us.* Revolutionary some of the ideas advanced may indeed be called; but not in the sense of being unscientific, or of unsettling conclusions regarded as scientifically established. And even if the book *were* revolutionary in this sense of the term it would not, for that reason, be unwelcome. The world stands in need of books which throw light on the great problems of existence, or which place old truths in a new light. It would be rash to say that Mr. Kedzie has succeeded in establishing his positions in relation to the unsolved problems indicated in the title of his book, but he has certainly presented

* "Solar Heat, Gravitation, and Sun Spots." By J. H. Kedzie. S. C. Griggs & Co.

a good case. It will be a misfortune if his theory does not awaken interest and lead to discussion.

We have been told, for example, in so many words, on good scientific authority, that the universe is but a cloud of suns and worlds, and that, even as the clouds come only to disappear, so the planets and suns will disappear and pass away, while others shall take their place and play their part. Our own sun is said to be burning out at an inconceivably rapid rate, his enormous bulk, aided, perhaps, by certain foreign influences, being our only guarantee against an eclipse that shall have no end. Millions of years may elapse before the fuel shall be exhausted which makes our earthly summers, and occasionally makes them so exuberantly warm as to suggest a little economy in the celestial furnaces; but the end must come, if we are to credit the theory advanced by some eminent scientific authorities. Mr. Kedzie attacks this doctrine, or rather advances another, which indefinitely postpones the period of the sun's exhaustion, and he states this doctrine in such clear and expressive terms, and fortifies it by arguments so convincing, at least from a layman's standpoint, as to create a strong desire to know what can be said on the other side.

The more commonly received theories as to the supply of solar heat are arrested motion owing to the constant pouring in of meteoric matter into the sun's orb, and the evolving of heat from the gravitation of the sun's mass towards its centre. Other theories look to the condensation of the universal atmosphere, or, with Sir William Thomson, to the existence of convection currents within the orb of the sun, by which the combustion on the surface is constantly maintained by new supplies from the interior. Mr. Kedzie holds that these theories are all untenable and inadequate, and there is at least one question which none of them attempts to answer, namely, what becomes of the enormous amount of heat radiated from the sun, and of which our earth, and all the sister planets together, receive so minute a fraction. Mr. Kedzie rightly says: "If this heat dwindles into non-existence, then the grandest discovery of modern times, the conservation of energy, disappears with it."

In theorizing as to the cause of solar heat, the author discovers, or thinks he discovers, a principle which, if true, not only settles the question of heat, but also throws light on unexplained points in gravitation and the solar spots. We have only space remaining to state in general terms what this principle is, leaving the interested reader to find in the book itself the processes by which it is made applicable to these several subjects. According to the acknowledged teachings of science, the etherial ocean of the universe, in which suns and planets are in one sense sparsely scattered—millions of miles between them—is full of waves of mechanical force propagated in all directions. These etherial undulations start from non-etherial senders and are transmitted through the ether to non-etherial receivers, representing the sum total of all the energy of the universe. There is no such thing, according to our author, as dormant energy. The forces of nature are always at work, even when seemingly in repose. So these vibrations, intercepted by planets or suns, undergo change, but are not lost. They leave the suns as heat, but "during long processes through space turn to mechanical force and other forms of energy, only to reappear as heat in other solar orbs *ad eternum*." As waves of mechanical force they fall upon the sun's photosphere and there meet conditions which transform them to heat again, but without diminishing the effect of the mechanical impact. As force vibrations they "pervade all space, attacking every molecule and every mass equally on all sides, except when intercepted by one molecule or mass from others. The nearer the intercepting bodies are to each other the more rays of force they intercept from each other in the proportion of

the inverse squares of the distances, thus marking lines of least resistance in which all the bodies will infallibly seek to approach each other," and causing what is known as gravitation. And lastly, the sun's spots are caused by the interception by the planets "of a portion of the emanations of a wide belt of the heavens." We are conscious that in the above condensed statement of a principle we do but scant justice to the author. The reader will find, however, that the whole subject is very clearly and forcibly put in this treatise, and in a style which makes it readable and interesting to persons of even moderate scientific attainments.

IV.

SKETCHES OF RUSSIAN SOCIETY AND PEOPLE.

THE author of "Dead Souls" * has a European celebrity which lends the charm of anticipation to the opening chapters of these volumes, but which does not prevent their becoming rather dull reading. As journeys of a typical kind of Russian gentleman, "neither a beauty nor yet very plain in his personal appearance; neither too stout nor too thin," and neither old nor young, they have the merit of introducing us to living characters that few of us, probably, have met, and to social and geographical surroundings also peculiar. The "Dead Souls" rather darken the title and raise expectations of horrors and tragedies, which are doomed to disappointment. As a picture of Russian life and manners the book has a value of course, but it takes some time in reading it to discover that "dead souls" are simply "dead serfs," and that their connection with the journeys, adventures, and scrapes of our unpronounceable friend is simply objective. He wishes, for reasons which it takes a long time to find out, to buy up the title to the ownership of a certain number of serfs. The standing and wealth of a Russian is estimated in part by the number of his serfs. He owns these people, body and soul—at least he did so under the old *régime*—and after their death he keeps their names on his records; and the object of Tchitchikoff is to induce proprietors of serfs to transfer their "dead souls" to him. There is no plot, no outcome of this, as far as we can discover, and the idea of buying up the title to dead men's bones—which at first is suggestive of the most delightfully mysterious horrors—is simply a peg upon which to hang a kind of extended diary of a jog-trot journey through the empire. For the rest, the book is Russian, and the author is Gogol, and it should be read, of course.

Now and then there is scope for some good sarcasm; indeed, the book itself may be taken as an extended satire on Russian institutions. In a certain town the good people who show attention to our traveler gossip to each other about the destination of these "dead souls." It has got abroad that Tchitchikoff intends to colonize a distant province. One person suggests that our friend will find it difficult to manage so many serfs—that hundreds and thousands of them will run away. Another answers that the Russian peasant never runs away—whither can he run? Then it is suggested that there must be many bad characters among them, and a wise head wonders how they are all to be transported to their destination. To all these points our traveler replies in an easy, off-hand way, and intimates that all *his* "souls" are of a singularly, quiet and peaceable character, that the question of transportation does not trouble him, and that he has not the slightest fear of his souls running away; and so on. On another occasion a public functionary, who has lost a number of serfs by cholera, hunts up Tchitchikoff in the hope of indemnifying himself for his great loss

* "Tchitchikoff's Journeys; or, Dead Souls." By Nikolai Vasilievitch Gogol. Translated from the Russian. T. Y. Crowell. 2 vols.

by selling the carcasses. There is a good deal that is grotesque and humorous in some of the scenes and characters described, but the book is terribly prolix.

V.

CONVENTIONAL CANT AS A BRITISH FAILING.

To search for national failings, even with the view of prescribing a remedy for them, is not the most agreeable or easy of tasks, but it is one that entitles a capable and earnest writer to attention and respect. In reading this book * the American man may feel calmly judicial and sternly impartial. Except as he may have a share of British blood in *his* veins he may take these strictures with perfect coolness and even enjoy them. We can afford to take our time in discovering what an English author—for such we presume Mr. Whitman to be—has to say on a subject on which English people are usually a trifle sensitive. If it were an American who had written about the conventional faults of our trans-Atlantic cousins, we could readily anticipate what he might have to say, but for an Englishman to chastise the English is a very refreshing spectacle, and is calculated to awaken some little curiosity on this side of the world. There is a great deal in the book that is worthy of attention, and we hope that not only our English relatives, but some of our own people may profit by it.

The author does not, at the start, give a very precise definition of cant, but he distinguishes between the cant which is conventional and that which goes by the name of religious cant or hypocrisy, with which he does not deal. Before defining his subject he gives us an essay on pharisaism, or that insular pride in things English which peculiarly pervades the middle and untraveled classes. In this connection he makes a fling at English efforts to "convert" the heathen and the Jews, and at certain instances of foreign intermeddling, and he adds: "There are signs abroad that we are not so cocksure of our own excellence in everything as we used to be." This is very well for an Englishman, and very satisfactory to the rest of mankind, besides which it is expressed in a thoroughly English fashion, and our readers will no doubt say "Amen."

What do English people think of the expression "toadying debasement before rank and social power—one of the greatest blemishes of the English race?" This is pretty good!

As an instance of social cant, the author alludes to the practice of public speakers interlarding their speeches with Latin or Greek quotations. "These quotations are not meant for popular consumption; they are merely canting clap-trap, recalling references to the social position of the speakers and their hearers." There is a lesson for our future valedictorians! Another instance of cant is the peculiar way of pronouncing certain aristocratic family names. "That a man whose name is Marjoribanks should call himself Marchbanks—that Leveson Gower should be pronounced Lewson Gore, and Cholmondely Chumley—would in any other country but England be suggestive of insanity." Then there is an aristocratic "coldness of manner," and a middle class "grin of amiability," and lastly a habit of self-depreciation with a gushing appreciation of others—all of which are stigmatized and rebuked, and which, we regret to say, are not peculiar to England.

As to manners, they are affected and artificial, with an awkward aiming at naturalness which does not, after all, succeed. A man is ashamed to say "my wife;" he must speak of her as Mrs. A. or Mrs. X. The best mannered people in

* "Conventional Cant; its Results and Remedy." By Sidney Whitman. Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co.

England the author finds among policemen and railway officials. We cannot help asking where he would put a London "cabby," or the typical American car-conductor, the latter having a peculiarly national habit of ordering his passengers to "move on," and of punching them in the ribs for their fares. "Society in England, except that small cosmopolitan section which is almost international, is painful enough by its hollowness, its pretentiousness, its gush, its fetish-worship, but also more especially by its want of any intelligible code of manners." Mr. Whitman admits that in England people do not put their knives in their mouths,—many of us do in America,—but he thinks even that would be better than asking people to your home and not introducing them to each other.

Our author levels his lance against newspaper press cant, which praises John Stuart Mill and denounces Bradlaugh; and in passing he gives a slap at the inconsistency of burying Darwin, the agnostic, in Westminster, while an established clergyman cannot exchange pulpits with a dissenting minister. This latter, by the way, should come under a different heading, but the author thinks that the press is largely answerable for such an anomaly. There is a sarcasm about the mutual-admiration style of the English and American press at this particular period of the Victorian era. The author also regards the recent *Pall Mall Gazette* revelations as a stupendous instance of daring press-cant. Not to be beaten, we might, perhaps, add something about the American press and Jacob Sharp!

From the press to politics and principles is an easy transition, and something is said about the English diplomatic noble and "free trade." The author, however, is not hopeless of reformation for his country. He believes that the best way to begin to cure a disease is to begin to understand it, and he augurs in the growth of individualism among all classes a splendid possibility for the future. He suggests, however, that the national character may be drifting toward a cataclysm, out of which a new life, born of a new morality, shall make the past look like a hideous nightmare. So there is a very serious side to this bright and suggestive book.

VI.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THERE is something to be learned from the story of any individual life, if truthfully told. The author of "Years of Experience"* is a lady now in her seventieth year, and may, therefore, be justified in concluding that her life-work is sufficiently near its completion to make a calm review of it her special duty. Without setting forth any reasons for taking the public into her confidence she has made the public her debtor. No thoughtful person can read this modest autobiography without interest and profit, as showing the course of a self-reliant and intellectual woman, thrown early in life upon her own endeavors, and bravely holding her own through all adversities and difficulties. It is not so much, however, a story of material as of intellectual and spiritual experience, gathered under outward circumstances and associations that impart to it special interest. Born in England, with a mixture of aristocratic French blood in her veins, she finds herself while still a child rebelling in spirit against the current orthodox dogmas about the Deity, and through life she appears to have maintained her determination to accept nothing as authoritative in religion which offends her moral intuitions and conceptions. Circumstances caused her to emigrate, and in the course of a few years, after a brief residence in Canada, we find her a member of the community known as "The Brook Farm," and some of the most interesting pages of the book are occupied with her mental and spiritual experiences in connection with that short-lived en-

* "Years of Experience: An Autobiographical Narrative." By Georgiana Bruce Kirby. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

terprise. She afterwards went West and South and saw the workings of slavery, but meanwhile had some prison experiences as assistant matron at Sing Sing. One of her intimate personal friends was Margaret Fuller, of whom she gives some pleasant recollections. Another person of interest introduced to the reader is the wife of Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet. This lady disclosed to her many of the earlier secrets of the Mormon delusion, and apparently had not the slightest respect for her husband's character.

VII.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY AND CHRISTIAN ETHICS.

DR. PEABODY has presented the public in these twelve lectures* with an admirable digest of the fundamental principles of moral philosophy in relation to distinctly Christian ethics, and as concerned with human progress and the practical affairs of life. The reader must not expect to find an exhaustive treatise on the history and development of ethics as a science. The lectures were delivered to a class of divinity students at Harvard University from the Chair of Christian Morals, and are, therefore, as might be supposed, somewhat didactic in tone, and are imbued throughout with Christians ideas and sentiments. They are evidently the production of a scholarly mind, well read in the literature of this special class of knowledge. Moral philosophy is usually an attractive study with theological students, and has an influential bearing upon the work of the pulpit. These lectures, therefore, throw some light on the probable trend of pulpit-teaching in respect of morals and ethics for some time to come. They do not present many novel ideas—perhaps the ground has been too thoroughly traversed for that; and the main positions are those which have been taught in theologic schools for at least half a century. But they are well put together, and the arguments are clear and favorable, and never prolix. If the excursions of the author into the realm of debateable philosophy are not long, nor too venturesome, they show enough of the enemy's territory to indicate the points of attack and defense.

The lectures start with a discussion on human freedom, which the author maintains as in fact furnishing the very foundation of moral science. Then follows "the ground of right," in which some of the modern theories are disposed of; for example, the will of God. This, if accepted, might be held to justify every form of imposture and fanaticism. Adam Smith's theory of sympathy and the views of right derived from mysticism are discussed. The author argues that the ground of right is fitness—which, we suppose, is another way of saying that right is based on eternal and abstract law, and the existence of a moral discernment in every rational being, by which this law can be applied to every conceivable act. Utilitarianism and expediency are shown to be very poor guides, and the subtle fallacy of Bentham's principle, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," proved to be no rule for individual conduct, however it may be accepted as a political maxim. Expediency has a place in morals, but not as a fundamental rule, else we should all be liars. The argument for truthfulness is exceedingly well put.

Space does not permit our following the lecturer through the discussions on conscience, virtue, the Hebrew Scriptures, Christian ethics, and Moral Beauty, nor the brief exposition of hedonism and stoicism, and the influence of Christian ethics on Roman law, with which the volume ends. Dr. Peabody's main position is the existence in man, as man, of a special moral faculty, divinely bestowed, and not an evolution from physical conditions, and he argues that as this faculty is enlightened and guided by the precepts, spirit, and example of Christ, we reach toward the perfection of morality, both in theory and practice.

* Moral Philosophy. A series of lectures. By Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., LL.D. Lee & Shepard.

VIII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE publishers of these translations of some of Plato's masterpieces* are to be congratulated upon the fidelity with which the original has been rendered into good English, reproducing the noble and graceful expressions and lofty ideals of the great philosopher. Gorgias, the polite and versatile rhetorician, who boasts that by the skillful use of speech he can win every one to his way of thinking, and therefore claims for rhetoric the highest place among the arts, is confronted by Socrates, who stoutly disputes this position, and classes rhetoric among such dexterous and minor arts as fancy cookery and flattery. In this dialogue the great thoughts of Socrates, as to "the best way of life" and the supremacy of "the good," are opposed to the airy and flippant philosophy of expediency. These translations should command a wide circle of modern readers.

In a series of short papers,† Professor Alexander presents very fairly some of the principal subjects debated in modern philosophy. He truly says that "to enumerate all of the difficulties of philosophy which have thus far not been wholly removed would be to give a synopsis of a philosophical system," and he contends that scientific preparation for encountering these difficulties is as essential to the philosopher as it is in another sense to the surgeon. Just what is meant in this connection by "scientific" is not quite clear—probably a careful mental training and discipline; for he adds: "In the mysterious country lying between theology and philosophy"—metaphysics we presume—"many a hopeful, speculative mind has been lost in doubt or extravagant theory." Again he says: "The history of failures"—to explain the nature of being as distinct from appearances—"has led some to think that failure is the inevitable consequence of metaphysical inquiry." He dissents from this position, as also from the position taken by the metaphysical dogmatist, but insists on the importance both of analysis and synthesis in establishing a sound system. He would avoid the one extreme of skepticism, as applied to the unsolved questions of philosophy, as well as the other extreme of relying on traditional opinions, which modern investigations have exploded. Students of philosophy will find this little treatise very helpful.

In this series of thirteen lectures delivered on Sunday evenings before a city congregation,‡ we find a capital and exceedingly interesting statement of the latest phases of Egyptian discovery. One object of these lectures—probably the chief—is to demonstrate the truth of Scripture prophesy; and certainly some of the facts disclosed are of great significance, and calculated not only to delight the religious reader who implicitly believes in his Bible, but also to awaken new interest in Biblical questions. Dr. Robinson excels in a masterly simplicity of style, and has, justly, a reputation for scholarly accuracy and diligence, and it is therefore not surprising that this little book has proved to be exceedingly sought after by teachers in Sunday-schools and many others. It is a book that any person of average intelligence will find readable and instructive. The author narrates the particulars of the discovery of the burial place at Deir-el-Bahari, and graphically

* "Talks with Socrates about Life." Translations from the Gorgias and the Republic of Plato. Charles Scribner's Sons.

† "Some Problems of Philosophy." Archibald Alexander, Professor of Philosophy in Columbia College. Charles Scribner's Sons.

‡ "The Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus." By Chas. S. Robinson, D.D. The Century Company.

describes the identification of the mummies of "the king who knew Joseph," "the father of Pharaoh's daughter," of Seti I., who put to death the male children of the Hebrews, and other famous personages. There are also interesting chapters on Goshen, Pithom, and Zoan, and discussions on the wonders of Egypt and certain points of exegesis and doctrine growing out of this subject.

It is a matter for some surprise that until the appearance of the little book here noticed* no person competent for the task had undertaken to write an account of the Draft Riots in New York in 1863. As a piece of purely local history, the story is well worth telling. And not alone for New York, but for all great cities are the lessons which grow out of this narrative worthy of serious attention. Great cities are proverbially the centres of bad as well as good influences, and in them all the depraved and reckless and criminal classes find hiding places, constituting the volcanic force which may at any moment, in times of excitement, work its way by upheaval and explosion to the surface. The author, who took the part of a volunteer special in helping to quell the riots of 1863, writes from recollection; but not only so, for he tells us that he has carefully searched the newspapers of the period, and all the official dispatches and records for materials and dates, besides comparing notes with officials and others who were eye-witnesses of the events. He has also submitted his manuscript to the highest authorities for revision. The work may, therefore, be regarded as historic and trustworthy. The writer is satisfied that the draft for army recruits was but the pricking of a great social tumor, and that it was not the mechanics and artisans, but the great restless mob at the very base of society, led on by designing communists and demagogues, who brought about the trouble. He thinks that there are the same elements in our cities to-day as in 1863, and that true wisdom lies in being in a state of constant preparation to overpower them. He states that there are now about thirty thousand known convicts in the city of New York, and at least as many unknown convicts, besides the evil-disposed who sympathize with them. These are the volcano under the city. No possible outbreak could last longer than a few days, but in a few hours a fearful amount of destruction of property and loss of life could be brought about. To prevent a mob gaining headway by even a few hours should, in his opinion, always be manifestly in the power of the authorities.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Elements of Physiological Psychology. Ladd.

The Provinces of the Roman Empire, from Cæsar to Diocletian. Mommsen. 2 vols. Translated by W. P. Dickson.

The Huguenots and Henry of Navarre. Baird. 2 vols.

The Essentials of Perspective. L. W. Miller.

Word Studies in the New Testament. Vol. I. Marvin R. Vincent.

History of Modern Philosophy. Kuno Fischer. 1. Descartes and his school. Translated by Gordy. Edited by Noah Porter.

Psychology—The Motive Powers. McCosh.

Some Problems of Philosophy. Archibald Alexander.

* "The Volcano under the City." By a Volunteer Special. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

Talks with Socrates about Life. Translations from the Gorgias and the Republic of Plato.

Around the World on a Bicycle. Vol. I. From San Francisco to Teheran. Thomas Stevens.

D. Appleton & Co.

The Greville Memoirs. A Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria. From 1852 to 1860.

Proverbs from Plymouth Pulpit. H. W. Beecher.

On the Susquehanna. Hammond.

What is the Church? Plain Instructions about the Church, especially in England, with notes, and a supplementary chapter on the P. E. Church in the United States.

The Pleasures of Life. Sir John Lubbock.

Red Spider. A novel. S. Baring-Gould.

Thraldom. A novel. Julian Sturgis.

China. Travels and Investigations in the "Middle Kingdom," with a glance at Japan. James Harrison Wilson.

Harper and Brothers.

Outlines of International Law, with an account of its origin and sources, and of its historical development. George B. Davis, U. S. A., Asst. Professor of Law at the U. S. Military Academy.

The Russian Church and Russian Dissent, comprising Orthodoxy, Dissent, and Erratic Sects. Albert F. Heard, formerly Consul-General for Russia at Shanghai.

Episodes of a Life of Adventure; or, Moss from a Rolling Stone. Lawrence Oliphant.

Things Seen. Victor Hugo.

A Blot on the 'Scutcheon, and Other Dramas. Robert Browning. Edited with notes by M. J. Rolfe and Heloise E. Hersey.

History of Mediæval Art. Dr. Franz von Reber. Translated.

Introduction to Psychological Theory. Borden P. Browne.

Retrospection of America. 1797–1811. John Bernard.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Tchitchikoff's Journeys; or, Dead Souls. Gogol. Translated from the Russian. 2 vols.

My Confession, and the Spirit of Christ's Teaching. Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian.

The Labor Movement in America. Richard T. Ely, D.D.

Mrs. Shillabeer's Cook Book. A Practical Guide to Housekeepers.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

The Volcano Under the City. By a Volunteer Special.

The Labor Movement in America. Ely.

Principles of Art. John C. Van Dyke.

Roberts Brothers.

Prisoners of Poverty. Helen Campbell.

Agatha and the Shadow. A novel. Anon.

Some Chinese Ghosts. Lafcadio Hearn.

Through the Gates of Gold. A Fragment of Thought. Anon.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Van Gelder Papers, and other sketches.

American Literature 1607–1885. Vol. I. Chas. F. Richardson.

Memorials of a Half Century. Bela Hubbard.

Sociology. John Bascom.

The Story of Assyria. Ragozin.

The Story of Alexander's Empire. Mahaffy.

The American Electoral System. Chas. A. O'Neil.

Years of Experience. An Autobiographical Narrative. Georgiana Bruce Kirby.

Social Studies. R. Heber Newton.

Recollections of a Private Soldier in the Army of the Potomac. Frank Wilkeson.

American Patriotism. An essay. Putnam P. Bishop.

The Federal Constitution. An essay. John F. Baker.

Questions of the Day Series: Railway Practice, Alexander; American State Constitutions, Hitchcock; The Fishery Question, Isham; The Inter-State Commerce Act, Dos Passos; The Margin of Profits, Atkinson.

Lee & Shepard.

Moral Philosophy. A Series of Lectures. Dr. A. P. Peabody.

Natural Law in the Business World. Henry Wood.

Bridge Disasters in America. Vose.

Cupples, Upham & Co.

I Am That I Am. The Philosophic Basis of the Christain Faith. A Metrical Essay. Warriner.

The World as We Saw It. Mrs. Amos R. Little.

The Century Co.

The Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus. Robinson.

S. C. Griggs & Co.

Kant's Ethics: A Critical Exposition. Noah Porter.

Solar Heat, Gravitation, and Sun Spots. Kedzie.

Belford, Clarke & Co.

Memories of the Men who Saved the Union. Donn Piatt.

Ticknor & Co.

American Literature, and Other Papers. Edwin P. Whipple.

Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co.

Conventional Cant; its Results and Remedy. Sydney Whitman.

Longman, Green & Co.

The Problem of Evil. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson.

Townsend MacCoun.

New Historical Atlas and General History. Labberton.

Saxon & Co.

The Story of Metlakaptla. Wellcome.

A. Lovell & Co.

The Fortunes of Words. Garlanda.

Edward W. Bok.

Beecher Memorial. Contemporaneous Tributes.

Macmillan & Co.

Romantic Love and Personal Beauty. Their Development, Casual Relations, Historical and National Peculiarities. Henry T. Finck.

Worthington Co.

Select Poems. Algernon Charles Swinburne.

SOUTH BOSTON

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CCCLXXI.

OCTOBER, 1887.

SOME DEFECTS IN OUR POLITICAL AND SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS.

If our Government and legislation are permeated and fortified by divine revelation and Christian traditions, we cannot ignore the fact that they are assailed by unbelief, impiety, and socialism. We have our moral Hell Gate, which threatens our ship of State, and which it requires more than the genius of a Newton to remove. If we have strong hopes for the future of our country, we are not without fears. The dangers that threaten our civilization may be traced for the most part to the family. The root of the commonwealth is in the homes of the people. The social and civil life springs from the domestic life of mankind. The official life of a nation is ordinarily the reflex of the moral sense of the people. The morality of public administration is to be gauged by the moral standard of the family. The river does not rise above its source.

We are confronted by a number of great evils—Mormonism and divorce, which strike at the root of the family and society; an imperfect and vicious system of education, which undermines the religion of our youth; the desecration of the Christian Sab-

bath, which tends to obliterate in our adult population the salutary fear of God and the homage we owe Him; a fraudulent ballot; and an administration of justice pernicious in its dilatory character. Our insatiable greed for gain, the co-existence of colossal wealth with abject poverty, the extravagance of the rich, the discontent of the poor, our eager and impetuous rushing through life, and every other moral and social delinquency, may be traced to one or other of the radical vices above enumerated.

Every man that has the welfare of his country at heart, cannot fail to view with alarm the existence and the gradual development of Mormonism, which is a plague-spot on our civilization, a discredit to our Government, a degradation of the female sex, and a standing menace to the sanctity of the marriage bond. The feeble and spasmodic attempts that have been made to repress this social evil, and the virtual immunity which it enjoys, have rendered its apostles bold and defiant. Formerly they were content with enlisting recruits from England, Wales, Sweden and other parts of Scandinavia; but now, emboldened by toleration, they send their emissaries throughout the country and obtain disciples from North Carolina, Georgia, and other States of the Union.

The reckless facility with which divorce is procured is an evil scarcely less deplorable than Mormonism; indeed, it is, in some respects, more dangerous than the latter; for divorce has the sanction of the civil law, which Mormonism has not. Is not the law of divorce a virtual toleration of Mormonism in a modified form? Mormonism consists in simultaneous polygamy, while the law of divorce practically leads to successive polygamy.

Each State has in its statutes a list of causes, or rather pretexts, which are recognized as sufficient ground for divorce *a vinculo*. There are in all twenty-two or more causes, most of them of a very trifling character, and in some States, as in Illinois and Maine, the power of granting a divorce is left to the discretion of the judge!

The second evil that bodes mischief to our country and endangers the stability of our Government arises from our mutilated and vicious system of public school education. I am persuaded that the popular errors now existing in reference to education spring from an incorrect notion of that term. *To educate* means *to bring out*, to develop the intellectual, moral, and religious fac-

ulties of the soul. An education, therefore, that improves only the mind and the memory, to the neglect of moral and religious training, is at best but an imperfect and defective system. According to Webster's definition, to educate is "to instill into the mind principles of art, science, *morals, religion,* and behavior." "To educate," he says, "in the arts is important; in religion, indispensable."

It is, indeed, eminently useful that the intellect of our youth should be developed, and that they should be made familiar with those branches of knowledge which they are afterward likely to pursue. They can then go forth into the world, gifted with a well-furnished mind and armed with a lever by which they may elevate themselves in the social scale, and become valuable members of society. It is also most desirable that they should be made acquainted, in the course of their studies, with the history of our own country, with the origin and principles of its Government, and with the eminent men who have served it by their statesmanship and defended it by their valor. This knowledge will instruct them in their civic duties and rights, and contribute to make them enlightened citizens and devoted patriots.

But it is not enough for children to have a secular education; they most receive a religious training. Indeed, religious knowledge is as far above human science as the soul is above the body, as heaven is above earth, as eternity is above time. The little child that is familiar with the Christian Catechism, is really more enlightened on truths that should come home to every rational mind than the most profound philosophers of Pagan antiquity, or even than many of the so-called philosophers of our own times. He has mastered the great problem of life. He knows his origin, his sublime destiny, and the means of attaining it—a knowledge which no human science can impart without the light of Revelation.

We want our children to receive an education which will make them not only learned, but pious men. We want them to be not only polished members of society, but, also, conscientious Christians. We desire for them a training that will form their heart, as well as expand their mind. We wish them to be not only men of the world, but, above all, men of God.

A knowledge of history is most useful and important for the student. He should be acquainted with the lives of those illustri-

ous heroes that founded empires—of those men of genius that enlightened the world by their wisdom and learning, and embellished it by their works of art.

But is it not more important to learn something of the King of Kings, who created all these kingdoms, and by whom kings reign? Is it not more important to study that uncreated Wisdom before whom all earthly wisdom is folly, and to admire the works of the Divine Artist who paints the lily and who gilds the cloud?

The religious and secular education of our children cannot be *divorced* from each other without inflicting a fatal wound upon the soul. The usual consequence of such a separation is to paralyze the moral faculties and so foment a spirit of indifference in matters of faith. Education is to the soul what food is to the body. The milk with which the infant is nourished at its mother's breast, feeds not only its head, but permeates at the same time the heart and other bodily organs. In like manner the intellectual and moral growth of our children must go hand in hand; otherwise their education is shallow and fragmentary, and often proves a curse instead of a blessing.

Guizot, an eminent Protestant writer of France, expresses himself so clearly and forcibly on this point that we cannot forbear quoting his words: "In order," he says, "to make popular education truly good and socially useful, it must be fundamentally religious. . . . It is necessary that national education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious expressions and religious observances should penetrate into all its parts. Religion is not a study or an exercise to be restricted to a certain place or a certain hour; it is a faith and a law which ought to be felt everywhere, and which, after this manner alone, can exercise all its beneficial influence upon our mind and our life."

The remedy for the defects of our system would be supplied, if the denominational plan, such as now obtains in Canada, were applied in our public schools.

The desecration of the Christian Sabbath is another social danger against which it behooves us to set our face, and to take timely precautions before it assumes proportions too formidable to be easily eradicated.

The custom of observing religious holidays has prevailed both in ancient and modern times, and among nations practicing a

false system of worship, as well as among those that have professed the true religion. They have set apart one day in the week, or, at least, certain days in the month or year, for the public and solemn worship of their Creator, just as they have instituted national festivals to commemorate signal civic blessings obtained by their heroes and statesmen.

The Hebrew people were commanded by Almighty God to keep holy the Sabbath day, or Saturday, because on that day God rested from His work; and we have warrant for asserting that the Sabbatical observance was anterior to the promulgation of the Mosaic law, and derived from the primitive law given to Adam.

With what profound reverence, then, should we view an ordinance which was instituted to draw man closer to his Maker, and to inculcate on him humanity toward his fellow-being, and compassion for even the beast of burden; an ordinance whose observance was requited by temporal blessings, and whose violation was avenged by grievous calamities; which is first proclaimed at the dawn of human life, re-echoed on Mount Sinai, and engraved by the finger of God on the Decalogue; which applies to all times and places, and is demanded by the very exigencies of our nature!

Sunday, or the Lord's day, is consecrated to rest from servile work and to public worship by the Christian world, to commemorate the resurrection of our Saviour from the grave, by which He consummated the work of our redemption, and to foreshadow the glorious resurrection of the elect and the eternal rest which they will enjoy in the life to come. Most appropriately, indeed, has Sunday been chosen; for, if it was proper to solemnize the day on which God created the world, how much more meet to celebrate the day on which He redeemed it!

As the worship of our Creator is nourished and perpetuated by religious festivals, so does it languish where they are unobserved, and become paralyzed by their suppression. Whenever the enemies of God seek to destroy the religion of a people, they find no means so effectual for carrying out their impious designs as by the suppression of the Sabbath. Thus, when Antiochus determined to abolish the sacred laws of the Hebrew people, and to compel them to conform to the practice of idolatry, he defiled the temples of Jerusalem and Garizim; he put an end to the Jewish sacrifices, and, above all, he forbade, under pain of death, the observance of *the Sabbath and the other religious solemnities,* substituting in their

stead his own birthday and the feast of Bacchus as days of sacrifice and licentious indulgence.

The leaders of the French Revolution, in 1793, adopted similar methods for the extirpation of the Lord's day in France. The churches were profaned and dedicated to the Goddess of Reason, the priests were exiled or put to death, and the very name of Sunday, or Lord's day, was abolished from the calendar, so that every hallowed tradition associated with that day might be obliterated from the minds of the people.

And it is a well-known fact that, in our own times, the enemies of religion are the avowed opponents of the Christian Sabbath. I have seen the Sunday violated in Paris, in Brussels, and other capitals of Europe. And even in Rome I have seen government workmen engaged, on the Lord's day, in excavating and in building houses. Who are they that profane the Sunday in those cities of Europe? They are men lost to all sense of religion, who glory in their impiety, and who aim at the utter extirpation of Christianity.

A close observer cannot fail to note the dangerous inroads which have been made on the Lord's day within the last quarter of a century in our own country; and if these invasions are not checked in time the day may come when the religious quiet now happily reigning in Baltimore and other well-ordered cities will be changed into a day of noise and turbulence, when the sound of the bell will be drowned by the echo of the hammer and the dray, when the prayer-book and the Bible will be supplanted by the newspaper and the magazine, when the votaries of the theatre and the drinking saloon will outnumber the church worshipers, and the salutary thoughts of God, and of the soul, and of eternity will be choked by the cares of business and by the pleasures and dissipations of the world.

We cannot but admire the wisdom of God and His intimate knowledge of the human heart in designating one day in the week on which public homage should be paid to Him. So engrossing are the cares and occupations of life, so absorbing its pleasures, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to direct the thoughts of mankind to the higher pursuits of virtue and religious worship, unless a special time is set apart for these spiritual exercises. We have certain hours assigned to the various functions of daily life. We have stated hours for retiring to rest at night, and for rising

from sleep, for partaking of our meals, and attending to our regular avocations. If we discharged those ordinary functions only when the spirit would move us, and inclination would prompt us, our health would be impaired, and our temporal interests would suffer. And so would our spiritual nature grow torpid if there were no fixed day for renovating it by the exercise of divine praise and adoration. We might for a time worship God at irregular intervals, and would probably end by neglecting to commune with Him altogether.

The Christian Sabbath is a living witness of revelation and an abiding guardian of Christianity. The religious services held in our churches each successive Sunday are the most effective means for keeping fresh in the minds and hearts of our people the sublime and salutary teachings of the Gospel. Our churches exercise on the truths of revelation an influence analogous to that exerted by our courts of justice in the civil law. The silence and solemnity of the court, the presence of the judge, the power with which he is clothed, the weight of his decisions, give an authority to our civil and criminal jurisprudence and invest it with a sanction, which it could not have if our courts were closed.

In like manner, the religious decorum observed in our temples of worship, the holiness of the place, the sacred character of the officiating ministers, above all, the reading and exposition of the sacred Scriptures, inspire men with a reverence for the divine law and cause it to exert a potent influence on the moral guidance of the community, and the summary closing of our civil tribunals would not entail a more disastrous injury on the laws of the land, than the closing of our churches would inflict on the Christian religion.

How many social blessings are obtained by the due observance of the Lord's day? The institution of the Christian Sabbath has contributed more to the peace and good order of nations than could be accomplished by standing armies and the best organized police force. The officers of the law are a terror, indeed, to evil doers, and arrest them for overt acts, while the ministers of religion, by the lessons they inculcate, prevent crime by appealing to the conscience, and promote peace in the kingdom of the soul.

The cause of charity and mutual benevolence is greatly fostered by the sanctification of the Sunday. When we assemble at church on the Lord's day, we are admonished by that very fact, that we

are all members of the same social body, and that we should have for one another the same lively sympathy and spirit of co-operation which the members of the human body entertain towards each other. We are reminded that we are all enlivened and sanctified by the same spirit: "There are diversities of graces," says the Apostle, "but the same spirit; and there are diversities of ministries, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but the same God, who worketh all in all." We have all divers pursuits and avocations; we occupy different grades of society; but in the house of God all these distinctions are leveled and the same spirit that enters the heart of the most exalted citizen does not disdain to descend also into the soul of the humblest peasant.

If, indeed, the observance of the Sunday were irksome and difficult, there would be some excuse for neglecting this ordinance. But it is a duty which, so far from involving labor and self-denial, contributes to health of body as well as to contentment of mind. The Christian Sunday is not to be confounded with the Jewish or the old Puritan Sabbath. It prescribes the golden mean between rigid Sabbatarianism on the one hand, and lax indulgence on the other. There is little doubt that the revulsion in public sentiment from a rigorous to a loose observance of the Lord's day can be ascribed to the sincere but misguided zeal of the Puritans who confounded the Christian Sunday with the Jewish Sabbath, and imposed restraints on the people which were repulsive to Christian freedom, and not warranted by the Gospel dispensation. The Lord's day should always be regarded as a day of joy. We should be cheerful, without being dissipated; grave and religious, without being sad or melancholy. Christianity forbids, indeed, all unnecessary servile work on that day; but, as "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," she allows such work whenever charity or necessity may demand it. And as it is a day, not only of religion, but also of relaxation of mind and body, she permits us to spend a portion of it in innocent recreation. In a word, the true conception of the Lord's day is expressed in the words of the Psalmist: "This is the day which the Lord hath made, let us be glad and rejoice therein."

A word must be added on two other pregnant evils: The ballot is the expression of the will of a free people, and its purity should

be guarded with the utmost jealousy. To violate that purity is to wound the State in its tenderest point.

The repeated cry of "election frauds" is one full of warning. In many instances, undoubtedly, it is the empty charge of defeated partisans against the victors; yet enough remain, of a substantial character, to be ominous. In every possible way—by tickets insidiously printed, by "stuffing" the box, by "tissue ballots," and "repeating" and "personation"—frauds are attempted, and too often successfully, upon the ballot. It is the gravest menace to free institutions.

Defective registration laws and negligence to secure the ballot-box by careful legal enactments, in part account for such a state of affairs; but a prime cause is that the better class of citizens so often stand aloof from practical politics and the conduct of campaigns. It is one result of universal suffrage that elections very frequently turn upon the votes of that large class made up of the rough and baser sort. To influence and organize this vote is the "dirty work" of politics. Gentlemen naturally shrink from it. Hence it has gotten, for the most part, with the general political machinery, into unreputable hands; and from these hands issue the election frauds, which thicken in the great cities, and gravely endanger our institutions. The ballot is the ready and potent instrument which registers the will of a free people for their own government, and the violation of its purity leads directly to the point where there is either loss of liberty or revolution to restore it. We all remember what happened in 1876, when alleged tampering with election returns affected the Presidential succession, and a great cloud arose and for weeks hung, dark and threatening, over the land. It was a tremendous crisis, and perhaps only the memories of recent war averted disastrous strife.

We hail it with satisfaction, that a more healthy public opinion in this quarter seems developing, that reputable citizens appear more disposed to bear an active part in practical politics, and that "reform," "a free ballot," "a fair count," are becoming, under the pressure, more and more party watchwords. It is a purifying tendency in a vital direction.

Yet, another crying evil is the wide interval that so often interposes between a criminal's conviction and the execution of the sentence, and the frequent defeat of justice by the delay. Human

life is, indeed, sacred, but the laudable effort to guard it has gone beyond bounds. Of late years the difficulty to convict (in murder trials, especially) has greatly increased from the widened application of the pleas in bar,—notably, that of insanity. When a conviction has been reached, innumerable delays generally stay the execution. The many grounds of exception allowed to counsel, the appeals from one court to another, with final application to the Governor, and the facility with which signatures for pardon are obtained have combined to throw around culprits an extravagant protective system and gone far to rob jury trial of its substance and efficacy. A prompt execution of the law's sentence, after a fair trial had, is that which strikes terror into evil doers and satisfies the public conscience. The reverse of this among us has brought reproach upon the administration of justice and given plausible grounds for the application of lynch-law.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

MY FRIEND THE KING.

I BELIEVE I am the only man in the United States who has interviewed the King of Dahomey.

The circumstances were these :

Some years ago it was my fate to be appointed supercargo of a fine brig, clearing from New York for Sierra Leone, sometimes known as Freetown, on the west coast of Africa, or a market, which means that we were bound on a trading voyage, and had a cargo suitable, consisting of calicos, cotton cloth, muskets, gunpowder, beads, tobacco, whiskey, and knick-knacks.

We stopped twelve hours at Freetown and two days at Cape Coast Castle, a desolate, dreary spot, made celebrated by being the tomb of Letetia E. Landon, the English poetess.

After a passage of forty-five days we made the port of Whydah, on the coast of that unexplored land where the missionary has not yet reached, Dahomey. Here, from all the information I had received, I determined to get rid of my cargo, but here I was deceived. We who think that the slave trade is at an end, should look into the indications in that neighborhood now.

Where they are shipped to no one seems to know, but that there are cargoes of captives run off that coast yet to Brazil and the West India Islands is a certainty, and that there are hundreds of Portuguese along that coast regularly in the trade is as certain as that negroes exist there.

At the time of my arrival there was especial excitement. The British cruisers, which are still maintained on the coast, had taken a freak of running as close in shore as they could get, and firing, at long distance, on any building which they supposed to be used as a barracoon, or slave house, and in doing this they did not use very wise distinction between the barracoon and the factory, as it was called, being the building where the goods were stored

which were brought down by the caravans coming from the interior.

These goods were of great value, though not of great quantity, and consisted of hammered gold, of the very finest kind, ivory, ostrich feathers, palm-oil, etc., peculiarly agreeable to the trader.

The result of this promiscuous shooting was that the caravans would not come to the coast, and I could not get cargo. Just at this juncture I came across a little bustling, jovial Englishman, of the name of Evans, who was waiting at Whydah for a chance to get into the interior; and, after getting acquainted, he told me confidentially that he was bound on a mission to the King of Dahomey, though what that mission was he never would tell me, and was then awaiting the return of his messenger, whom he had sent to the King.

Evans advised me to join him, and go to the city of Abomey, the city of the King, as it was called, only one hundred miles distant, and a place of 80,000 inhabitants, and yet, strange to say, I could find but one single Portuguese half-breed Krooman on the coast who had ever been there, and what he told me only muddled my ideas.

Evans said that I could "get trade" there, that he had been there before; but unlike most travelers he did not enlarge. I understood nothing, but determined, as I could do nothing else, to venture on seeing that mythical being the King of Dahomey.

In a few days his messenger returned. He had a scroll in Arabic, which I was told by a Portuguese priest was pure, and which I can attest was beautifully written on good English paper, to the effect that the King would receive Mr. Evans, and instructing him how to reach Abomey, which was not by going north through Dahomey, but going east to the mouth of the Lagos River, which we were to ascend to a place called Dagbee, on the left bank, where the King would send an escort to meet us.

Now all was business. I put myself entirely into the hands of Evans, though the captain of the brig, a weighty Nova-Scotian, "Pooh-poo-ed!" the expedition, and refused to go along. Firstly, came the question of cost. We would have to take over thirty canoes and one hundred attendants—nothing can be done in Africa without a splurge—and it would be as well to be on the safe side, and take with me at least two hundred dollars, and he would take fifty. This money was to be taken in small English

silver and cowries, a little shell with a hole bored through it, and strung, eighty of them representing a half penny English.

To explain this, it is only necessary to come down to the labor idea to cover everything else. The daily work of a man is worth two cents a day, our money; a woman's one cent; therefore a man with an income of $10 a year is independent and can live on the best the market affords.

The time came for us to depart, and we got away, with the whole population of Whydah literally throwing old shoes at us. We had no adventures to speak of until we reached the mouth of the Lagos, which we did in two days, camping ashore on the first night, and finding nothing sensational but the simple fact that the hyenas kept up a fandango fifteen feet below our hammocks all night, notwithstanding the fires. But they can't jump worth a cent.

At the mouth of the Lagos, we had a stop of one day. This was to lay in provisions, and look out for relays of rowers. I must give my best praise to the Portuguese, of whom I have spoken, and whom I had engaged, and to a Krooman whom he brought into my service, for their good business management. The latter spoke every language that ever was known, or heard of, including English and Dahomian, to say nothing of Ashantee, Ethiopic, and Arabic. His swear, in English, was simply wonderful, and his wages being twenty-five cents a day, he was, of course, a great man.

I shall never forget the passage up the Lagos. Talk of tropical beauty and poetry. Why it was a dream of the latter all the time. The clear, quiet, flowing stream, when you lean over the side of your canoe and look down at the fish twenty-five feet below, some of them good sized, three, four feet in length, and brilliant in color, taking occasionally an upward skip and coming almost to the side of the canoe. Then the soft, low song, if I may call it so, but rather the chant, of the boatmen, the language being a species of coast *patois* in which I could occasionally detect English or French.

Above our heads flew countless parrots and cranes of every hue, the latter dipping to the glassy surface, the former flying higher, and breaking the stillness with their cries, which, even in the untutored state, sounded like the human voice.

Along the banks were any quantity of monkeys, a small, nim-

ble breed, who chattered in a quarrelsome tone and appeared to be always in trouble, while the larger chimpanzee, the most intelligent of all the tribe, wandered singly or in couples, seemingly despising the association of his smaller fellows.

Two days it took us to reach Dagbee, a kroom, or village, on the banks of the river, as nearly as I could count, one hundred miles above its mouth. Here we met the escort sent by the King, consisting of twenty stalwart fellows of the purest black, grave as deacons, and called "sticks," a title which made them trusted and confidential emissaries of His Majesty of Dahomey.

The African does not understand rushing things, and the result was that, in spite of all the hurrying, we remained three days at Dagbee. To any one who enjoys the mere lassitude of life there was nothing to be found fault with; plenty to eat, of great variety, well cooked, and good, clean sleeping, in hammocks or in bamboo houses.

Here I met an English missionary, an Oxford student, and a thorough gentleman, who had been there over twenty years, sent out on an original salary of £100 per annum, afterward increased to £150, which was really a fortune. He was running a fine farm, with one hundred laborers, making sugar, which he sold on the coast, and was getting rich, but showed not the slightest disposition to go home. I was very sorry that I could not spend a few days with him, in which he promised me a variety of sights, among the rest a troop of chimpanzees, which he had trained as servants, not only for tricks, but as useful laborers. (Fine chance for an enterprising showman.) We started from Dagbee across what was called the Koosie country, to the northeast of which, not two hundred miles away, lies the little kingdom of Yoruba, the Sultan of which has been kicking up a row recently by slaughtering missionaries, and, the English say, eating them, which I doubt, as none of the inhabitants of that part of Africa are cannibals, even Dahomey, with all its horrors and its slaughters, being exempt from that, though accused of it.

Our way lay through a dense jungle by a foot-path alone. We had no animals, and our train consisted of ninety people—thirty of them women, who are there the beasts of burden and carried all our baggage, it taking ten of them to carry the money of cowries and small silver alone, weighing one hundred pounds. I was told that each woman must carry twenty pounds, but I would not

allow but ten. Through this jungle, with the cane sometimes thirty feet above our heads, we tramped on day after day, making from eight to fifteen miles in the six hours we traveled—from daylight, 3 A. M. to 7, and two hours before dark—always guiding our night stoppages by reaching a kroom, or village. These krooms are an assemblage of one to three hundred natives, living in bamboo huts, or on an opening beneath palms, and clearing space to plant yams, vegetables, and fruits enough to exist on.

Always when we left a kroom in the morning the whole population—men, women, and children—would start out with us, going as far as we would let them, until we drove them back. The noise they made kept us from seeing any animals, or many birds; and on the whole route, with the exception of a herd of antelope, a few nylghaus, or deer, we encountered nothing of note but a pair of cheetahs or hunting leopards, a trio of lions in the distance, and an aboma, or boa constrictor, which we killed and found to be eighty feet long—not, as Barnum says, "museum measure," but honest American feet. Of this condiment I ate a hearty meal and found it good, and my guides devoured it eagerly.

I would simply say here that the women were good cooks, and I ate some of the most toothsome morsels of my life in Koosie and Dahomey.

On the twelfth day we arrived at the gates of Abomey, over a calculated distance of about one hundred and ten miles, and Mr. Evans sent a messenger to the King announcing his arrival. Ceremony and etiquette govern everything at Abomey. While the messenger was gone we took a walk to see the sights outside the walls,—we could not enter without the King's permission,—and among the things that struck me as queer was a sentinel walking up and down before one of the gates, shouldering an ancient Yankee musket, with nothing on but a native made shirt of Yankee muslin.

He walked solemnly back and forth, not stopping even when the interpreter spoke to him, but picking up a round stone upon one side of the gate and depositing it on a similar heap at the other. That was the Dahomian city time, a substitute for clocks, and accepted as official. The next odd thing, among many, was the fact that wherever we met with a flock of chickens about the cabins the cocks wore a muzzle, which did not prevent them from

eating but did from crowing. This was by order of the King, who did not like a cock-crow, not being, perhaps, an early riser, and being disturbed with his three hundred and seventy wives too early. In an hour the messenger returned, three of the high officers of the King bringing his welcome, especially to the American, one of whom he had never seen, but supposed them to be of the same hue as his own subjects.

It must not be supposed that the present King of Dahomey, whose name is Bad-ja-hoong, is an ignorant man. His Majesty is conversant with Portuguese, Arabic, Hebrew, Ethiopic, Ashantee, and his own tongue. The Dahomians have schools, in one of which I counted eighty-four scholars, and the King has a reader, a native of the Mandingo tribe, who read French and German books when he could get them to him, translating as he went along. I had in my possession various books written by Mandingo and Foulah scribes in Arabic, as handsome as fine missals, on English paper, one of which, the Koran, was an exquisite copy.

We marched into the city through the main street, a hundred feet wide, and the "sticks" displayed most worthily their right to the cognomen by belaboring the crowd to open the way, with a vigor that augured badly for next day's heads. On the route, Mr. Evans informed me that the King had quartered us on Ah-dah-see-see, a benevolent looking old gentleman, who was one of the three messengers of welcome, and the richest man in Abomey, owning seven hundred slaves and six thousand head of cattle.

We soon arrived at the palace of Ah-dah-see-see, a house covering over two hundred feet square of ground without the court-yards, and built altogether of bamboo. Here we dismissed all our train, except my Portuguese half-breed, the Krooman interpreter, and a few servants, and were consigned to compartments where we received another messenger from the King and a present for myself of two Foulah girls, very light colored and ten years old, the age of belledom in Dahomey. The messenger told us that the King could not receive us till the following day, and Mr. Evans told me that I must not refuse the King's present, as it was the forecast of his favor, so I turned the two virgins over to the care of my Krooman, with instructions.

The next day, by another messenger, we received word that the King would be ready for us at high noon, and a little before

that hour, a messenger, another messenger, always a messenger—they have no postal facilities in Abomey—came with bearers and pole-slings. A pole sling is a long pole, about twenty-five feet, from which is suspended a leather seat and a board on which to rest the feet. You ride sideways, and with a man at each end of the pole, the motion is pleasant, and the pace for short distances about eight miles an hour.

Ten minutes, and we bounced into the vast courtyard of the King. We were given to understand that he then was in the privacy of his harem, which was established in an immense silk and velvet circular tent in the centre of the ground, surrounded by smaller tents, the large one being a present from Her Majesty, the Empress Victoria 1st.

Scattered about the grounds were innumerable gay colored silk and gold embroidered umbrellas, some of twenty feet diameter, all gifts from potentates, traders and wealthy subjects, who all, by the way, hold their wealth by permission of the King only, and I could not help feeling small that I, coming for, avowedly, trade purposes, had no umbrella to offer—not even a tent.

While we were examining all these, drums were heard—a thin skin of some kind stretched over the half of a dried gourd and pounded—announcing the coming of the King. The lappets of the big tent were drawn, and he stepped from behind a screen, a tall, well-built negro of about forty, dressed in a blue silk short gown, reaching to his knees, covered with silver half-moons, stars and quaint shaped spangles, about the size of half dollars. The Dahomian always uses silver for ornamentation instead of gold; the reason supposably being that Dahomey produces no silver, but plenty of gold.

On his head he had what we would call a smoking cap of red velvet, with gold lace, and the figures of a skull and cross bones in front. On his feet were gold-laced sandals, no stockings and no leggings. In his hand he held a sceptre of solid gold, surmounted by a red skull—the skull being the symbol of Dahomey—and thousands of them being constantly in sight on walls, roofs and posts about the city.

The King motioned, and we approached him, graciously permitted, as Evans informed me, as a personal favor to him, to do it in an upright position, instead of crawling on all fours, as we saw hundreds doing afterward. The King received us graciously,

scanned me all over, as I did him, asked a few stupid questions through my interpreter about America, which I answered as I saw fit, stretching truth to fit the occasion; and then he dismissed us with an invitation to come next day at the same hour, and he would hold a grand review of his Amazon army for my benefit.

Mr. Evans told him of the annoyance we suffered from the crowds in the streets pressing on us, and the King said he would stop all that, and then turning to his chief officials, issued a verbal order to that effect, which my Krooman instantly translated; in fact, the words from any one were hardly out of their mouth when I had them in understandable English from Kam-ki.

In this case they were quickly disseminated and rigidly obeyed, for on our return to our quarters, half an hour later, hardly a peregrinating Abomian could be seen, the few that remained in sight jamming themselves against the walls of houses, or throwing their bodies flat on the ground.

We slept well, on couches made of bamboo, and stuffed with scraped bamboo, with mats of the same material, exquisitely fine, and gayly colored, and we fed well on every variety of food, meats, game, fish, fruits and vegetables, properly cooked, as soon as the cooks could be made to understand that we did not want pepper, red African pepper, and could get salt, a scarcity, and all brought from the coast.

The next day we went to the market, where the chattering ceased in an instant, and the populace stood still and stared. There we could have bought a whole deer for half a crown—they did not take American money—and a nylghau, which is larger, for the same. Ten pounds, about, of not bad beef or mutton for two cents, our money, and a pair of chickens for less. Eggs one cent a stone, of about thirty—the stone being a weight of possibly four pounds—eggs, game and monkey in proportion, and fruit and vegetables so ridiculously cheap as to make one ashamed of them. A yam of thirty or forty pounds, one cent; beets, carrots, etc., in proportion. Grapes, pines, sour-sap, sweet-sap, alligator pears, bananas, and almost every kind of fruit known to tropical climes at two cents a calipash of two bushels, calipash and all, the calipash being the half or three-quarter part of a dried gourd shell, which sometimes holds as much as six bushels, though two

is the standard measure. A hearty man cannot devour more than one cent's worth of average food per day.

Of this abundance very little finds its way to the coast, the cost of transportation being tenfold its price; and the time consumed—ten or twelve days—precluding the possibility of anything fresh being carried. The farmers of Dahomey are very skillful, and the soil prolific, and I fear I should be accused of exaggeration if I should tell what I have seen; but I will tell of a turnip, or yam, that could not be got into an ordinary barrel, and a melon, of the orange species, over the top of which two men of nearly six feet in height could not clasp hands.

The next day at noon, our messenger and the pole slings appeared, and we were soon at the palace, where we found the King's guard, the famous Amazonian bodyguard, of, perhaps, five thousand women, assembled. They were divided into regiments or bodies of one thousand, only known apart by the silver ornament in front of their caps as the crocodile, the lion, the elephant, the leopard, or the snake.

These women are admitted to the guard on attaining the age of ten, full growth, and are given as wives to the soldiers of the King, of which he has twelve thousand, and are discharged from service upon becoming mothers of two children. As it is a privilege much coveted to be one of the King's bodyguard, and perhaps promotion to his harem, motherhood is not very much sought after. The uniform of these women is a short tunic of coarse cloth cotton, with a leathern belt, in which is stuck a long knife and a pipe, a cap of coarse blue cloth, and muskets of every conceivable make on earth. Barefooted, and barelegged, this completes their makeup, and their rations are sifted down to the lowest point that will sustain human life. One cent each to the whole army, as a gift, would be munificent.

The King received us in the pavilion, and put the army through its paces for half an hour, by word of command, in a way that showed they had received some sort of military education, most likely, as Evans suggested, from a stray Portuguese soldier, who had got to Abomey by chance, and got away by stealth, for it is dangerous to become useful to the King; he never is known to part with anything he wants.

The drill over, we were invited to lunch, and to our astonishment were regaled with champagne, sherry, cold meats, and tol-

erable bread, the wines being the gifts of traders, especially seekers for slaves, coming up from the coast, who always brought His Majesty some present.

For a day, or two, now, we had comparative quiet, and by aid of the pole slings saw much of the country, traveling only early in the morning and late in the afternoon. The white man, or even half-breed, never does anything in the middle of the day but keep quiet. To the north lay many small lakes and ponds, crowded with fish, as are all the streams; the jungle is filled with game, the farms—such as they are—teeming with produce and cattle, and food abundant everywhere. Some of these farmers run large plantations, and live in Abomey, like our host, Ah-dah-see-see, who was an educated gentleman, speaking and writing, as he told me, seven languages.

On the third day the King, in our honor, and to impress us with his great wealth, gave an exhibition of his gifts. These were contained in a building called the treasury, and at high noon —everything starts at noon—were brought forth by their bearers, numbering something like three hundred, paraded for an hour through the principal streets, and again restored to their domicile. The King does not use any of these gifts, unless personally requested so to do. Therefore, in the list, there were articles that had accumulated for several generations. There was a piano, a full-rigged brig twelve feet in length; there were French mirrors, into which his Majesty never looked, china vases and bowls, oil paintings of doubtful merit, and every conceivable article, including Yankee clocks and sewing machines, never used, to say nothing of trash without end, valuable because its use was unknown. After this I began to find time to devote to the purposes of trade; and as I was the first white man who ever came to Abomey for that purpose, the King afforded me every facility. If I had brought my cargo with me, I could have made it yield twenty-fold, but I was obliged to make my contracts deliverable on the coast, and so missed those great profits. While I was engaged on this Evans informed me that in a few days one of the "customs," as the Dahomians call them, was to come off in the courtyard of the palace, and that I could witness it if I chose. I did choose, but I wished afterward that I had not.

These customs, which have existed as long as Dahomey has—they claim a thousand years—are of various kinds, and with

names. The one I was to witness was called "Throwing of the Presents," others, "Watering the King's Graves," "The Feast of the Troubadours," "The Day of the King," "The Milking of the Palm," etc.

The day came off. Evans, with a shudder, declined to attend. He had seen it the year before. In the centre of the courtyard a platform was erected, hung with silks, velvets, and flags, including that of Dahomey—a white ground, with a figure in black holding aloft a decapitated head in one hand, and a cimiter in the other. On this platform stood the King, surrounded by his nobles, among whom I had a prominent seat, while below struggled a mass of fifty thousand or more people, kept in some order by the woman guard.

The affair began by the King, personally, throwing into a sliding trench various packages of goods, consisting of cottons, clothes and cloths, knives, muskets, pipes, and tobacco, all of which were fought fiercely for by the crowd below. Then came the grand point, the slaughter.

The victims were brought forth lashed into boat-shaped baskets, in a sitting position, with knees drawn up to the chin, and lifted into the slide, from which they went down to the crowd below. Then there came a horrible scramble. Thousands, with long and bright knives, threw themselves on the victim, and in a moment he was hacked to pieces, as well as were some of his hackers, the victor being the one who came off with the head.

This was kept up for three hours, the number killed amounting to about two hundred, until the crowd below was reeking and smeared with blood. A more horrible sight was never witnessed, and it did not lessen the horror with me to be told that this is not a mere useless slaughter, as civilized nations suppose, but a day of execution, the decapitated being criminals, traitors and prisoners of war, who have been "offensive political partisans." It is the highest holiday in the year, and the only one where much slaughtering is done; and there is no doubt—according to Mr. Evans—that the King himself wishes to abolish that part of it, but dares not. That night, perhaps as a soother to my nerves, the King gave us a serenade by his own private band. I was awakened about midnight by a noise that I can compare to nothing but a thunder-storm in scales. They ran from high to low, and got terribly mixed in the middle. It was not really unpleas-

ant, but, like the chiming of bells, should be heard at a distance—the greater the distance the better. I sprang to the window, to find that this band consisted of twenty-two men, each with a log, or piece of wood, the largest so heavy that it took four men to carry it. These were set, one end on the ground, the other supported by a wooden trestle, and beaten on the high end with wood hammers, of all sizes, from the hand hammer to a sledge, each stick or log emitting its sound, but no distinguishable air resulting.

After three weeks of varied experience, we departed from Abomey, accompanied to the gate by the King—he never leaves the city—and, it seemed to me, by the whole population of 80,000, —by their own census—to return to the coast by the Whydah road, a broad, well-kept highway, with many toll-gates collecting revenue for the King. Why we did not come that way was a mystery I never solved. We had horses to return with, but I preferred the pole slings most of the way. We reached Whydah in five days, stopping at comfortable houses every night. This being a cultivated country, we had little of adventure to relate, and the very next day my cargo began to arrive—palm oil, hides, ostrich feathers, ivory, gold in grain, and hammered trinkets of the purest and heaviest, one bangle for the waist weighing twelve pounds, and some of the workmanship beautiful. For one month I was busy night and day, and then sailed with the richest cargo ever brought from Africa.

For the Dahomians, I will only say, against all comers, that they are a kind, quiet, but brave and warlike people, industrious, as far as the negro can be, and domestic. England has looked for years on Dahomey with a watery mouth. For Dahomey she got up the Ashantee war and all the hobgoblin stories that are told, but she cannot seem to get in. Dahomey will have nothing to do with her, not even with her missionaries, and has remained as much an unknown country as Japan used to be.

J. W. WATSON.

THE BATTLE OF PETERSBURG.

Part I.

On the 9th of June General Butler sent a strong force across the Appomattox for the purpose of striking another blow at Petersburg. Fully five thousand men, more than half of whom had been taken from General Gillmore's corps, the others from Kautz's mounted infantry, participated in that expedition, about the probable results of which much hope was entertained at Federal headquarters. The main reason for thus counting upon success on this occasion lay in the belief that Petersburg was totally unprotected, even more so than it really was; and, in fact, as already stated, only twenty-two hundred men, of all arms, defended it then. But these defenders understood the great and imperative duty devolving upon them, and although not a few belonged to the local militia of the place, composed, as the Northern papers of that period had it, of old men stolen from the grave and of boys borrowed from the cradle, they so nobly and heroically acted their part, under the gallant and judicious leadership of General Wise, assisted towards the end by General Dearing and some of his cavalry, that they succeeded once again in saving Petersburg from the almost inevitable fate which then hung over it. It was indeed a narrow escape; so much the more so that the defensive line of the city, planned before my arrival in the department, measured seven miles and a half in length, more than four of which were entirely undefended. Without, therefore, intending in any way to disparage the intrepid conduct of the handful of men who so signally repulsed the Federal attack on that day, it is but fair to add that, had the enemy displayed sufficient boldness and enterprise, and had the Federal commanders, Gillmore and Kautz, judged correctly of our condition at the time, the "entrance gate to Richmond" would have necessarily been lost to the

Confederacy, without the firing of a single gun from the Army of the Potomac.

It was while reflecting upon the limited means I had at my disposal and upon the movements of the Federal transports, canal-boats, and heavily laden schooners in the lower part of the James, as reported from our picket lines; it was also after revolving in my mind what I would attempt to do, were I to occupy General Grant's position with Richmond as my objective and such vast resources to help carry out my plans that, in addition to two telegrams* sent by me, June 7 and 8, to General Bragg, I also wrote to him the following letter:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT N. C. AND SO. VA.,
"SWIFT CREEK, Va., *June 9th*, 1864—7 A. M.

"GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG, Comd'g C. S. Armies, Richmond, Va.:

"GENERAL—The present movements of Grant's army have a significancy which cannot have escaped your observation. He clearly seeks to move around Lee's forces by an advance upon his left flank, in the direction of the James River, with a view to operate between that river and the Chickahominy, and, in case of his meeting with no adequate resistance, to plant himself on both sides of the former, throwing across it a pontoon bridge, as close to Chaffin's Bluff as circumstances may permit; and, failing in this scheme, he may continue his rotary movement around Richmond, and attack it by concentrating the whole of his army on the south side of the James, using the fortified position at Bermuda Hundreds Neck as a base for his operations.

"In that hypothesis our first object would seem to be to throw him off as far as practicable, from his objective point (Richmond), unless the Government were to adopt the bold and perhaps safer policy of giving him battle, and decide at once the fate of that city, while we remain with a comparatively compact, well disciplined, and enthusiastic army in the field.

"To accomplish this object, the river battery at Howlett's should be completed without delay and thoroughly armed; the river should be obstructed by rope works and torpedoes, so distributed as to leave passage for only one iron-clad at a time, which, in the meanwhile, should prevent the crossing of the river between that battery and Chaffin's Bluff. My defensive line, now nearly completed, and extending from the river battery at Howlett's to Mrs. Dunn's house, would be held by Johnson's Division.

"The comparatively level and open country between these two points might

* The telegram of June 7, referred to above, read thus:

"Should Grant have left Lee's front, he doubtless intends operating against Richmond along James River, probably on south side. Petersburg, being nearly defenseless, would be captured before it could be re-enforced. Kanson's brigade and Hoke's division should, then, be returned at once."

The telegram of June 8 was in these words:

"All quiet in our front to-day. Pickets on lower part James River report one steamer, towing up canal-boats and pontoons, with pontoniers; also steamers and schooners going up, heavily loaded; whereas those going down are light. This may indicate future movements of Grant."

be defended by a line of redoubts from Dunn's house to Swift Creek. The short line west of Fort Clifton, between Swift Creek and the Appomattox, would be a barrier against any approach from the intersection of these two streams.

"The defensive line from Mrs. Dunn's to the Appomattox could be defended by a part of Hoke's Division, while the rest, taking position in Petersburg, might hold it until re-enforcements from Lee's army were obtained.

"Two divisions, of about fifteen thousand men in all, would thus prevent any force of the enemy from penetrating between Drury's Bluff and Petersburg, and compel him to take the latter before he could venture a real advance on Richmond.

"With these views hastily thrown on paper, I send you a statement of the strength and organization of the forces at the lines around Petersburg, at Drury's Bluff, and in front of Bermuda Hundreds Neck, that you may judge of my resources and ability to face the impending contingencies for which I may, from moment to moment, have to provide.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"G. T. BEAUREGARD, *General.*"

This failed to arrest the attention of the administration at Richmond! Its policy—one too often pursued during the war—was to put off the solution of all-embarrassing questions; to await events; to procrastinate; to tire out the patience or ardor of the enemy, as the case might be, in the vain hope of "gaining" time,—which, to others, whose counsels were rarely heeded, was "losing" it instead, and neglecting and casting aside our best opportunities. The letter given above shows that without anticipating each and every detail of General Grant's intended change of base, I had, nevertheless, "foreseen" the probable "action" of the Federal commander, as General Badeau expresses it;* and that while strongly urging the return of the troops withdrawn from my command, I persistently warned the War Department of a danger which was most imminent.

General Bragg, as he officially informed me at the time, had forwarded my telegrams—and no doubt my letter also—to General Lee. General Lee stated in an answer addressed to me, that no troops had then left General Grant's army, and that none could have crossed the James without being perceived. He thought it very improbable that the Federal commander would diminish his force at such a moment, and was of opinion that General Butler himself had retained such troops only as were sufficient to hold his lines. He concluded, therefore, that General Wise must have been mistaken as to the strength of the force he had seen. It was, he said, "a small one truly—a reconnois-

* "Military History of U. S. Grant," Vol. II., Chap. xx., p. 343.

sance to discover your (my) operations."* He made no mention of my suggestions as to what should be done to arrest the progress of the enemy.

But General Wise was not mistaken. The force he had referred to as menacing his lines proved to be the five thousand men from Butler's army, under Gillmore and Kautz, who actually attacked Petersburg, on the 9th of June, but were repulsed and ordered back without accomplishing their object, because, strange to say, General Gillmore "reported the works in his front too strong to assault."†

General Lee was right, however, in asserting that no troops had at that time crossed over to the south side of the James. But what was not attempted on the 7th, on the 8th, and on the 9th, was accomplished very soon afterwards; for it is a fact that the projected movements of the Army of the Potomac began on the evening and night of the 12th of June; and that Smith's Corps (the Eighteenth) was at Bermuda Hundreds in the early afternoon of the 14th. From Point of Rocks, it crossed the river that night and was pushed forward, without delay, against Petersburg. Kautz's mounted infantry and Hink's command of colored troops had been added to it, thus swelling the Eighteenth Corps to an aggregate of twenty-two thousand men. The Ninth Corps (Burnside's) and the Sixth (Wright's) moved by way of Jones' Bridge and Charles City Court-House Road. The Second Corps (Hancock's) and the Fifth (Warren's) were marched from Long Bridge to Wilcox Landing. In General Badeau's work, already referred to above, the following is found:

"The operation now contemplated by Grant transcended in difficulty and danger any that he had attempted during the campaign. He was to withdraw an army from within forty yards of the enemy's line, and to march through the difficult swamps of the Chickahominy bottom, to positions where the stream could be crossed without interruption from the rebels; then to advance to the James, a great and tidal river, at a point seven hundred yards across, to effect a passage with all the munitions and supplies of a hundred thousand soldiers, changing his base at the same time from White House to City Point, a hundred and fifty miles apart, to effect a combination of Meade's force with that on the James, and, finally, advance, with his double army, against Petersburg."‡

*See General Lee's telegram to General Beauregard, dated Gaines Mill, June 9th, 1864, 2.30 P. M.

† "Military History of U. S. Grant," by General Badeau, Vol. II., Chap. xx., p. 343.

‡ "Military History of U. S. Grant," Vol. II., Chap. xx., p. 346.

It was with a view to thwart General Grant in the execution of such a plan, avowedly "liable to interruption" from more than one quarter, that I proposed to the War Department the adoption—should the emergency justify it, and I thought it did—of the bold and, to me, safer plan of concentrating all the forces we could readily dispose of to give battle to General Grant, and thus decide, at once, the fate of Richmond, and of the cause we were fighting for, while we still possessed "a comparatively compact, well disciplined, and enthusiastic army in the field." It was not a fixed, definite, or finally developed plan, on my part; but, as the letter shows, a mere suggestion, the general outline of a plan which the leader of the great army of Northern Virginia, I thought, might have been asked to mature and put into execution at the proper hour, on the proper ground, before it were too late, and before his heroic troops and his lieutenants had had time to realize the possibility of defeat and, coupled with it, the dreadful results that would unavoidably ensue.

From Swift Creek, early in the morning of the 14th of June, I sent this telegram to General Bragg:

"Movement of Grant's across Chickahominy and increase of Butler's force render my position here critical. With my present forces I cannot answer for consequences. Cannot my troops sent to General Lee be returned at once? Please submit my letter of 9th instant to President."

No answer came to the above. The War Department, not intending to order the return of my troops, without General Lee's consent, was apparently adverse to entertain the subject in any way. Late in the evening of the same day, having further reason to believe that one corps at least of General Grant's army was already within Butler's lines, I announced the fact to General Lee in the following telegram:

"SWIFT CREEK, Va., *June* 14, 1864, 8:10 P. M.

"A deserter from the enemy reports that Butler has been re-enforced by the Eighteenth and a part of the Tenth Army Corps."

To this dispatch, likewise, there came no response. But, as prompt and energetic action became more and more imperative, and as I could no longer doubt the presence of Smith's Corps with Butler's forces, I sent one of my aids, Colonel Samuel B. Paul, to General Lee with instructions to explain to him "the exact condition and situation of my forces between Drury's Bluff and

Petersburg, and to ask him such a statement of his present and future movements as he might feel at liberty to communicate, in order that I might be prepared to act in concert with him, according as circumstances might make it expedient." * Colonel Paul was also instructed to say that the large force of the enemy which had already crossed the James had evidently no other purpose than to commence immediate operations against Petersburg; and that it was of the utmost importance that all the troops taken from my command to re-enforce the army of Northern Virginia be ordered back to me with the least possible delay, adding to them such others as could be spared at the time.

General Lee's answer to Colonel Paul was not encouraging. He said that I must be in error in believing the enemy had thrown a large force on the south side of the James; that the troops referred to by me could be but a few of Smith's Corps going back to Butler's lines. Strange to say, at the very time General Lee was thus expressing himself to Colonel Paul, the whole of Smith's Corps, numbering, as already stated, twenty-two thousand men, was actually assaulting the Petersburg lines, defended by twenty-two hundred men under General Wise. But General Lee finally said that he had already issued orders for the return of Hoke's Divisoin; that he would do all he could to aid me, and even come himself should the necessity arise.

A few words describing the Federal attack of the 15th upon Petersburg would be of interest:

The Confederate forces opposed to Smith's Corps on that day consisted of the 26th, 34th, and 46th Virginia regiments; the 64th Georgia, the 23d South Carolina, Archer's Militia, Battle's and Wood's Battalions, Sturdevant's Battery, Dearing's small command of cavalry, and "some other transient forces," says General Wise, in his report, making an aggregate of some two thousand seven hundred men of all arms, reduced to a real effective for duty of two thousand two hundred only.

These troops occupied the Petersburg line on the left from battery No. 1 to what was called the Butterworth's Bridge, towards the right, and had to be so stationed as to allow but one man per every four yards and a half. From that bridge to the

* My telegram to General Lee, dated Dunlop's, on Swift Creek, June 14th, 1864, informing him of Colonel Paul's visit.

Appomattox—a distance of fully four miles and a half—the line was entirely defenseless.

Early in the morning—at about seven o'clock A. M.—General Dearing, on the Broadway and City Point roads, reported his regiment engaged with a large force of the enemy. Just at that hour, from Department Headquarters, at Swift Creek, I had informed General Bragg by telegram of the critical position I was in. The last words of my dispatch were these:

"Enemy could force my lines at Bermuda Hundreds Neck, capture Battery Dantzler, now nearly ready, or take Petersburg before any troops from Lee's army or Drury's Bluff could arrive in time. Can anything be done in the matter?"

The stand made by our handful of cavalry, near their breastworks, was most creditable to themselves and to their gallant commander, and the enemy's ranks, at that point, were much thinned by the accurate firing of the battery under Graham. But the weight of number soon produced its almost inevitable result, and in spite of the desperate efforts of our men the cavalry breastworks were flanked and finally abandoned by us with the loss of one howitzer. Still, Dearing's encounter with the enemy, at that moment and on that part of the field, was of incalculable advantage to the defenders of our line, inasmuch as it afforded time for additional preparation and the distribution of new orders by General Wise.

At ten o'clock A. M. the skirmishing had assumed very alarming proportions. To the urgent demands of General Wise for re-enforcements, I was enabled at last to answer that part of Hoke's division was on the way from Drury's Bluff and would be in time to save the day, if our men could stand their ordeal, hard as it was, a little while longer. Then all along the line, from one end to the other, the order was given "to hold on at all hazards!" It was obeyed with the resolute fortitude of veterans, though many of the troops thus engaged, with such odds against them, had hardly been under fire before, and Archer's militia not at all. At twelve M., and as late as two P. M., our centre was vigorously pressed, as though the Norfolk & Petersburg Railroad was the immediate object of the onset. General Wise now closed the line from his right to strengthen Colonel Goode and, with him, the Thirty-fourth Virginia; while, at the same time and with

equal perspicacity, he hurried Wood's Battalion towards the left in support of Colonel Page and his command.

At one o'clock P. M., I had sent this telegram to General Bragg :

"Hoke's Division is ordered to Petersburg. Hope it will get there in time. I will hold lines of Bermuda Hundreds Neck as long as practicable, but I may have to re-enforce Hoke with Johnson's Division, when lines would be lost. I advise sending forthwith another strong division to intersection of turnpike and railroad, near Port Walthal Junction."

And to be certain that General Lee would be informed of the course of action I might soon be compelled to adopt, the telegraph operator was instructed to forward a copy of the above dispatch to General Lee, which was done with all due speediness.

The enemy, continuing to mass his columns towards the centre of our line, pressed it more and more and concentrated his heaviest assaults upon batteries Nos. 5, 6, and 7. Thinned out and exhausted as they were, General Wise's heroic forces resisted still, with such unflinching stubbornness as to equal the veterans of the army of Northern Virginia. I was then on the field and only left it when darkness set in. Shortly after seven P. M., the enemy entered a ravine between batteries 6 and 7 and succeeded in flanking battery No. 5. General Wise, in his report, says :

"The line then broke, from No. 3 to No. 11 inclusive. The whole line on the right was then ordered to close to the left, up to battery No. 14; batteries 1 and 2 being still ours. The Fifty-ninth Virginia arriving at that time, was sent on the City Point road towards battery No. 2, to arrest the retreat of the line on the left."

But just then very opportunely appeared, advancing at double-quick, Hagood's gallant South Carolina brigade, followed soon afterwards by Colquitt's, Clingman's, and, in fact, by the whole of Hoke's Division. They were shown their positions, on a new line selected at that very time by my orders, "a short distance in the rear of the captured works," and were kept busy the greatest part of the night throwing up a small epaulement for their additional protection. These gallant men and true soldiers, who had just gone through a forced march and who were being placed into position in the darkness of the night, upon ground totally unfamiliar to them, never faltered nor hesitated a moment, but rushed forward, with their wonted alacrity, and showed once more how reliable they were under all and every circumstance.

Strange to say, General Smith contented himself with break-

ing into our lines and attempted nothing further that might. All the more strange was this inaction on his part, that General Hancock, with his strong and well equipped Second Army Corps, had also been hurried to Petersburg, and was actually there, or in the immediate vicinity of the town, on the evening of the 15th. He had informed General Smith of the arrival of his command and of the readiness of two of his divisions—Birney's and Gibbon's—to give him whatever assistance he might require. Petersburg at that hour was clearly at the mercy of the Federal Commander, who had all but captured it, and only failed of final success because he could not realize the fact of the unparalleled disparity between the two contending forces. Although the result of the fighting of the 15th had demonstrated that two thousand two hundred Confederates successfully withheld nearly a whole day the repeated assaults of at least eighteen thousand Federals,—if the strength of Smith's Corps as given by General Badeau* be the correct one and not my own computation of twenty-two thousand,—it followed, none the less, that Hancock's Corps, being now in our front, with fully twenty-eight thousand men,—which raised the enemy's force against Petersburg to a grand total of forty-six thousand,—our chance of resistance, the next morning and in the course of the next day, even after the advent of Hoke's Division, was by far to uncertain to be counted on, unless strong additional re-enforcements could reach us in time. At 9:11 o'clock P. M., on the 15th of June, I therefore sent this telegram to General Bragg :

"Re-enforcements not having arrived in time, enemy penetrated lines, from battery 5 to 8 inclusive. Will endeavor to retake them by daybreak. I shall order Johnson to this point, with all his forces. General Lee must look to the defenses of Drury's Bluff and the lines across Bermuda Neck if practicable.

"Telegraph operator will send a copy of this dispatch to General R. E. Lee.†

Without awaiting an answer from the authorities at Richmond, I ordered General Johnson to evacuate the lines in front

* Vol. II., Chap. xx., p. 354.

† General Lee had also received this telegram :

"PETERSBURG, VA., *June* 15, 1864., 11:15 P. M.

"GENERAL R. E. LEE., Headquarters A. N. V.

"I have abandoned my lines on Bermuda Neck, to concentrate all my forces here. Skirmishers and pickets will leave there at daylight. Cannot these lines be occupied by your troops? The safety of our communications requires it.

"Five or six thousand men may do.

"G. T. BEAUREGARD, *General.*"

of Bermuda Hundreds at the dawn of day on the 16th, leaving pickets and skirmishers to cover the movement until daylight, or later if necessary, and to march as rapidly as possible with his entire force to the assistance of Petersburg. The emergency justified this action. I had previously communicated with General Bragg upon this point,* and had asked the War Department to elect between the Bermuda Hundreds line and Petersburg, as, under the present circumstances, I could no longer hold both. The War Department had given me no answer, clearly intending that I should assume the responsibility of the measure, which I did. Before leaving this part of the subject, it may be proper to state that, scarcely two hours after General Johnson's Division had abandoned its position at Bermuda Hundreds, Butler's forces drove off the Confederate pickets left there, as already stated, and took full possession of the lines. The heavy guns, the carriages and chassis belonging to Fort Dantzler had been carefully buried, according to precise instructions given by me to Colonel Harris, my chief engineer. They were recovered the day after—on the 18th—when General Pickett with his division, sent there by General Lee at my request, compelled Butler to fall back again to his original position. The buried guns, together with all their appurtenances, were found entirely uninjured and did effective work immediately afterwards against the enemy's gunboats.

It is clear, from the preceding narrative, that no troops from General Lee's army were at Petersburg on the 15th of June, despite the assertions of a few writers to that effect, among whom, strange to say, is Mr. Davis himself. It is true that Hoke's Division had been sent from Drury's Bluff at that date, and had arrived late in the evening, and been placed in position on our new line, a fact which had given a feeling of unequivocal relief to all who had seen or taken part in the unequal contest of that memorable day. But Hoke's Division, composed then of Colquitt's, Hagood's, and Clingman's brigades, with the addition

* 'SWIFT CREEK, Va., *June* 15, 1864, 1:45 P. M.

"GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG, Richmond, Va.:

"Your telegram of 12 M. received. I did not ask advice with regard to movements of troops, but wished to know preference of War Department between Petersburg and lines across Bermuda Hundreds Neck for my guidance, as I fear my present force may prove unequal to hold both.

"G. T. BEAUREGARD, *General.*"

later on of Martin's, had never belonged to the Army of Northern Virginia, though sent temporarily to re-enforce it after the battle of Drury's Bluff, on the 16th and 17th of May. They formed part of my new command, as did also Bushrod Johnson's Division, including Matthew Ransom's Brigade, transferred north of the James, on or about the 4th of June.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

(*To be Concluded.*)

WHY I AM NOT A FREE-RELIGIONIST.

My friend, O. B. Frothingham, has lately, in the North American Review, given his reasons for taking the attitude of a believer in Free Religion. It is not my purpose to reply to this article, or to criticise these arguments, but to state the reasons which cause me, though a heretic in view of the popular creeds, to adhere to Christianity as that historic faith which is still the belief of civilized man, and to follow Jesus as the great religious and moral leader of the human race.

But what is meant by "Free Religion?" I understand by it individualism in religion. It is the religious belief which has made itself independent of historic and traditional influences, so far as it is in the power of any one to attain such independence. In Christian lands it means a religion which has cut loose from the Bible and the Christian Church, and which is as ready to question the teaching of Jesus as that of Socrates or Buddha. It is, what Emerson called himself, an endless Seeker, with no past behind it. It is entire trust in the private reason as the sole authority in matters of religion.

Free Religion may be regarded as Protestantism carried to its ultimate results. A Protestant *Christian* accepts the leadership of Jesus, and keeps himself in the Christian communion; but he uses his own private judgment to discover what Jesus taught, and what Christianity really is. The Free Religionist goes a step further, and decides by his own private judgment what is true and what false, no matter whether taught by Jesus or not.

Free Religion, as thus understood, seems to me opposed to the law of evolution, and incompatible with it. Evolution educes the present from the past by a continuous process. Free Religion cuts itself loose from the past, and makes every man the founder of his own religion. According to the law of evolution,

confirmed by history, every advance in religion is the development from something going before. Jewish monotheism grew out of polytheism; Christianity and Mohammedanism out of Judaism; Buddhism out of Brahminism; Protestant Christianity out of the Roman Catholic Church. Jesus himself said, "Think not that I am come to destroy the Law or the Prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." The higher religions are not made; they grow. Of each it may be said, as of the poet: "Nascitur, non fit." Therefore, if there is to arrive something higher than our existing Christianity, it must not be a system which forsakes the Christian belief, but something developed from it.

According to the principle of evolution, every growing and productive religion obeys the law of heredity and that of variation. It has an inherited common life, and a tendency to modification by individual activity. Omit or depress either factor, and the religion loses its power of growth. Without a common life, the principle of development is arrested. He who leaves the great current which comes from the past, loses headway. This current, in the Christian communion, is the inherited spirit of Jesus. It is His life, continued on in His Church; His central convictions of love to God and to man; of fatherhood and brotherhood; of the power of truth to conquer error, of good to overcome evil; of a Kingdom of Heaven to come to us here. It is the faith of Jesus in things unseen; His hope of the triumph of right over wrong; His love going down to the lowliest child of God. These vital convictions in the soul of Jesus are communicated by contact from generation to generation. They are propagated, as He suggested, like leaven hidden in the dough. By a different figure, Plato, in his dialogue of Ion, shows that inspiration is transmitted like the magnetic influence, which causes iron rings to adhere and hang together in a chain. Thoughts and opinions are communicated by argument, reasoning, speech, and writing; but faith and inspiration by the influence of life on life. The life of Jesus is thus continued in His church, and those who stand outside of it lose much of this transmitted and sympathetic influence. Common life in a religious body furnishes the motive force which carries it forward, while individual freedom gives the power of improvement. The two principles of heredity and variation must thus be united in order to combine union and free-

dom, and to secure progress. Where freedom of thought ceases, religion becomes rigid. It is incapable of development. Such, for instance, is the condition of Buddhism, which, at first full of intellectual activity, has now hardened into a monkish ritual.

Free Religion sacrifices the motive power derived from association and religious sympathy for the sake of a larger intellectual freedom. The result is individualism. It founds no churches, but spends much force in criticising the Christian community, its belief, and its methods. These are, no doubt, open to criticism, which would do good if administered sympathetically and from within; but produce little result when delivered in the spirit of antagonism. Imperfect as the Christian Church is, it ought to be remembered that in it are to be found the chief strength and help of the charities, philanthropies, and moral reforms of our time. Every one who has at heart a movement for the benefit of humanity appeals instinctively for aid to the Christian churches. It is in these that such movements usually originate and are carried on. Even when, as in the anti-slavery movement, a part of the churches refuse to sympathize with a new moral or social movement, the reproaches made against them show that in the mind of the community an interest in all humane endeavor is considered to be a part of their work. The common life and convictions of these bodies enable them to accomplish what individualism does not venture to undertake. Individualism is incapable of organized and sustained work of this sort, though it can, and often does, co-operate earnestly with it.

The teaching of Jesus is founded on the synthesis of Truth and Love. Jesus declares himself to have been born "to bear witness to the truth," and He also makes love, divine and human, the substance of His gospel. The love element produces union, the truth element freedom. Union without freedom stiffens into a rigid conservatism. Freedom without union breaks up into an intellectual atomism. The Christian churches have gone into both extremes, but never permanently; for Christianity, as long as it adheres to its founder and His ideas, has the power of self-recovery. Its diseases are self-limited.

It has had many such periods, but has recovered from them. It passed through an age in which it ran to ascetic self-denial, and made saints of self-torturing anchorites. It afterward became a speculative system, and tended to metaphysical creeds and

doctrinal distinctions. It became a persecuting church, burning heretics and Jews, and torturing infidels as an act of faith. It was tormented by dark superstitions, believing in witchcraft and magic. But it has left all these evils behind. No one now is put to death for heresy or witchcraft. The monastic orders in the church are preachers and teachers, or given to charity. No one could be burned to-day as a heretic. No one to-day believes in witchcraft. The old creeds which once held the church in irons, are now slowly disintegrating. But reform, as I have said, must come from within, by the gradual elimination of those inherited beliefs which interfere with the unity of the church and the leadership of Christ himself. The Platonic and Egyptian Trinity remaining as dogma, repeated but not understood,—the Manichæan division of the human race into children of God and children of the Devil,—the scholastic doctrine of the Atonement, by which the blood of Jesus expiates human guilt,—are being gradually explained in accordance with reason and the teaching of Jesus.

Some beliefs, once thought to be of vital importance, are now seen by many to be unessential, or are looked at in a different light. Instead of making Jesus an exceptional person, we are coming to regard Him as a representative man, the realized ideal of what man was meant to be, and will one day become. Instead of considering His sinlessness as setting Him apart from His race, we look on it as showing that sin is not the natural, but an unnatural, condition of mankind. His miracles are regarded not as violations of the laws of nature, but anticipations of laws which one day will be universally known, and which are boundless as the universe. Nor will they in future be regarded as evidence of the mission of Jesus, since He Himself was grieved when they were so looked upon, and made His truth and His character the true evidence that He came from God. The old distinction between "natural" and "supernatural" will disappear when it is seen that Jesus had a supernatural work and character, the same in kind as ours, though higher in degree. The supreme gifts which make Him the providential leader of the race do not set Him apart from His brethren if we see that it is a law of humanity that gifts differ, and that men endowed with superior powers become leaders in science, art, literature, politics; as Jesus has become the chief great spiritual leader of mankind.

Men are now searching the Scriptures, not under the bondage of an infallible letter, but seeking for the central ideas of Jesus and the spirit of His gospel. They begin to accept the maxim of Goethe: "No matter how much the gospels contradict each other, provided THE GOSPEL does not contradict itself." The profound convictions of Christ, which pervade all His teaching, give the clue by which to explain the divergencies in the narrative. We interpret the latter by the light of the spirit. We see how Jesus emphasized the law of human happiness—that it comes from within, not from without, that the pure in heart see God, and that it is more blessed to give than to receive. We comprehend the stress He lays on the laws of progress—that he who humbleth himself shall be exalted. We recognize His profound conviction that all God's children are dear to Him, that His sun shines on the evil and the good, and that He will seek the one lost sheep till He find it. We see His trust in the coming of the Kingdom of God in this world, the triumph of good over evil, and the approaching time when the knowledge of God shall fill the earth as the waters cover the sea. And we find His profound faith in the immortal life which abides in us, so that whoever shares that faith with Him can never die.

The more firmly that these central ideas of Jesus are understood and held, the less importance belongs to any criticism of the letter. This or that saying, attributed to Jesus in the record, may be subjected to attack; but it is the main current of His teaching which has made Him the leader of civilized man for eighteen centuries. That majestic stream will sweep on undisturbed, though there may be eddies here or stagnant pools there, which induce hasty observers to suppose that it has ceased to flow.

> "Rusticus expectat dum defluit amnis, at ille
> Volvitur et volvetur, in omne volubilis ævium."

I sometimes read attacks on special sayings of the record, which argue, to the critic's mind, that Jesus was in error here, or mistaken there. But I would recommend to such writers to ponder the suggestive rule of Coleridge: "Until I can understand the ignorance of Plato, I shall consider myself ignorant of his understanding;" or the remark of Emerson to the youth who brought him a paper in which he thought he had refuted Plato: "If you attack the King, be sure that you kill him."

When the Christian world really takes Jesus *Himself* as its leader, instead of building its faith on opinions *about* Him, we may anticipate the arrival of that union which He foresaw and foretold—"As Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." Then Christians, ceasing from party strife and sectarian dissension, will unite in one mighty effort to cure the evils of humanity and redress its wrongs. Before a united Christendom, what miseries could remain unrelieved? War, that criminal absurdity, that monstrous anachronism, must at last be abolished. Pauperism, vice, and crime, though continuing in sporadic forms, would cease to exist as a part of the permanent institutions of civilization. A truly Catholic Church, united under the Master, would lead all humanity up to a higher plane. The immense forces developed by modern science, and the magnificent discoveries in the realm of nature, helpless now to cure the wrongs of suffering man, would become instruments of potent use under the guidance of moral forces.

According to the law of evolution, this is what we have a right to expect. If we follow the lines of historic development, not being cheated into extreme individualism, if we maintain the continuity of human progress, this vast result must finally arrive. For such reasons I prefer to remain in the communion of the Christian body, doing what I may to assist its upward movement. For such reasons, I am not a Free Religionist.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

OUR POSSIBLE PRESIDENTS.

DAVID B. HILL.

AMONG the many eminent and worthy statesmen in the Democratic Party, whose names must appear in any trustworthy lists of "our possible presidents," there is no worthier, more capable, or more available name than that of David Bennett Hill, the present Governor of the State of New York, and there is little doubt, among political leaders who have taken the trouble to watch carefully the driftings of popular feeling and opinion, that the statesman who succeeded Grover Cleveland as Governor of the State of New York, will also be his successor as President of the United States.

Governor Hill, as President, will do equal honor to the party that shall elect him, and to the office to which he shall be elected. He fulfills every just demand that a democracy should make of the men whom it elects to high office in the Republic. He is able, an excellent judge of men, an incomparable public officer, a friend true and tried of the working classes, and that he possesses executive capacity in an eminent degree is admitted alike by partisans and opponents.

A brief review of his public life will justify this praise.

David B. Hill was born in August, 1843, at Havana, Schuyler County, New York. His father, Caleb Hill, was a carpenter who had come from New England and who has been described as "an industrious hard working man, ready to build anything from a canal-boat to a town-hall"—a man universally respected by his neighbors for his sterling qualities as a citizen.

David B. Hill, like Abraham Lincoln, was educated in the little cross-road schools of his district. He was noted as "a very studious and bright scholar, occupying his leisure hours in the study of the elementary principles of the law." After he had

advanced himself somewhat in these studies, he made arrangements to pass his hours out of school in the office of Mr. Mark Crawford, a village lawyer. In 1862 David went to Elmira, and entered the office of the then leading law firm of that part of the State, Messrs. Thurston & Hart. It shows that his early and undirected studies must have been quite extended that, after only two years spent with Thurston & Hart, hewas admitted to the bar and immediately was offered and accepted a partnership with the County Judge, G. L. Smith, who had been for some time observing, with a friendly interest, the young student's course. In the same year (1864), at the age of twenty-one years, Mr. Hill was elected Corporation Counsel of the City of Elmira, as the Democratic candidate. During the term for which he had been elected he began publicly to display those traits that he subsequently has so conspicuously exhibited in a larger field,—great executive ability, a painstaking diligence that mastered every detail of his business, a spirit of fairmindedness, and a rare promptness in seizing the strategic points of every situation. He gave entire satisfaction to the whole community for the able and impartial manner in which he discharged the duties of this his first public office. He had already become a popular political orator; and, indeed, at the early age of seventeen, had stumped his county in favor of Stephen A. Douglass as a Presidential candidate. He was especially popular as a speaker at workingmen's meetings, and gave his public adherence and zealous support to every measure calculated to ameliorate their condition and advance their true interests. It should be borne in mind that this was before the days of politically organized labor, and, therefore, was a proof of his sincere interests in their welfare, as no politician, at that time, had anything to gain by seeking their special favor. Those were the days of strict party allegiance.

In 1870, and again in 1871, Mr. Hill was elected to the State Assembly from the Chemung District. During those sessions he served on the Judiciary and Railroad Committees, although the youngest member of the house.

While a member of the Assembly he introduced, and passed through the lower house, a bill to abolish the system of contract prison labor. It failed to pass the Senate, owing chiefly to the objection and belief that the people would not approve it. Twelve years later the Legislature submitted the proposition embodied in

this bill to the popular vote, and it was adopted by a majority of 138,916; and, during the last session (1887), Mr. Hill, as Governor, had the gratification of signing a bill enacting the principle that he had tried to assert in legislation as a member of the Assembly. After his last session as legislator (in 1872) Mr. Hill was elected one of the managers of the impeachment of Judges Barnard and McCunn. Among the members of the Assembly of 1872 was the late Samuel J. Tilden, whose friendship he soon won—a cordial personal and political friendship, which lasted until the death of the Sage of Greystone. Mr. Tilden at once recognized the ability of Mr. Hill, and constantly sought and consulted and advised with him in political affairs. For a number of years Mr. Hill was a member of the Democratic State Committee. By his action on this committee he established a reputation with his associates as a prudent, wise, and judicious counsellor.

After Mr. Hill's retirement from the Legislature, he resumed the practice of the law, avoiding all political honors, but taking an active interest in the affairs of his county and his party. A well-known citizen, familar with the fact of Mr. Hill's career at this time, thus speaks of it: "As a lawyer, Mr. Hill was industrious, painstaking, and erudite; his briefs were models of legal lore and perspicuous statement; whenever he appeared he was always attentively listened to by jury, bar, and bench. It was quite a common occurrence for the judges to quote the language of Mr. Hill's brief with such complimentary phrases as 'so aptly expressed by counsel,' etc. His speeches to the jury were noted for one distinguishing characteristic,—he never 'spoke over their heads'; he addressed them in language so plain that they fully understood him, and followed his plea, from point to point, without losing a single link of it; speaking, too, always concisely and with force." This made him a very successful jury lawyer. As the public now know, the same traits have distinguished Governor Hill's state papers, which are all addressed to the average citizen, and, while irreproachable in style, are always plain, clear, and strong in presentation—qualities too rare in our public men and their documents. Mr. Hill as a lawyer constantly accepted cases for workingmen, when convinced that they had been wronged, without demanding retainers; thus, before the days of trade unions, practically and professionally demonstrating that his sympathies were with the laboring men.

His popularity at home was attested by the fact that whenever it was known that he was to speak in court the court room was always crowded by the people.

In 1882 Mr. Hill was elected Mayor of the city of Elmira; and in the fall of the same year he was elected Lieutenant Governor of the State of New York, receiving the largest majority ever received by a candidate for any State office.

As Lieutenant Governor, he was presiding officer of the State Senate, and in that capacity displayed rare parliamentary ability and knowledge. The impartiality of his actions and the justice of his rulings were conceded by both parties.

The election of Governor Cleveland to the Presidency in 1884 transferred Mr. Hill to the Executive Mansion, as Governor of the State.

There are three traits by which the success or failure of a chief executive, under our system of government, can be fairly tested, —his appointments to office, his recommendations to the legislative branch, and his exercises of the veto power.

By each of these tests Governor Hill deserves to have his name enrolled in the list of our most successful and practical statesmen.

His opportunities for making appointments have not been numerous, but it is of uneffacable record that he has never nominated or appointed any person to office who was not both capable and trustworthy.

In considering Governor Hill's recommendations to the Legislature, it should be remembered that, with his characteristic desire to attempt the attainable only, he has consistently refrained from suggesting such measures as he knew would be rejected by the politically hostile body to which they would have to be addressed —for the Legislature has never been in political accord with Governor Hill, but always politically antagonistic to his party.

In his first message Governor Hill recommended a vigorous prosecution of the policy of restoring and renewing the structures of the Erie Canal and its banks in order to promote the general interests of business. It is hardly necessary to point out that this policy was also the only practicable way, at that time, of checking, in some measure, the arbitrary power of the railroad monopolies of which there was so much and such just complaint.

Having always taken a great interest and pride in the National

Guard, Governor Hill recommended the purchase of the grounds near Peekskill for the purposes of a State camp of instruction. Under Governor Hill's fostering care, New York has now a system of citizen soldiery which is not surpassed in efficiency and equipment by any State in the Union—a result largely due to his personal interest and efforts.

He recommended such amendments of the laws relating to the ballot as should remove all irritating and unwise technical obstructions against its free exercise by our adopted citizens. "The path to the ballot-box," he wrote, "should be as free to the adopted citizen as to the native born."

He recommended that practical measures should be adopted for the protection of the Adirondack and other forests in order to insure the preservation of our State water-courses.

He referred, at considerable length, to the constitutional provision guaranteeing absolute freedom of worship, and gave notice that any act having for its purpose the enforcement of the inviolable right of religious liberty and freedom of worship would have his prompt executive approval.

Governor Hill has repeatedly recommended the appointment of a special counsel for the Legislature, whose duties shall be to prepare, in legal form, all bills to be introduced by any member; to inspect the bills before their final passage in order to detect technical errors, imperfections, and mistakes; to suggest and frame the necessary amendments, and generally to act as legal adviser of the Legislature as to matters of form.

Every person who has had practical experience in legislation knows that by want of technical knowledge in the framing of bills our laws are needlessly obscure, contradictory, and otherwise imperfect, thereby often occasioning expensive litigation—a clear loss to the community; and that, also, as the Governor pointed out, "much valuable legislation is lost every year by reason of defective bills, hastily drawn and crudely prepared, which might have been saved with the aid and assistance of such counsel."

This statesmanlike suggestion is the first practical remedy ever proposed for evils in legislation everywhere acknowledged, and everywhere resulting in waste and confusion, and sometimes in corruption. As an illustration of the wisdom of this suggestion, the writer may state that last winter he was shown a bill to amend a law that had been repealed two years ago.

He recommended to the fostering care of the Legislature, the New York Agricultural Experiment Station at Geneva, with the most cordial indorsement founded on a personal investigation of its management.

He recommended the adoption of "some less barbarous method of execution than hanging, which has come down to us from the dark ages;" that some method more in accord with the advanced science of the day should be adopted in the execution of criminals.

After showing that *all* the penal statutes providing that certain acts are misdemeanors ought to be embraced within the penal code, and that there are many laws upon special subjects providing that their violation shall be a misdemeanor, which are *not* included in that code,—a code, he argued, that ought to be complete within itself, and embrace every crime recognized by law,—he recommended that, when the code should be thus perfected, the people should be made familiar with its contents, and, to this end, suggested that "a copy of such code should be placed at public expense in every school library in the State, so that the people might know, and the children might be taught, what acts are criminal in the eyes of the law."

He recommended such legislation respecting railroads as should insure to the traveling and business public the lowest rates of transportation compatible with the protection of the rights of honest investors in that kind of property, thus insuring exact and equal justice to all parties.

After illustrating the injustice and imperfections of our present system of taxation, and showing that personalty does not pay its fair share of the State burdens, he recommended such changes in the laws as should insure equality of taxation on all property, whether it should be in realty or personalty.

He recommended that the State and municipal elections should be held at different times.

Every practical politician knows that this measure, to quote the Governor's language, "would relieve the choice of local officers from the influence of partisan politics." But it would do more. It would remove one of the most prolific sources of political corruption—"trades" and "deals," made without reference to the fitness of the individual or the welfare of the State.

He recommended the separation of the Bureau of Elections

from the Police Department in the city of New York, and the creation of a separate, independent bureau of a non-partisan character, having no connection with and deriving none of its powers or authority from that department, and requiring that its members and employés shall not be officers or members of the general committee of any political organization, or hold any other office, and conferring the appointment upon such authority and in such a manner as to insure the service of independent citizens of the highest standing and character in the community.

He recommended home rule for New York City, and he has always opposed the policy of governing distant communities from Albany instead of by their local governments. He has always favored and urged the enactment of such general laws as should establish definitely municipal home rule throughout the State.

He recommended the passage of a joint resolution asking Congress to take immediate action on the subject of coast defenses, in which this State is more interested than any other of her sisters.

He recommended the creation of a Gas Commission to exercise over gas companies an authority similar to that held by the Insurance Department and by the Railroad Commission of the State, this new commission to be supported by special taxes to be levied on the gas corporations.

He recommended, as a measure of protection to the people against adulterations of food and medicines, that the scattered laws on the subject should be corrected, where needed, and then incorporated into one general statute.

He recommended a reorganization of certain executive departments, so as to insure greater simplicity and less expense in carrying on the business of the State.

He recommended, in 1885, that criminals in capital cases in the Court of Oyer and Terminer should be enabled to appeal directly to the Court of Appeals without expense to them; thus enabling the poor to have the advantages which the rich only, under the existing system, could secure. In 1887 he had the pleasure of signing a bill embodying this recommendation.

In his second message Governor Hill made a recommendation of the greatest importance on the limitation of the power of corporations to issue stocks and bonds. He showed that, under existing laws, with few exceptions, there is no limit to the amount

of bonds which corporations may issue or upon the price at which they may be sold, and that, thereby, the interests of shareholders and bondholders are often rendered of little value by issues of bonds exceeding the value of the property of the corporation ; and that, therefore, if dividends are paid upon these over issues, rates must be charged to pay like dividends upon the capital actually and honestly invested. Shares so issued and bought by investors are frequently found not to represent values—to be practically worthless. This prevailing policy therefore robs the honest investor by depreciating his property, while it unjustly taxes the general public by levying excessive charges to pay dividends on so-called "values" which in reality do not exist. The Governor accordingly recommended the enactment of a law prohibiting the issue of shares of stocks except on receipt by the corporation of their par value in cash, and prohibiting the issuing of bonds in excess of the amount of the capital of the corporation paid in cash.

"No attempt should be made," he suggested, "to affect vested interests, or stocks, or bonds already issued, but the statute should be applicable to future issues only."

This recommendation, if it had been adopted, would have removed, I am satisfied, the chief just cause of discontent now so widely felt by the working classes.

A bill embodying this recommendation was introduced into the last Legislature by the Democrats, but it was defeated by the Republican majority. I sincerely hope, however, that this effort will not end here, but that the next State and National Democratic Conventions will incorporate a policy in harmony with this wise and vitally important recommendation.

This recommendation, when generally acted on, will frustrate the present alarming tendency to supplement the power of corporations, already too great for the public good, by the creation of union trusts,—vast combinations of capital irresponsible to the law or the people, and which threaten to become more powerful than the Government itself.

There is nothing more certain than that, hereafter, no man will ever be elected President of the United States who has not made a long and consistent record showing that his sympathies are with the laboring and agricultural classes—the real producers of the national wealth. No conspicuous public man has a more desirable record on this point than Hon. David B. Hill. Himself the son

of a mechanic, his lot has been cast among the people, and he has grown up with a thorough knowledge of and sympathy with their needs, their hopes, and their aims. He has always kept in touch with the people, both as a private citizen and a public officer. Without violating the unwritten law which holds the private life of public men sacred from intrusion, I do not feel that perfect justice can be done to Governor Hill without referring to the unpretentious simplicity, the entire absence of all ostentation, that distinguishes his mode of living. Easy of approach and always respectful, courteous, and considerate to the sovereign people, whom he has been honored to serve, no citizen, however humble, is denied an audience with his Chief Executive when any real or supposed interest impels him to seek an interview with the Governor.

His recommendations on industrial questions have shown a profound interest in them and a most intelligent comprehension of the requirements of the day.

In his first message he gave a conspicuous passage to a statement of the interests of labor, in which, after referring to the unprecedented increase of the wealth of the country, he said that the great importance of the labor question was shown by the fact that, notwithstanding the great increase of wealth, the further fact that there are now thousands of laboring people who are able and willing to work standing idle, while they and their families are denied the comforts and many of the necessaries of life, makes it evident that labor does not receive its fair proportion of the rewards which industry and honesty entitle it to share, and that mismanagement exists which should be inquired into and remedied.

He recommended that the importation of pauper contract labor should be prevented, and that some system for the settlement of controversies between employers and employed other and better than the remedy by strikes should be devised ; and that, as, under existing laws "facilities have been afforded to enable capital to incorporate and combine for its protection, like facilities should be afforded for the organization of labor." These recommendations were of course ignored by the Republican majority, but were again brought to the attention of the Legislature in his message of the following year. On these reiterated recommendations the present State Board of Arbitration was established. In urging these measures Governor Hill announced a principle

that had guided his entire public career, when he wrote "the Legislature should generously favor whatever conserves the welfare of the toiling masses."

In the same message Governor Hill recommended that an act be passed abolishing labor by children under fourteen years of age, especially in factories and similar workshops, and properly regulating the employment of all minors. In accordance with this recommendation, a general law was subsequently passed.

In the interest of the laboring classes, Governor Hill also recommended the "Tenement-House Bill" of the last session of the Legislature, imposing penalties on the owners of tenement houses for criminal neglect in providing such sanitary requirements as are essential for the preservation of the health of the tenants, which, after much opposition, became a law; such an amendment of the laws for the collection of debts as would enable laborers to collect their wages more easily and with less expense, which also became a law; a law limiting the hours of labor in certain cases, and the law establishing a legal annual holiday on the first Monday of September, commonly known as Labor Day, and the recognition of every Saturday afternoon as a legal half-holiday, of which he was the sole originator.

In advocating these measures, he gave expression to these statesmanlike views:

"It is the true policy of the State to elevate and dignify labor, not by exacting the greatest amount of toil that the laboring classes are capable of furnishing, but by legitimately encouraging every honest effort to improve their condition and requiring that only reasonable hours of labor shall constitute a day's work, for which full and adequate compensation should be received. The dignity of labor can best be preserved by insisting that labor shall be better compensated. Increased compensation will furnish greater facilities for education, more comfortable homes, more contented families, and better opportunities for recreation, as well as tend to develop nobler aims and purposes on the part of working men, greater interest in the peace and prosperity of the State, and higher ideas of citizenship."

I have not space to review other of his sagacious and thoughtful recommendations, but enough have been cited to give an accurate idea of the ability, the policy, and the principles of the man.

If all of these wise recommendations have not been embodied in legislation the fault does not rest with Governor Hill.

I cannot now and here review the vetoes of Governor Hill, but it will suffice to say that they exhibit the same spirit, expressed in the same clear and terse style that characterized his professional briefs and arguments. Perhaps his most notable recent veto was that of the "Crosby High License Bill," so called, which he condemned because it was a questionable measure of discriminative taxation providing for unlimited license for two localities instead of a fixed reasonably high license applicable to the whole State, and consequently was special legislation, to which Governor Hill is inflexibly opposed. In this veto message he showed that, in the interior of the State (which had been exempted from the operations of this bill), the percentage of saloons to population was from four to five times greater than that of the two cities to which it was proposed to apply it, thus exposing its injustice and inconsistency.

Governor Hill has never signed any bill without first making a very careful study of it, and, therefore, although his vetoes have been quite numerous and have been sent to a hostile body, not one of them has been overruled by the Legislature. One cause of this success has been his willingness to hear the advocates and opponents of all bills before taking final action.

As to Governor Hill's availability as a candidate there can be no doubt.

The North American Review is not a political A B C class, and therefore I need not waste time here in demonstrating that to carry New York is essential to the success of any party at the next Presidential election. Now, beyond question, Governor Hill is the most popular Democrat in this State. Whenever he has run for any office he has been triumphantly elected, and whenever he has been a candidate with others he has run ahead of the ticket. Governor Hill has greatly strengthened his hold on the people by his course as Governor. He is bold without that hardihood which faces dangers and difficulties with a reckless inappreciation of their import. He always fully understands what is before his party or himself as one of its representatives, and performs whatever duty may befall him with the firm unshrinking spirit of the truly brave man who, "knowing danger, does not fear to meet it;" and few men in executive office have been

more persistently assailed by an opposition majority. He does not belong to the new school of Mugwumpish politics, which sneers at party allegiance and seeks its reward in the praises of enemies rather than in the continued support of the party that elected him. Governor Hill has been grateful and loyal to his friends ; he has cemented, not distracted, his party. His influence has been used to keep it abreast of the best thought and purposes of the times and in harmony with its own best traditions, not to breed discord by affecting to be superior to it, and to be under no binding obligations to it.

He has impressed his ability and individuality upon his party to such a remarkable degree as to have inspired it with a feeling of confidence and reliance unprecedented.

It has become a settled feeling among his colleagues, as well as his fellow citizens, that, whoever else may be doubtful, Governor Hill can be depended upon as a matter of course. One of the most common expressions in his party, when its representatives are undecided, or wish to avoid the responsibility of acting or deciding upon a measure of policy—Oh, well, leave that to Governor Hill. To such an extent has the feeling of trust in Governor Hill grown with all factions of the Democratic Party, that he is not only considered as a "possible President," but as an inevitable President.

In a word, Governor Hill is an ideal Democrat, who has been weighed in the balances of power and not found wanting.

"LAND STEALING IN NEW MEXICO."

A REJOINDER.

In the North American Review for July George W. Julian, now a United States Surveyor-General, under the caption of "Land Stealing in New Mexico," attempts to make a severe arraignment of the past administration of the General Land Office in connection with the affairs of that territory. His charges of corrupt practices, and of mal-administration generally, cover a period of twenty-five years, and, by implication, go back to almost the entire period of our occupancy. In doing so, Mr. Julian assails, by name, well-known citizens of that territory, and charges them with being robbers of the public lands. They are represented as suborners of perjury, corruptors of public officials and courts, demoralizers of the territorial press and politics, and, in general, as the creators and maintainers of an infamous system of plunder and wrong doing. The author of this wholesale diatribe is a most picturesque and unique character. His counterpart it will be difficult to find in any country; certainly not in ours. Mr. Julian himself has often been charged with being a corruptionist of the worst order. These charges have had much more apparent foundation than those he makes against others. He was Chairman for several years of the Committee on Public Lands, in the House of Representatives. During that time bills covering more than half of all the land granted to railroads in the United States were favorably reported by that committee, and passed Congress as a result of such report. The Public Lands Committee voted away, under Mr. Julian's chairmanship, a larger area to railroad corporations than would cover all the New England and half the Middle States. The land thus given away was the most fertile in the country. Whether that was corruptly done or

for the public interests, it is not worth while now to discuss, but that Mr. Julian, more than any one else, is responsible for it, is a thing the public ought to know in view of his recent astounding freak of virtue. It was Mr. Julian, also, who insisted on, and persisted in, compelling the settlers on the reserved sections within the limits of railroad grants to pay $2.50 per acre for their lands, when the House of Representatives was disposed to let the cost thereof remain at the ordinary pre-emption price of $1.25 per acre. He thus added more than two hundred millions of dollars to the burden of the settlers who sought homes along the proposed lines of the railways. The same law necessarily increased the value of lands granted to the railroads two hundred millions of dollars. The railroad lobby won.

It should also be remembered, that with the exception of the Pacific Railroads, and they only in part, these land grants, for the favorable reports on which Mr. Julian is chiefly responsible, were not given in the arid regions of the West. They did not cover the sage brush, the cactus, and the sand hill country. They were taken from the splendid lands of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Northern Michigan, Wisconsin, Eastern Kansas, Dakota and the Southern States of Mississippi, Arkansas, Florida and Louisiana. Every acre was worth more than thirty acres within the arid region. If there has been a land grabber in this country, a man who has done more than any other man to prevent the settlers from exercising their rights under the homestead and pre-emption laws, Mr. Julian is that man. Whether all of this was done honestly in the public interest or not, it was done by the present Surveyor-General of New Mexico. On the whole, I think, that the railroad land grants were for the best interests of the whole country, but no more so than were the grants given by the Spanish and Mexican governments of large tracts in New Mexico, Arizona, and California, to induce colonization in some cases, and to reward eminent public services in others. At the time they were given, they were regarded by their respective governments as worthless. Many of them are practically worthless yet.

Mr. Julian himself deserves some attention. Nearly fifty years ago he was first elected to office as a pro-slavery Democrat. Defeated for re-election he left his party. After a short time he posed as a Free Soil leader, and was elected on anti-slavery issues. When again retired to private life he became a conservative Whig.

Again he was unsuccessful and returned to the more promising field of political abolition. Being practically alone in his own locality, he thereafter reigned supreme. When the war broke out he was one of the few able-bodied men who bravely remained at home. The late Adjutant-General Thomas, of the United States Army, said of him: "He (Julian) is the only member of Congress who has ever visited my office to injure an officer in the field." During the war period and for some subsequent years, Mr. Julian was in Congress as a Republican. He was a zealot of zealots; a destructionist and radical of the bitterest type, as against the Southern States and their people. But, as usual, he quarreled, and this time with Senator Oliver P. Morton, a man who could deal properly with such a character. The Republican party suddenly became too corrupt for Julian. The people of Indiana at the time did not concur in his estimate of either Senator Morton or of the party of which the Senator was so sagacious a leader. The "Reformer" was not returned to Congress. Since then there has been no denunciation too bitter against the Republican party for him to make, and no accusation too vile for his tongue or pen to express against men who have been in anywise prominent in its ranks. In his eye there was no public crime of which Ulysses S. Grant was not guilty. He denounced General Garfield to my personal knowledge at every cross-road in Indiana, as a "thief," a "bribe taker," a "bribe giver," and a "perjurer." He used these exact words in characterization of that lamented man, within my hearing. If the testimony of his neighbors can be relied upon, no man has ever used Federal patronage for more selfish purposes. Can it be doubted then that he has earned his present position? Mr. Cleveland, evidently, knew this man when it was desirable to raise the issue of "land jobbery" and "corruption" in New Mexico, but he may possibly have forgotten the letter which Mr. Julian wrote to Henry Villard, desiring to be employed as a lobbyist for the Northern Pacific Railroad, which afterwards came to light through Carl Schurz. Mr. Villard declined his services.

Mr. Julian declares in the very first paragraph of the article I am discussing, that President Cleveland asked him, in May, 1885, to accept the office of either Governor or Surveyor-General of New Mexico, that he might "co-operate" with him, the President, "in breaking up the rings of that territory."

Understanding that the Surveyor-General's office was "the more important," he finally accepted the same, and on the 22d of July, 1885, entered on its duties. Of course he did, but Mr. Julian would have us believe that he doubted the propriety and hesitated before accepting the President's offer. However, he went to New Mexico, not as a judge, but as a pre-determined accuser. His mission was not to develop the truth, but to establish the existence of "rings." After two years of industrious efforts he has failed to prove any one of his allegations, or to sustain in the courts, aided by the powers and appliances of the General Government, a single accusation. Mr. Julien has barred himself at the outset out of the court of public opinion. He assumes that the legislation of 1854, under which the incumbents of his present office are given such "large and responsible powers," and in the administration of which, as he charges, they have all proven themselves to have been corrupt, was in itself "wise and salutary" in character, when "properly administered." That is, of course, when the Julians are in power. As a matter of fact, the land grant legislation of 1854 was, at its best, merely tentative in character. Mr. Julian illustrates this himself, when in his wholesale, unwarranted, and sweeping attack upon all his predecessors, he declares that the "meagre salary" could not secure the services of "competent and fit men," and that "official life in an old Mexican province, and in the midst of an alien race, offered few attractions to men of ambition and force." Again, the position of Surveyor-General pre-supposed "judicial training and an adequate knowledge of both Spanish and American law," while, according to him, most of his predecessors have possessed no such requirements. This, however, is a mere assumption on his part. The real difficulty with the act of 1854 and of all subsequent legislation is, that it deals with the public lands in the arid region as well as the Mexican land grant system, without due regard to the physical phenomena of climate and topography.

All who are familiar with Mexican land grants know that in describing boundary lines the grantor, as well as the grantee, were alike unfamiliar with the distances between the several landmarks named in the concessions. For example: A grant would begin by describing the summit of a certain mountain named as a starting point, running thence to a river, also named; from there

to the dividing line of drainage between two rivers described; then possibly to some other mountain and back to the place of beginning. It is undoubtedly true that neither party had the remotest idea of the area of land lying within these natural landmarks. That was only arrived at when the surveys were finally made, perhaps a century afterward. In some cases it was found that a grant covered four or five times the number of acres of land that the owner supposed to belong to him. The natural landmarks were indicated in the concession, and the courts, as well as Congress, held that the grant must confirm according to the description therein set forth. In this connection it is a notable fact that Mr. Julian omitted to say that with a very few exceptions every land grant in New Mexico was confirmed prior to 1861. He alludes especially to the Maxwell grant, which, I believe with him, was never intended when made to cover the extent of territory that is now claimed as included within its borders. That grant, however, like many others, was made before the country was occupied, and the natural landmarks were named in the concession. It was reported favorably by a Democratic Surveyor-General. It was approved by Jacob Thompson, who was Democratic Secretary of the Interior. It was confirmed by a Democratic Congress, and the confirmatory act was approved by Mr. Buchanan, a Democratic President. The other grants confirmed in New Mexico, as I have stated, passed through the same partisan hands, from the Surveyor-General to the President. Mr. Julian cannot point to a single grant confirmed by a Republican Congress that will not stand the closest scrutiny. As to the Una de Gata grant, to which he alludes, in his unwarranted use of my name, it had been approved by the Surveyor-General and the Secretary of the Interior. It had also passed the lower House of Congress. Eleven years ago I proposed to buy this grant. Upon investigating the title I became satisfied that it was fraudulent. I wrote to the Hon. Carl Schurz, then Secretary of the Interior, stating circumstantially all the facts in my possession regarding the grant. I asked him to send a special agent to make a careful investigation, at the same time turning over to him all the papers in my possession. Upon such investigation, it appeared that the grant was a forgery, and that the forger, one Gomez, was then in the penitentiary for forging other grants in California. I then

applied to the Honorable Secretary to have the land within the bounds of the so-called grant thrown open for settlement. This was done. It is now occupied by a body of as good citizens as there are in the United States, whose improvements within the lines of this so-called grant are extensive and valuable. All of these facts were and are accessible to my accuser, as my letters and papers are on file in the Interior Department. There is not the slightest foundation for the charge that I seized upon the "choicest land" in this neighborhood or sent my "henchmen" to occupy it. I built my home there nine years before Mr. Julian came into the country. He has never been within twenty-five miles of my place, and I do not believe that he has the slightest knowledge, direct or indirect, respecting a single acre of the land I own. As a matter of fact I am among the smaller owners of land in New Mexico, and I have paid more money than the same number of acres would cost in Iowa. And yet, he gravely accuses me before the country.

To show how easy it is to make such charges, and how difficult it is to prove them, I will state that mainly through Mr. Julian's exertions, nearly four hundred citizens of New Mexico have been indicted on charges similar to those made in the July number of the REVIEW. Yet up to this time, every man tried has been acquitted. There is not a grain or a shadow of truth that there have been or are now frauds committed to any extent in New Mexico under the homestead and pre-emption laws. Citizens of the United States are entitled to take one hundred and sixty acres of land as pre-emptors and pay for it within the time designated by law, after fulfilling certain requirements, at the rate of $1.25 per acre. The person entering this land must swear that he is doing it for his own use and benefit, and not with the view of selling it. Before the title passes to the pre-emptor, he pays the Government the price for the land. The Government is not defrauded, so far as that is concerned. Now, the question is, whether after this pre-emption the person entering the land has the right to sell it to another. That issue has been settled a hundred times in almost every court in the Union. The only possible fraud that can be charged is that the man sold his land instead of living upon it, and that would not be a fraud against the Government, because the Government has received its full pay.

The July article carries with it the implication that between

1861 and 1885 every incumbent of the Secretaryship of the Interior, of the Commissionership of the General Land Office, and of the Surveyor-Generalship of New Mexico has been a corrupt and dishonest man. It also accuses Congress by the wholesale.

No one of these grants has passed Congress since I exposed the fraudulent nature of the grant with which Mr. Julian attempts to link my name unfavorably. Does any one, whether Republican or Democrat, seriously believe that men like Caleb Smith, J. P. Usher, O. W. Browning, J. D. Cox, Columbus Delano, Zachariah Chandler, Carl Schurz, Samuel J. Kirkwood, and Henry M. Teller, each of whom, since 1861, has served as Secretary of the Interior are of the dishonest mold Mr. Julian has represented them to be? Such accusations will not stand against the several incumbents of the Commissionership of the General Land Office.

These men are all well known, and where they are known no one has ever even suspected them of dishonesty. More capable, more thoroughly upright, and more deserving men never discharged a public trust.

James M. Edmonds, of Michigan, who was the head of the Union League of America during the whole war period, and the friend and confident of Senator Chandler up to the time of his death, was appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office by President Lincoln. Following him was John Wilson, who had faithfully served thirty-five years in different capacities in the General Land Office. Then Judge Drummond, General Burdette, General Williamson, and Mr. McFarland cover the list.

Mr. Julian is nothing if not sweeping. He virtually declares that his predecessors as Surveyor-Generals have all been thieves, and have conspired with public robbers to defraud the United States. He alleges, also, that many Senators and Representatives now holding seats from Western States have a hand in the general conspiracy. Not content, he winds up by alleging, in almost definite terms, that the Supreme Court of the United States has joined hands with his phantom army of plunderers to defraud the Government and the people of the lands covering the barren plains and desolate mountains of the Southwest. The assumption is monstrous. The presumption is that he has allowed his imagination to reach far beyond any possible or remote fact, or else that he is proceeding, for partisan and personal ends, to deliberately

misrepresent and malign men, "the latchet of whose shoes he is not worthy to unloose."

I turn from the consideration of these wild accusations of a common scold to the remedy offered as a cure for the obstacles to settlement and progress which the uncertainty of the land titles has created in New Mexico, and also in Arizona. It is the only issue of importance to be found in his article. The fatal error has been made in dealing with the arid region, largely which is, at its best, mere grazing land, as if it was of the same character, condition, and capacity as the purely agricultural domain of the country.

A certain remedy is proposed, and the critic considers others that have heretofore been presented. He demands a speedy settlement of land titles; but how does he seek to achieve this? In his opinion, Congress "is unfitted for such service." Mr. Julian opposes the establishment of a land commission, because in the case of California, after thirty-six years labor, and the disposal of hundreds of intricate cases, there are about forty claims yet unsettled. Mr. Julian also opposes the bill of Senator Edmunds. That measure provides that the United States District Court, within the territory, shall adjudicate all land claims. The right of appeal within six months to the Supreme Court of the territory is given, and from that within twelve months to the United States Supreme Court. In all cases where the judgment is against the United States, an appeal must be taken, unless the Attorney-General otherwise directs. This measure is regarded as good for lawyers but bad for litigants. Having thus put aside all the present proposed methods, what does Mr. Julian suggest as a substitute? Nothing more than "a single enactment of Congress referring all these cases to the Secretary of the Interior for final decision." This lame and impotent conclusion is a fitting finale to a paper which sets out with the assertion that a law which has done nothing but prove itself worse than inoperative, contains provisions that are "wise and salutary" if properly administered.

The head of the Department of the Interior is one of the most overloaded of public officers connected with the general government. He has nearly a score of the most important bureaus connected with any department, embracing the Public Lands, Indians, Patents, Agriculture, Pensions, Pacific Railways, and Geological Survey; the Bureaus of Labor and Education, the

National Museum, the Public Institutions, and Government of the District of Columbia, besides other minor duties and affairs. He is the supervisory officer and reviewing authority in all matters that arise in this varied assortment of public duties. As a matter of fact, the Secretary of the Interior is now charged with the very duty that Mr. Julian proposes to reimpose. It is the Secretary of the Interior who transmits the Surveyor-General's reports to Congress, through the President, with his approval or disapproval duly attached. This reviewing is the work of a sub-law clerk. The Secretary may examine a case himself, but it is improbable. He will at most look over a brief prepared for him by the aforesaid law clerk, checked possibly by a reference to one of the two Assistant Secretaries, or to the Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, assigned to the department of the Interior. All of these things have been done ever since 1854, and, if our critic be correct, have produced nothing but confusion, collusion, contention, and corruption. The proposition is, however, a logical one for Mr. Julian. The Secretary under whom he serves is alone to be trusted. He alone is honest and incorruptible. Granted! Yet he could not dispose of the New Mexico land grant cases if he devoted all of the official time that remains of his term of service to their consideration. And who shall guarantee to Mr. Julian that Mr. Lamar will be able to transmit the especial qualifications with which his subordinate endows him to his successor? His remedy is simply ridiculous. It would only render corruption easier by concentrating it on the poorly paid clerks, who would really do the reviewing and practically prepare the decisions. As the accusations are thus shown to be baseless, and the remedy offered for admitted evils is unquestionably absurd, I venture to present some suggestions as to the proper mode of adjudicating land grant claims in the Southwest.

First. There should be appointed with ample powers a special court or commission, large enough to be subdivided, the full body to have appellate jurisdiction.

Second. All claims brought before this tribunal should be limited as to period. I suggest three years from the date of organizing the court for filing; and not more than five years for the completion of adjudication.

Third. This tribunal should be required to take up at once

and decide within one year all cases wherein charges now rest upon confirmed or patented grants.

Fourth. The decision of this tribunal, when averse to a claimant, should be a mandate to the Secretary of the Interior for the ordering of an immediate survey, and the opening of the land to general settlement.

Fifth. Power to be given for a full examination of all records —American, Spanish, or Mexican.

With this tribunal having such powers, and with the limit in time, I venture to say that there would be at once achieved a larger degree of prosperity to New Mexico than Mr. Julian can possibly conceive of or express.

This land-grant question is, however, but part of a much larger one, and that embraces the proper disposition which shall, under law, be made of the lands of the arid region. They are useful chiefly for grazing or mining purposes. Lying beyond the one hundred and second meridian of west longitude and west to the Pacific Ocean, is a region that requires a different system of disposal and settlement than the country lying east of the meridian named.

Nothing is more idle than the talk that can be heard on all sides respecting the rain-fall increasing within what is known as the arid region. It is stated, with great earnestness and apparent conviction, that Kansas and Nebraska were at one time included in what was erroneously known as the great American desert, but that now the larger part of both of these States is covered with fertile farms. It must be remembered that as far back as 1847 the rain-fall has been accurately recorded at Fort Riley, Kansas; Fort Bent, Colorado; Santa Fe, New Mexico; Fort Bridger, Wyoming; Salt Lake City, Utah; and at several points on the Pacific Coast. These records show that the rain-fall from 1850 to 1860 was two inches more than from 1870 to 1880, and that the average rain-fall west of the one hundred and second meridian, not including Oregon and Washington Territory, is under fourteen inches per annum. There has been no increase whatever in the past forty years. The present year has been an exceptional one in a portion of these territories. The rain-fall of New Mexico is likely this year to reach twenty inches, while last year it was only fourteen, and in 1880 was only nine; at the same time even the Mississippi Valley States have suffered.

The talk about opening up such a country, a plateau as extensive and much more broken than that of Central Asia, for ordinary farming, is only suggested by those who have no knowledge of the facts or physical structure of the region. Its water-courses are scant indeed, and the evaporation in some parts of the Southwest is simply enormous. Even in fairly protected reservoirs, with cement sides and bottoms, where leakage is impossible, the evaporation will reach thirteen feet. During the summer the wind blows continually from the southwest, passing over vast plains of heated sand and barren treeless mountains, absorbing every particle of moisture the scant precipitation provides. A large portion of arable land of New Mexico has been under cultivation for more than three hundred years. Still the fields must be irrigated now the same as they were three centuries ago. While it is true that but a small part of the water in the Rio Grande and other large streams has been diverted to the use of agriculture, and that there is room in New Mexico for a large farming population, the construction of canals for that purpose will require a capital far beyond the ability of the ordinary farmer to command.

Under our present land laws, the practice is absurd which legally permits the occupation, settlement, and purchase of only 160 acres within the arid region. No progress can ever be made therein. Where the precipitation is not equal to industrial uses, there can be no farming without irrigation. All authorities place the agricultural rain-fall at not less twenty-eight inches per annum. West of the one hundred and second meridian, the precipitation will seldom, even in favored but limited localities, exceed twenty inches, while the average will barely reach fourteen inches. The greater portion of the arid region is a mountain plateau rising from four thousand to six thousand feet above sea level. Ordinary farming is simply impossible. Grazing, even, is available only when the springs, water-holes, and infrequent streams, often sinking in sand or the detritus made by constant erosion, are carefully conserved. The water sources and supplies control the use of land within the arid region. Any policy adapted to its dominating features must centre around this water supply. It practically does do this, whatever the law may declare to the contrary.

Along the infrequent streams of this section, it will prove true

that the valley lands, if the water of such streams be utilized for industry, by proper public regulations as to withdrawal and distribution, and by means of the necessary storage reservoirs, dams, weirs, and ditches, main and lateral, could be made valuable in parcels of much less than 160 acres in extent. In the colony enterprises of Southern California, now so rapidly forming and making the "desert bloom and blossom" like a rose, the majority of the new farms are much less than 100 acres in extent. Many of them even do not exceed 20 or 30 acres. But nothing of the sort could have been achieved under the present land laws of the United States. It has been possible only because in California the Mexican land grant system has prevailed, enabling capitalists or colony enterprises to obtain control of land areas sufficient in extent to warrant them in expending large sums of money for the construction of irrigation works, wells, storage reservoirs, and distributing ditches. In several instances the cost of these works have exceeded a million dollars. The squatter farmers could never has combined to achieve such great enterprises. The evidence of this last fact is to be seen on all sides in New Mexico. Yet Mr. Julian talks of stopping the stream of travel on its way to the Pacific Coast, and by means of homestead settlement people that territory with prosperous agriculturists. The Surveyor-General only talks of his ignorance and not from his knowledge. If the scant valley areas are dependent for their utilization entirely upon the proper distribution of water, of how much more importance becomes the water sources and supplies, by which the vast inter-plateau portion of our mountain system can alone be made available for pastoral purposes, or in a less degree for mining also?

I challenge those who persist in claiming that what is now known as the arid region will sooner or later become productive by the natural rain-fall to show me a single instance anywhere on the surface of the earth where such a result has been attained. New Mexico, parts of Arizona, and nearly all of the Republic of Mexico have been under cultivation for three hundred and fifty years, Peru and Chili quite as long, and Central Asia for unknown thousands of years. What climatic changes have occurred? Are not the irrigating canals required now as much as in the centuries gone by? There has been no such climatic change on this or any other continent.

The experiences of the countries wherein artificial distribution

of water has been necessary for cultivation, especially on this continent, have compelled a different system of water conservation and land distribution than has existed in more favored regions. This is a fact that we have been, and are still slow, to apprehend. But we must do so if we are ever to utilize the region under consideration. Mexico makes, for example, the water supply the centre of her land laws. Access to public streams or supplies must not be obstructed. If, to reach such water, private property has to be used, proper compensation is provided. Springs, etc., situated on private lands, but needed for neighborhood use, are subject to such "servitudes," the owners having exclusive use for at least sixty hours per week. The grazing lands are usually leased or granted in blocks of not less than eleven leagues, about 4,500 acres each, experience having demonstrated that within the Sierra Madre plateau region such blocks are accessible, as a rule, to water sufficient for the cattle that may be grazed thereon. It is very evident to my mind, then, that the great area lying beyond the one hundred and second meridian, and comprising the larger portion of our remaining public domain, must be placed under legal conditions widely different from those now existing.

The first condition must be the conservation of the water supplies, under National and State authority.

The second must be some method of encouraging or providing for the construction and maintenance, as required by the growth of population, of needed irrigation works, both for storage and distribution. These works should be paid for by those who will receive benefit from them. Some system of encouragement to capital, therefore, under proper engineering requirements, must be introduced.

The third step will be the sale or leasing, in suitable blocks, of the lands which no irrigation can ever make useful for any purpose other than the raising and feeding of cattle. This disposal of such lands must be controlled by the water supply alone, and not by any cut-and-dried mode of distribution, as at present.

I have thus attempted only to indicate the controlling conditions, not to lay down rules or perfect a system. Such things may as well be left to the Bourbons of the Julian order, who are so truly believed to neither learn nor unlearn. "Wise in their own conceit," they may be left to the enjoyment their vanity brings them.

Practical men of affairs look at things as they find them. Certainly no such conditions can be found in New Mexico, as the writer whom I have reviewed herein assumes to exist there. I have pointed out on the other hand the facts that are found, and the larger conditions that dominate the arid region. The subject may be left by me at this point, confident as I am that my view is fortified by observation and possesses the saving quality of common-sense.

STEPHEN W. DORSEY.

DELUSIONS ABOUT WALL STREET.

It seems to be a genial pastime for men in various walks of life who know very little about financial affairs, and the methods of doing business in Wall street, to denounce this great centre of the moneyed interests, as the sum of all villainies, a kind of Pandora's box, but without any hope at the bottom. In opposition to popular delusions of this nature, I propose to show that Wall street is a great civilizer, and the mighty channel through which has flown the enormous wealth that has been powerful and necessary in developing our industrial enterprises. I shall also endeavor to demonstrate that Wall street men, generally, are paragons of personal honor, and that they were chiefly instrumental in providing the means of saving the nation in the hour of its peril.

I am sorry to say that the clergy have done a great deal to foster erroneous impressions of the character of the men who do business in this part of the city, and to utterly misrepresent the nature of their transactions. This might be overlooked in people who have not the knowledge or the means to obtain correct information on this subject. There is no excuse, however, for a man in this enlightened age, who professes to be a spiritual leader of the people, to remain ignorant of an important fact, or to continue to see that fact through a false medium, when he has the opportunity of coming into Wall street and seeing for himself. He has no right to set himself up as a censor, a public detractor, and a public libeller upon a set of men and merchants who are the bone and sinew of the financial, commercial, and industrial interests and prosperity of the country. It is not only a personal wrong, but a public injury.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage has, perhaps, done more than any other clergyman in the attempt to make speculators, investors, and business men obnoxious in the eyes of the r st of the

community and in the estimation of John Bull, in whose dominion his so-called sermons are extensively read. Talmage has employed his flashy wit and mountebank eloquence to bring financial disgrace upon the business methods of the country by the manner in which he has ignorantly vilified Wall street. He went, in person, to the Cremorne Garden, Billy McGlory's, Harry Hill's, and other places of dubious reputation, in order to "make himself acquainted with the real condition of things" there. How far he has penetrated into the green rooms and behind the scenes in these places it is not my business to know, but why should he not treat Wall street, where everything is open to inspection, as fairly as he does these dens of vice, where midnight scenes of villainous revelry and reckless dissipation reign supreme? Why does he misrepresent Wall street without knowing anything about it. He can come here and go wherever he wishes without a bodyguard of detectives or fear of molestation. Why is he so particular about doing justice to the brothel and the gaming den, while he uses his ludicrous eloquence to the highest degree to falsify the respectable business methods of Wall street? I recollect the time that men in the higher walks of life, and among the higher classes (if I may use the expression, in opposition to the opinion of the New York *Sun*, whose editor maintains that we have no classes in this country) would have been ashamed to be seen in Wall street. Now, men in the same sphere are proud of the distinction, both socially and financially. In fact, Wall street has become a necessity, and a healthy stimulant to the rest of the business of the country. Everything looks to this centre as an index of its prosperity. It moves the money that controls the affairs of the world.

Take the Clearing-house, for example, with its $50,000,000,000 of transactions annually. All but a fraction of this wonderful wealth, compared with which the stupendous pile of Crœsus was a pittance, passes through Wall street, continually adding to its mighty power. This great power, in comparison with which the influence of monarchies is weak, is not, like the riches of these monarchies, concentrated chiefly on itself. It is imparted to all the industries and productive forces of the country. Wall street is a great distributor. It is also universal in its benevolent effects, practically unlimited by either creed or geography.

It has taken greater advantage, for the general good, of scien-

tific discovery than all the scientific societies combined. Wherever the electric wires have penetrated the Wall street broker has followed. The members of the Stock Exchange are, through the power of electricity, in closer sympathy with the great heart of civilized humanity than all the missionaries and philanthropic societies in the world. They are the great cosmopolitans of the age. In practical sympathy they outshine the most devoted efforts of the benevolent associations of half the continent. They have the means to do it, and this comes chiefly from their being practical, and from their strong antipathy as a body to cant and hypocrisy.

ERROR VERSUS FACT.

There are many false ideas outside the ranks of the clergy concerning Wall Street affairs entertained by the general public. It is a popular delusion that "the Street" is a place where people who are in the "ring" take something for nothing. No idea could be further away from the mark in regard to Wall street men as a class, however true it may be of individual instances, as in all other departments of business. Wall street gives full value for everything it receives, and the country at large is deeply its debtor. Some people may think this a paradox, but there is nothing more easily demonstrated to those who have observed the commercial and industrial progress of the country and the age.

A PIONEER OF PROSPERITY.

Wall street has furnished the money that has set the wheels of industry in motion over the vast continent, and in one century has brought us abreast, in the industrial arts, of countries that had from one to two thousand years the start of us. In this respect it has assisted nobly to carry out the ideas of the fathers of the Constitution. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin, and Hamilton laid down the doctrine that it would be a betrayal of the interests of posterity to limit the productive energies of this country to raw material. With our present experience we may think it strange that this question should ever have been debated, but it was, even after the old tyranny had been obliged to loosen its grasp on the struggling enterprise of the young Republic. The revolutionary sires deserve credit for their foresight; but what would have been the fate of their commercial philoso-

phy if Wall street had not supplied the sinews of war to develop the forces of nature, to work our mines and build our railroads, and through these and other means to attract the teeming population from every clime to cultivate our virgin soil and develop our wonderful industries and resources ?

Apropos of the above observations, I may add that during the debate in the British Parliament, on the recognition of the Confederacy, the great manufacturing power in our industrial, financial, and commercial progress was clearly exhibited and thoroughly appreciated by British statesmen. It was made one of the strongest arguments, too, by some of the representatives of our jealous and envious cousins on the other side of the ocean, why Great Britain should recognize and aid the South in the war. Lord Salisbury, then Lord Robert Cecil, at present the leader of the Tory party in England, and the advocate of twenty years' coercion for Ireland, was one of the bitterest foes of the Union, chiefly on this account. He was one of the Vice-Presidents of the "Southern Independent Association," for the promotion of the cause of the Rebellion, and for supplying the Confederates with money and arms, and for the ultimate object of founding an empire of slavery on this continent.

JEALOUS "JINGOES" AS CIVILIZERS.

In his speech then, on the Southern blockade, the future Lord Salisbury made the following touching allusion to our dangerous prosperity on this side :

"The plain matter of fact is, as every one who watches the current of history must know, that the Northern States of America never can be our sure friends, for this simple reason, not merely because the newspapers write at each other, or that there are prejudices on both sides, but because we are rivals; rivals politically, rivals commercially. We aspire to the same position. We both aspire to the government of the seas. We are both manufacturing people, and in every port as well as at every court we are rivals to each other. With respect to the Southern States the case is entirely reversed. The population are an agricultural people. They furnish the raw material of our industry, and they consume the products which we manufacture from it. With them, therefore, every interest must lead us to cultivate friendly relations, and we have seen that when the war began they at once recurred to England as their natural ally."

Thus we see how anxious Great Britain was to take the place which the North had reserved for itself, and so proudly maintained in commerce and industry. The great "coming man,"

Salisbury, wanted to reduce us all to the position of hewers of wood, drawers of water, and planters and pickers of cotton, for the special accommodation of Great Britain as the mighty centre of the world's manufacturing industries. This would have given a set-back to our civilization, and have caused us to make a retrogressive move to the dark ages. Since then we have afforded this noble lord and his nation ample proof that we are very far advanced in the manufacturing arts ourselves, and that in many things we are far ahead of England, and they are no doubt greatly surprised that the arrangement, by which England was to have all the profit and America all the hard work, was not carried out.

In this wonderful development of the industrial arts, Wall street money, enterprise, and speculation have played by far the most conspicuous and progressive part, thus enabling us, in a little more than two decades, to outstrip the old nations that were so anxious to enslave us, in spite of the fact that they had centuries upon centuries the start of us. It must be galling to some of these people that we are now the most available candidates for the commercial and industrial supremacy of the world, and we have attained this position in a great measure through the instrumentality of Wall street as a civilizer.

PERSONAL HONOR OF WALL STREET MEN.

It is true the honor of Wall street is sometimes tarnished, especially in the eyes of those who reside at a great distance, owing to the delinquencies of dishonorable men, who consider Wall street men and Wall street money fair game for swindling operations. These are for the most part outsiders, who pounce upon the Street as their illegitimate prey, after probably making a show of doing business there.

There is no place, of course, where confidence men have the opportunity of reaping such a rich harvest when they can succeed in establishing the confidential relations that help them to make their swindles successful. But Wall street proper is no more responsible for such men than the Church, whose sacred precincts are used and abused by the same social pariahs in a similar manner. The Street is the victim of these adventurers, and has no more to do with nurturing and aiding them than the Church has.

What should be said of a financier who would have the temerity to assert that the Church was an asylum for swindlers, and that

thence they issued forth to commit their lawless depredations upon society? He would be tabooed by all intelligent people. Yet there would be about as much truth in such a statement as in most of the eloquent anathemas and objurgations launched from the pulpit against Wall street. There is no place on this earth where adventurous thieves have fewer sympathizers than in Wall street, not excepting, perhaps, in Pinkerton's and Byrnes's detective bureaux.

There is another popular delusion with regard to those who do not succeed in Wall street. Their failure is frequently attributed to sharp practice on the part of the old habitués of the street. People forget that the business of speculation requires special training, and every fool who has a few hundred dollars cannot begin to deal in stocks and make a fortune. The men who do not succeed are usually those who have spent early life elsewhere, and whose habits have been formed in other grooves of thought.

The business of Wall street requires long and close training in financial affairs, so that the mind may attain a flexible facility with the various ins and outs of speculative methods. If this training is from youth upward, all the better. It is among this class that many of our most successful men are to be found, although there are some eminent examples of success among those who began late in life. It will be found, however, that the latter must have had a special genius for the business, and genius, of course, discounts all the usual conditions and auxiliaries; but among ordinary intellects early training is generally indispensable to financial success. It seldom happens, moreover, that the early trained man from youth up does any great wrong.

A DANGEROUS "GENIUS" IN FINANCE.

Ferdinand Ward may seem an exception to this rule, but he had a born genius for evil, and though he had all the early advantages of Timothy and Samuel the Prophet, with a higher civilization thrown in, so utterly incorrigible was his nature that nothing but prison walls and iron bars could prescribe bounds to his rascality. He is an extraordinary exception, a genius of the other extreme, against whose subtle operations society must always be on its guard; but he is only one of the dangerous exceptions that prove the rule for which I am contending—the rule that early

training in finance more, perhaps, than in any other field of human energy, is the great desideratum.

If such a man is unsuccessful, dishonor seldom accompanies his misfortunes. He may pass through the whole catalogue of financial disasters and their natural results. He may fall to the gutter through over-indulgence in liquor and the despair attendant on a run of bad luck or unfortunate connection with wicked partners, but he is still capable of rising from the ashes of his former self. He will never stoop to swindling no matter how low the rest of his moral condition may fall.

No great business can be built up except upon honest and moral principles. It may flourish for a time, but it will topple down eventually. The very magnitude to which the business of Wall street has grown is a living proof of its moral stamina. It is impossible, in the social and moral nature of things, to unite a large number of men, representing important material interests, except upon principles of equity and fair dealing. A conspiracy to cheat must always be confined to a small number.

The most successful men of Wall street, to my personal knowledge, are those who came to the street young, and have "gone through the mill," so to speak; those who have received severe training, who have had some sledge-hammer blows applied to their heads to temper them, like the conversion of iron into steel. These are some of the requisites of a successful financial career.

One of the most common delusions incident to human nature in every walk of life is that of a man who has been successful in one thing imagining he can succeed in anything and everything he attempts. In general, overweening conceit of this kind can be cured by simple experiments that bring men to a humiliating sense of their mortal condition and limited capacity. When the experiment is tried in Wall street, however, to these healthy admonitions are frequently added irreparable disaster and overwhelming disgrace.

I shall note a few examples within the memory of men still active in business life. The brief panic of 1884 brought several instances of this character to the surface. Some of them had fought our battles for national existence, and preserved the Union when this achievement seemed almost hopeless. Their fame as generals was as extensive as history itself. They had planned

and executed projects with success on which the destiny of a great nation, and perhaps the destiny of other nations, depended; yet, when they attempted to manage banks, railroads, and financial operations, they became hopelessly entangled.

WHY GENERAL GRANT WAS VICTIMIZED.

The great captain of the Union's salvation was as helpless as a babe when Ferdinand Ward and James D. Fish moved upon his works. The eye that took in the whole situation at a glance at Vicksburg, Richmond, and Appomattox was unable to penetrate the insidious and speculative designs of the "Young Napoleon of finance." General Grant was a victim, not so much to the sincere, veracious, and unsuspecting attributes which were so largely predominant in that great man, as to his want of early training in financial business affairs, and to the fact that he was unable to appreciate its necessity in dealing with sharp business men of loose morals. Generals Winslow and Porter fell into a similar error of judgment in the West Shore Railroad matter. Their mistake came near being a serious blow to the railroad interests of this country. General Wilson, of the New York & New England, and General Gordon were similarly unfortunate. The common mistake committed by these worthy men, to whom the country owes an inestimable debt of gratitude, was the chief cause of the "general demoralization" to which Treasurer Jordan facetiously, but indignantly, alluded when denouncing railroad methods, and which, from time to time, has played sad havoc with some of the best securities in the country.

Therefore, I say to all who have sons destined for a business career, let your cherished offspring have the advantage of early practical training in the particular line of business for which you may consider them best adapted, and do so, even to the partial neglect of their school and college education. Practical business is the best school and college in which they can possibly graduate.

HOW WALL STREET SAVED THE COUNTRY.

Wall street men were found in the vanguard fully equipped for duty in the early days of the late Civil War. When money was to be raised to enable the North to carry on that terrible struggle it had to be obtained through Wall street. At this momentous

juncture, when there was no eye to pity, and when no other arm seemed mighty enough to save, the Wall street men were equal to the occasion. They put their heads together, came to the front, and resolved to extricate the Government from its perilous position. It is true they were well paid for it. They charged twelve per cent. for the loan, but that was little enough when the risk is taken into account. It was then almost impossible to get a loan at any rate of interest. By some of the great nations of Europe the risk then involved in such a loan was regarded in about the same light as the people of this country now estimate the present chance of realizing on Confederate paper money, or Georgia bonds of the old issue. In this state of public feeling Lombard street was not in a favorable mood to negotiate loans with this country, and the whole fraternity of the Rothschilds shut their fists on their shining shekels and shook their heads negatively and ominously at the bare mention of advancing money to the once great but then distressed Republic.

Money was dear at the time, and the Government was only obliged to pay for what could not be obtained in other quarters. Curiously enough, private property then was considered better security than the Government indorsement, on the principle—which was not a very patriotic one, though in reality true—that the country could survive its form of government. That form, however, the best the world has yet seen, survived the shock and maintained its autonomy. That it did so was in a large measure due to the prompt action of Wall street men in raising the sinews of war at the incipient stage of the rebellion. Had they failed to do so, it is not improbable that the repulse at Bull Run might have proved a decisive blow to the Union, and plunged the country into a state of anarchy from which nothing but a despotism almost as bad could have succeeded.

The negotiation of this loan brought out the twelve per cent. Treasury notes. After this issue the rates fell. Then came the 11 and the 10¾ per cent. issues, and subsequently the well-known and long to be remembered 7 3-10 Treasury notes. After this issue had been popularized, successfully disposed of, and finally taken up at maturity by the 5-20 loan, Jay Cooke was quick to issue, after their pattern, his famous 7 3-10 Northern Pacific Railroad bonds. Evidently he had a patent for negotiating that famous 7 3-10 per cent. railroad loan, as almost every clergyman,

Sunday-school teacher, and public benefactor were found to have invested in them when the crash came, and although the road was the means of his financial downfall, with the ruin of an innumerable number of others, besides, who were dragged into the same speculative whirlpool, this unfortunate event was not entirely an unmixed evil. It is true that this was the main and visible cause of precipitating the panic of 1873, but the Pacific road was the great pioneer in opening up the Far West, and developing its material resources, the great artery of the Western railroad system, conveying vigorous and durable vitality to the industrial life of the expansive regions beyond the Rockies.

Thus, in taking a retrospect of my twenty-eight years in Wall street, I find that what sometimes appeared to be great evils have been succeeded by compensating good, fate counterbalancing fate, as the Latin poet has it. It was so after the panic of 1857. It was so after the convulsion of 1873, and though I have only historic evidence to guide me in regard to the earlier history of the Street, I find it was so after 1837. So the maxim that history repeats itself has been fully verified in Wall street.

A GREAT INCENTIVE TO INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

So, now that I have relapsed into a reflective mood on this subject, a host of important associations connected with the main issue rush upon me. The prominent idea that stands out in bold relief is the rapid and wonderful progress made in Wall street during the period that I have undertaken to chronicle. And not only so, but the rapid strides that have been made in everything, almost universally, during that time, present a vast theme for consideration. The part that Wall street men have taken in this mighty evolution is the topic that concerns me most at present. As I attempt to progress with my subject, I observe this division of it becoming more expansive, so that I find myself in the position of the Irishman when he ascended to the top of a mountain. After recovering from the first effects of his surprise, he exclaimed, "I never thought the world was so large!"

So it is with me. I never thought that Wall street was so big, nor that Wall street affairs were so extensive, until I began to write about them. They expand, as well as improve, surprisingly on closer acquaintance. I only hope I shall be able to impress this idea more vividly on the minds of my clerical friends and

others who have been misguided in this respect, chiefly on hearsay and irresponsible evidence, and who, I am sorry to say, have been the well-meaning, but over-zealous, instruments of misleading others.

To come to an approximate deduction of facts, then, it is, I think, a fair estimate of the general progress of humanity, to say that there has been greater material advance in everything that relates to a higher civilization, and the greatest good to the greatest number, during the last thirty years, than in all the previous time that has elapsed since the period that the father of history, old Herodotus, began to chronicle, in his racy style, the real and imaginary events of the human family.

The part that Wall street has played in this amazing progress has been comparatively large, and would in itself, if thoroughly investigated and fully discussed, make a very large book.

There is one point to which I wish to call particular attention, because it is one which is unknown to the alleged critics of Wall street methods, and it is one which is marked in comparison with the ways of any other branch of the business of this or any other country. In the commercial or manufacturing world, if it becomes desirable for a business man to borrow money, he does so upon notes which bear his own and perhaps the indorsement signatures of other men who are liable in law for the amount. Now, when a Wall street man wants to borrow money, he takes his note to the bank or to the fellow broker from whom the cash is obtained, but attached to the note is collateral security, in the form of stocks and bonds, the market value of which is 10 to 20 per cent. above the amount borrowed, and by the terms of the loan these collateral securities can be sold out at any instant upon the failure of the broker to repay his loan. This is the point in difference, namely, that on Wall street loans the collateral can be turned into cash in the Stock Exchange inside of a few minutes' time, while upon loans made upon the notes of other business men the collateral cannot be turned into cash except through process of court, and the loss of months, and sometimes years, of time. Hence, I say, Wall street loans are more safe and less liable to losses, because of depression in values, than are those in any other section of the business world. This is demonstrated by the fact that so many of our banks doing a broker's business threw up their charters two or three years ago, rather than submit to the

law, which prevented the certification of brokers' checks. It is a fact most creditable to Wall street business men, and pleasantly reflected upon the ways and means which have obtained here, that the losses through brokers' loans have been less during the past decade by—well, say 98 per cent.—than in any other line of business.

HENRY CLEWS.

BACON'S CLAIM AND SHAKESPEARE'S "AYE."

THE following article by Mr. Hugh Black was received some weeks ago from Kincardine, Ontario. It attaches an entirely new meaning to the famous epitaph of Stratford. Mindful of the motto, *Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*—and for the benefit of "Baconians," whose theories have recently found so able a champion in our contributor, the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly—Mr. Black's article is here published, with some interesting comments by Mr. Edward Gordon Clark. It is hardly necessary to restate the fact that the editor of this REVIEW is not responsible for the opinions of its contributors, nor to add that he holds himself guiltless of any wish to dethrone the King of Literature.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

"FRA BA WRT EAR AY."*

IF Lord Bacon wrote the plays that have come down to us under the name of Shakespeare, it was his duty to leave to posterity the means of ascertaining the truth. A secret writing such as Ignatius Donnelly has found in the plays would be one way. Another way might be an epitaph, containing an inner writing, placed on Shakespeare's grave. And the key to the cipher might be made known afterwards. An inscription such as this would seem well suited to the purpose he would have in view. In this inscription he might insist that the grave be not disturbed, and that the stone, with the epitaph on it, be preserved intact. Such a device would possess the quality of permanency in a high degree. It would keep the secret securely till the time for its revelation should arrive. Taking into account the place and the circumstances, a statement conveyed in this way would deserve to be regarded as the most solemn affirmation it was possible for the writer to make. The purpose of this article is to show that Lord

* This title is Mr Black's.—EDITOR.

Bacon did make such an epitaph. The epitaph, which all students of Shakespeare will remember, is as follows:

GOOD FREND FOR JESUS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG T-E DUST ENCLOASED HE.RE.
BLESE BE T-E MAN ⊤ SPARES T-ES STONES
AND CURST BE HE ⊤ MOVES MY BONES.

I have copied it, preserving the distinction of large and small letters, as I find it in Knight's Edition of Shakspere's Works. Charles Knight thinks it was not written by Shakespeare. He says:

"It is very remarkable, we think, that this plain freestone does not bear the name of Shakespere—has nothing to establish the fact that the stone originally belonged to his grave. We apprehend that during the period that elapsed between his death and the setting-up of the monument a stone was temporarily placed over the grave; and that the warning not to touch the bones was the stone-mason's invention, to secure their reverence till a fitting monument should be prepared, if the stone were not ready in his yard to serve for any grave. We quite agree with Mr. De Quincey that this doggerel attributed to Shakespere is 'equally below his intellect, no less than his scholarship,' and we hold with him that 'as a sort of *siste viator* appeal to future sextons, it is worthy of the grave-digger or the parish clerk, who was probably its author.'"

On one point at least De Quincey and Charles Knight are certainly in error. If we take the group of large capital letters near the end of the first and second lines of the epitaph, and arrange them in the proper order, we get all the letters of the name "Shakespeare" except two, enough to establish the fact that the stone was prepared purposely for his grave. And further, the epitaph could not have been made by any local poetizer; for while there was a great variety of ways of spelling the name in Stratford, in no single instance does the letter E occur in the first syllable. Neither could Shakespeare himself have been the author, for a similar reason.

The seeming eccentricities of three of the words of the epitaph are thus accounted for. But there are other peculiarities, of spelling and of large and small capitals, that are not explained. And this brings me to the discovery I have made. It occurred to me, as the epitaph consists of two kinds of letters only, large and small, that Lord Bacon's *omnia per omnia* cipher, described in the *De Augmentis*, might be the key to the secret. "For this

cipher is practicable in all things that are capable of two differences." That the reader may be able intelligently to follow the explanation, I will now quote from the *De Augmentis*, published seven years after Shakespeare's death, the essential part of what Lord Bacon there says on the subject of ciphers, including the key to the cipher used in the epitaph.

"There is a new and useful invention to elude the examination of a cipher, viz., to have two alphabets, the one of significant and the other of non-significant letters; and folding up two writings together, the one conveying the secret, whilst the other is such as the writer might probably send without danger. In case of a strict examination about the cipher, the bearer is to produce the non-significant alphabet for the true, and the true for the non-significant; by which means the examiner would fall upon the outward writing, and finding it probable, suspect nothing of the inner.

"But to prevent all suspicion, we shall here annex a cipher of our own, that we devised at Paris in our youth, and which has the highest perfection of a cipher —that of signifying *omnia per omnia* (anything by everything), provided only the matter included be five times less than that which includes it, without any other condition or limitation. The invention is this: first, let all the letters of the alphabet be resolved into two only, by repetition and transposition; for a transposition of two letters through five places, or different arrangements, will denote two and thirty differences, and consequently fewer, or four and twenty, the number of letters in our alphabet, as in the following example:

A BILITERAL ALPHABET

consisting only of A and B changed through five places, so as to represent all the letters of the common alphabet.

A = *aaaaa*	I = *abaaa*	R = *baaaa*
B = *aaaab*	K = *abaab*	S = *baaab*
C = *aaaba*	L = *ababa*	T = *baaba*
D = *aaabb*	M = *ababb*	V = *baabb*
E = *aabaa*	N = *abbaa*	W = *babaa*
F = *aabab*	O = *abbab*	X = *babab*
G = *aabba*	P = *abbba*	Y = *babba*
H = *aabbb*	Q = *abbbb*	Z = *babbb*

"Thus, in order to write *A*, you write five *a*'s or *aaaaa;* and to write *B*, you write four *a*'s and one *b*, or *aaaab;* and so of the rest.

"Let there be also at hand two other common alphabets, as for example, Roman and italic. All the letters of the Roman are read or deciphered, by translating them into the letter *A* only. And all the letters of the Italic alphabet are to be read by translating them into the letter *B* only. Now adjust or fit any external double-faced writing, letter by letter, to the internal writing, first made biliterate; and afterwards write it down for the letter or epistle to be sent."

It will be observed that Lord Bacon speaks of Roman and italic letters, but large and small letters will do equally well. I now repeat the epitaph, placing the letters in twenty-two groups of five letters each, translating the large capitals into B, and the small capitals into A. The dash is reckoned a small letter, be-

cause it stands for H. The combination $\frac{T}{Y}$ is reckoned as a single large letter, because the T is placed exactly over the Y.

baaab aaaaa aabaa aabbb baaaa
aaaab aaaaa babba aabaa aabaa abbba
baaaa aabab baaba aaaaa babab aaaaa
baaaa aaaaa babaa aaaaa baaaa

Two things will be noticed that give evidence of design: first, there are no letters left over; second, the combinations are all significant, that is, they all stand for letters in Bacon's biliteral alphabet, although the number of possible combinations is thirty-two, and the number used in the alphabet only twenty-four. Referring to the alphabet, the twenty-two groups are found to stand for the following twenty-two letters:

S A E H R
B A Y E | E P
R F T A | X A
R A W A R

Above and to the right of the line I have drawn are the letters forming the word "Shaxpeare," spelled this time with an X. The thirteen letters below and to the left form suggestive parts of five other words, "*Fra Ba wrt ear ay*," which, being completed, read, "*Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare's Plays.*" Whilst the letters are arranged promiscuously, it will be seen that there is a certain order followed, beginning at the bottom left-hand corner, and ending at the upper right-hand corner. This seems to indicate that the word "Shaxpeare" is to be read last, and is intended as a signature.

It is now clear that this epitaph was written by Bacon; for a cipher is used that was devised by him, and this cipher was not published until long after the plain freestone had been placed over Shakespeare's grave.

It remains only to indicate what seems to have been Shakespeare's part in the affair of the epitaph. It is not at all likely that his family would have allowed such a piece of doggerel to be placed on his grave if they had not known that it was by his express command. Nor is it likely that Bacon would have caused it to be put there if he had not previously obtained Shakespeare's consent. And the fact that his name occurs in the inner writing,

seems to show that the cipher had been explained to him, and that he had consented to have his name put in it by way of signature.

The tradition that Shakespeare himself made the epitaph a little before his death, has probably this much foundation : That before his death he instructed the stonemason to prepare the gravestone, gave him the epitaph, and insisted that every letter be faithfully copied, preserving accurately the distinction between large and small letters. To help in securing accuracy, he very likely explained that the large letters near the end of the first two lines were intended for his own name. In doing so he would have been acting according to the plan recommended by Bacon in the first paragraph of my quotation from the *De Augmentis*. In the epitaph, then, it would appear that we have the solemn affirmation, not of Bacon only, but of Shakespeare also, that Francis Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's Plays.

HUGH BLACK.

"BAKON, SHAXPERE—WE."

MR. CLARK'S DISCOVERIES.

COMPLYING with the request of the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, I have very carefully examined the contribution from Mr. Hugh Black, and will state the results. But they are so unexpected and startling that no one but myself must be held accountable for my conclusions.

Mr. Black claims that he has discovered the application of Francis Bacon's biliteral cipher to William Shakespeare's epitaph. There can be no doubt that Mr. Black's paper, entitled "Fra Ba Wrt Ear Ay," justifies the claim. Any one who will look at Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" (the translation in Bohn's Philosophical Library) will find, from page 221 to page 225, all the quotations that Mr. Black has made. Bacon explains also, with perfect precision, the working of the cipher. Mr. Black has followed his directions implicitly.

The Shakespeare epitaph is correctly reproduced by Mr. Black—every letter, every point of punctuation. The epitaph is rarely printed in modern editions of Shakespeare, and is sometimes incorrect even in the editions of Knight. For instance, in "The Stratford Shakespeare," published by Appleton & Co., 1874 Vol. 1, page 159, I find this :

GOOD FRIEND FOR JESUS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG T-E DUST ENCLOASED HEARE :
BLESTE BE $\frac{E}{Y}$ MAN $\frac{T}{Y}$ SPARES THESE STONES,
AND CURST BE HE $\frac{T}{Y}$ MOVES MY BONES.

But, on appeal to "Shake-speare's Complete Works," Knight's Biographical volume, page 542 (London : Virtue & Co.), the epitaph is found in print as Mr. Knight says it was put on the tombstone, and as Mr. Black has transcribed it.

Mr. Black calls attention to the monstrous peculiarities of this piece of "doggerel," but insists, against Mr. Knight, that it must have been designed for Shakespeare's grave, and no other. Again, Mr. Black is undoubtedly correct. He points to the words "SAKE" and "HE .RE." in the first and second lines, as containing nearly all the letters in Shakespeare's name. But suppose we glance at "SAKE" in the first line, and then at SPARES, immediately under it in the third line. Then only H and E are missing from the name, and these two letters are fairly thrown at the eye from all parts of the epitaph.

S(H)AKE SP(E)ARES, T-Es Stones ; T-E Dust ; T-E Man.—It is an eye pretty nearly blind that is unable to see a very strange and artful purpose here. But just in this queer way of saying "Shake-speare," lies Bacon's "non-significant alphabet," as he termed it, which hides the "true one," yet in itself looks like a cipher "by which means the examiner would fall upon the outward writing, and, finding it probable, suspect nothing of the inner." The spurious cipher here—the one that "gives itself away" as soon as a cipher is thought of at all—and was undoubtedly meant to do so—is the plain fact that the epitaph is loaded with the name of Shakespeare, without directly uttering it.

But now let us follow Mr. Black with the "inner," the "true," the "significant" cipher. Any one can easily verify him at every step.

I took the epitaph, as Bacon directs, and divided it into segments, so that each segment was "a combination of five letters." In these segments, I then followed Mr. Black in reducing the whole epitaph to a and b. *a* would naturally be used for all the small letters, and b for the large ones; as, otherwise, the biliteral alphabet—capable of thirty-two combinations—would give eight possible letters not used as English signs of sound. Moreover, any one constructing a sentence to hold a cipher would avoid suspicion by using as few large, or in any way peculiar letters as the writing would permit. The first segment of the epitaph is | Good F| , or baaab.

But here I repeat a little of Mr. Black's work, for the reason that I have made some additions to it. He treats the hyphen which forms the "H" in "T-E" as a small letter. It is both small and large. Alone, it is small enough, but, in conjunction with the "T" and the "E," it is certainly a full capital. The result is this :

	S *baaab*	A *aaaaa*	E *aabaa*	H *aabbb*	R *baaaa*
B *aaaab*	A *aaaaa*	Y *babba* *bbbba* Q	E *aabaa*	E *aabaa*	P *abbba*
R *baaaa*	F *aabab* *aabbb* H	T *baaba*	A *aaaaa*	X *babab* *bbbab* Z	A *aaaaa*
	R *baaaa*	A *aaaaa*	W *babaa*	A *aaaaa*	R *baaaa*

This is Mr. Black's diagram of Bacon's "significants :"

S A E H R
B A Y E | E P
R F T A | X A
R A W A R

The extra letters, obtained by reading the Hyphen (with its limits) as a capital letter, are H Z Q.

It should be said that the names of Shakespeare and Bacon would, by the very nature of the case, be at once anticipated and sought by any one discovering the connection between Bacon's cipher in *De Augmentis* and Shakespeare's tombstone. It was inevitable, therefore, that Mr. Black should place the letters of this anagram about as he did, and should read them thus:

FRA BA WRT EAR AY.
SHAXPEARE.

But it will be found that the assertion, "Francis Bacon wrote Shake-speare's Playes," is not derivable from these "significants." That assertion is just now "in the air," or, rather, it is in the mind of every "Baconian," and it appears to have taken Mr. Black away from the actual interpretation. Let us *stick to Bacon*, his rules and his facts.

It is necessary to mention, at this point, that I find the Shakespeare epitaph to consist of a methodical series of anagrams, composed of such "significants" as Mr. Black exhibits in the figure he has drawn. On falling into order, each of these anagrams gives a brief statement in regard to Francis Bacon, William Shakespeare, or both. The anagrams are exact, and cannot be made to work except as the author intended. But they are compressed and abbreviated, and they are phonetic. No attention is paid to spelling. The struggle is to express the sense. As I read the first one, it stands thus:

FRA BA WRYT EAR. A, A !—SHAXPERE.

"Writ" is an old form of the indicative past frequently used by Shakespeare, and I place the two A's as solemn affirmations. The anagram might be read:

FRA BA WRT EAR. AYA !—SHAXPERE.

This would in no wise change the sense; but that the surplus A's stand for iteration and exclamation I have reason to judge from what will follow. Remembering that we are at work with Lord Bacon—*his* cipher, *his* key—the phonetic sentence easily translates itself into this:

FRANCIS BACON WROTE HERE: AYE, AYE!
SHAXPERE.

Of course the sentence might be inverted, to read

SHAXPERE WROTE HERE: AYE, AYE!
FRA BA.

But that would really make no difference; for another application of the cipher, as I shall show, affirms that Bacon "obeyed Shaxpere" in "narrating" the epitaph.

But now let us take the three letters—"significants" they are indeed—which are derived from reading the hyphens of the epitaph as capitals Two of these letters, Q and Z, depend on reading their "significants" inversely, just as we invert the effect of the hyphen in finding them. The third letter, H, is simply what the hyphen forms, in its direct outward use, whether large or small. The three "significants" are H. Z. Q., or

HIS CUE.

So we have:

FRA BA WRYT EAR H Z. Q : A, A ! ,—
FRANCIS BACON WROTE HERE HIS CUE : AYE, AYE!

A subsidiary meaning is undoubtedly this: All the letters, H. Z. Q. (his cue), depend on the hyphen, and just this hyphen is the "cue" by which his cipher

fits the epitaph, and by which his *nom de plume* "Shake-speare" is related to Shaxpere.

But let us put all the "significants" together. The whole list is this:

A !—Fra Baq Wryt Hear az Shaxpere.
Aye! Francis Bacon "Writ" here as Shaxpere.

The world is certainly indebted to Mr. Hugh Black for a most amazing discovery. Let us look further at the Shakespeare epitaph.

To a scholar, the most ridiculous thing in it—an utter abomination—is the separation, at the end of the second line, of the word "here" into two parts: thus, "HE.Re." Could anything else in all literature be in such bad form as this? But in the light of Bacon's cipher, the abbreviated Latin particle, "Re," instantly suggests the command to return, to go backward, to try again. I so understood it, and applied the cipher, beginning at the last letter of the epitaph and ending with the first. It comes out thus:

B *aaaab*	A *aaaaa*	F *aabab*	A *aaaaa*	B *aaaab*	
A *aaaaa*	X { *babab* } { *babbb* } Z	A *aaaaa*	K *abaab*	W { *babaa* } { *bbbaa* } H	B *aaaab*
P *abbba*	E *aabaa*	E *aabaa*	O { *abbab* } { *abbbb* } Q	A *aaaaa*	R *baaaa*
B *aaaab*	H *bbbaa*	E *aabaa*	A *aaaaa*	S *baaab*	

The hyphen is again tabulated as both a large and small letter, and the second combination in the last line must be read backward.

The translation of the cipher in Mr. Black's way gives these letters as Bacon's significants:

B A F A B
A X A K W B
P E E O A R
B H E A S.

The upper line consists of Francis Bacon's initials; or, rather, the letters F. BA, peculiarly repeated by the position of the F. The line may be allowed to stand by itself awhile.

The next glance shows that the name of Shaxpere can be eliminated. The remaining letters below the line form the sounds, Baco, We, Ba. Adding the letters of the top line, we have, as the whole product, so far:

Shaxpere, Bako, We: F. Ba, Ba, Ba, A.

It is plain that, if the letter N were in the anagram, it would have wonderful significance, containing, as it would, the full names, phonetically at least, of

both Shakespeare and Bacon. But wait: b and a are the constituents of the cipher itself. How do they form an N? Thus—abbaa. Take the superfluous letters from F. Ba, Ba, Ba, A, and we have just the required abbaa, or N.—leaving F. BA. So the epitaph reads:

BAKON,		SHAXPERE,
SHAXPERE,	or	BAKON,
WE.		WE.
F. BA.		F. BA.

If now, the hyphens of the Shake-speare epitaph are used as large, instead of small, letters,—as b's instead of a's,—we are confronted with the significants H H Z Q., or,

H HZ Q— H HIS CUE.

Once again: Letting the names Shakespere and Bacon stand as they are, suppose we take all that is left. Then we have:

F B A W E H Z Q

Rearranged, the letters are:

F B Q W A Z H E— F. BQ. WAS HE.

Or the meaning of the significants, entire, is this:

SHAXPERE:
BACON WAS HE.
F. BAQ.

The acute reader will, of course, observe that Bacon's "Re.," in the word "HE.Re.," has more than one application. The command, or hint, is many-sided, and appears to have special reference to the position of the particle in the epitaph. I tried the cipher next, beginning at the period in "HE.Re.," connecting with the right-hand end of the line above, then keeping on and around back to the period. This process gives:

R	A	Q	C	A	I
baaaa	*aaaaa*	*bbbba*	*aaaba*	*aaaaa*	*abaaa*
D	F	S	B	D	
bbaaa	*aabab*	*baaab*	*aaaab*	*aaabb*	
	aabbb				
	H				

R A Q C A I
D F S B D—or,

FRACS BAQ DID—FRANCIS BACON DID!

Here is a reiteration of the solemn "Aye!" previously found, and which I said I must regard as correct.

But here, too, I have followed Mr. Black, and used the hyphen in "T-E" as a small letter (a). In my list of significants, however, it is included as H (b). It changes the first result into

FRACS BAQ HIDD. (FRANCIS BACON HID.)

My fourth application of the cipher began, again, with the period in "HE.Re"—that is, with "E.," going back and around to the start. These are the biliteral

combinations and their alphabetic correspondents—omitting, at first, the doubly counted hyphen.

D	R	S	W	D	
bbaaa	*baaaa*	*baaab*	*babaa*	*aaabb*	
			bbbaa		
			H		
C	A	I	Q	A	B
aaaba	*aaaaa*	*abaaa*	*abbbb*	*aaaaa*	*aaaab*

DRSWD CAIQAB

BAQ RAISD DC. W.

BACON RAISED DECEASED WILLIAM.

I was puzzled, at first, to know whether Bacon meant he "raised" Shakespeare —say from his young manhood to his theatrical maturity—or whether, as we should say, he "elevated" William's "standing." I was soon informed; for, on reducing the first line of the epitaph backward, and the second line forward, to the cipher and its anagram, there came out of it the words:

BA AIDED, EQUIPPED.

I need not further display the biliteral reductions in detail, as any reader can obtain them for himself by going carefully over my ground.

I must mention here, to avoid the "smart" criticism of some sweet-minded wag, that the statement "BAQ RAISD D C W" is not the most direct reduction, which would be

BAQ RAISED C D (SEEDY) WILLIAM.

But "Fra Baq"—that terrific dealer in double meanings, phonetic and other—has anticipated the charge of such post-mortem levity. The hyphen as a large letter (H)—not used at first in any of my results—has no application, this time, that I can see, except to drop faintly between D and C, and determine the word as "deceased."

I must now mention another striking peculiarity of the Shake-speare epitaph, and state a finding I have made in connection with it. The "$\frac{T}{Y}$" in each of the last two lines stands for a large letter in the epitaph as a whole, and counts for b in the biliteral alphabet. Mr. Black has so used it, and rightly. But Bacon gave it a double use. *$\frac{T}{Y}$ is at once a large letter (double size) and *four small ones*. Turned on its side the T makes an H; the foot of it crosses the v-part of the Y, making A; and the lower part of the Y, crossed by its base, makes a second T. The $\frac{T}{Y}$ is thus literally "*that*" in *one large letter*. So it can be used as five biliteral signs—one large letter and four small ones. This gives eight new counters for the biliteral alphabet—all a's in their several combinations. They are used with great effect in the last two lines of the epitaph, where they stand in conjunction with the "Re" of the second line; for thus the combinations of five, constituting the biliteral alphabet, come out even. "Fra Baq" has made good use of these extras. Now, keeping them in mind, biliteralize the epitaph, beginning at "Re.," taking the third and fourth lines backward. Then join the end of the third

* See the epitaph. The regular type here does not quite express the matter.—E. G. C.

line with the beginning of the fourth, and go to the end of it. The significants of the third and fourth lines alone are:

R F I C A M D
Q A R R C B A

Those of the fourth line and its connecting B are :

D A L A A R.

The first anagram delayed and annoyed me greatly. The initials F. B. were there, and the inevitable "Q." The bunch of R's necessitated some such word as "robbery" or "bribery," but neither would answer. Finally I eliminated "F. B." and his "Q. ;" put the letters R A D I C A together, merely because I was stuck there, and threw down the rest in disgust. These strange "significants" suddenly shaped themselves as

M B R A C R,

and the story was told. "Embracery" is the old legal term for judicial corruption, and Lord Bacon has come down in history as an "Embracor." The whole statement is

EMBRACER Q : F. B. R A D I C A L.

EMBRACER CUE : F. BACON RADICAL.

Bacon *was* "radical" enough, in politics, religion, and science. Besides, he instantly corroborates himself. The significants, D A L A A R, already given, constitute

A LADAR.

The three lines (*belonging together*, *remember*) become

MBRACER Q : F BA. RADICA LADAAR.

Bacon gives two reasons *in one* why he was charged with "Embracery!" He was "radical" and a (court) "ladder" (for some one else to climb on). Hence, in those packed "significants," he makes one "L" do for the end of "radica(l)" and the beginning of "(l)adder." The "Embracery" (bribery) cue is that Francis Bacon was "radical" and a "ladder."

I will give three more reductions from this wonderful epitaph.

Begin with "Re." and read to the end of the lines. The product is:

W B N R A L
R I A L A A R } H. P.

Two legitimate readings come out of this anagram :

BA WIL NARRA HPR LA (Lays)
and
BA WIL NARRA HR PLA (Plays).

After we get well along in the use of his cipher, Bacon uses "H P R" for the hyphenated "Shake-speare ;" but at this point he has been giving me information in regard to "Shakespeare" in general, whom he explains as a symbol, in "iambic-idyllic heroics," of Henry of Navarre ; declaring, as I understand him, that "Henry Laq" (Lackland, I suppose) was produced by order of Elizabeth. To

"narrate" is the old form of saying "to put in story," and "lay" is an obsolescent word for almost anything in the way of metrical composition. I am not sure but even the Shakespeare sonnets are filled with some cipher; but I think Bacon means that he will inject a story into the Henry Plays. The most direct possible phonetics generally express him. Here the double sound may declare a double significance. I can tell later. But, relying on my Lord Bacon himself, I am perfectly confident that the forthcoming work of Ignatius Donnelly is anything but a hoax.

If Bacon's biliteral alphabet, according to the explanations I have now made, be applied to the whole Shakespeare epitaph, counting the period in "HE . Re" as a small letter, the result is

BA WIL NARRA AL SHAPERE HEAR BY Q
OR
BA WIL NARRA AL SHAQPERE HEAR.—
BACON WILL NARRATE ALL SHAKESPEARE HERE.

"Fra Baq" has already told me about "Shaqpere," in pronouncing upon his origin and the derivation of his name. But my space is limited.

I must explain one thing more, however. Mr. Black reminds us that Shakespeare's epitaph has always been called "doggerel." It *is* such. But *that* is in what Bacon would call the "non-significant" aspect. In the inner, the "significant" aspect, I suspect it will turn out to be the most marvelous stanza of writing ever composed on earth. Nothing is in it without a purpose. In putting on the whole pressure of his cipher, Bacon finally uses even the period at the end of "Re(.)" as well as the one in "HE(.)Re." This connects the whole epitaph into such a number of combinations (fives) that the first two lines can be used with the second two when the $\frac{T}{Y}$'s are counted as five letters each.* Fit the cipher to the four lines connected in this way, and what was probably intended for the concluding anagram of the Epitaph is this:

S	A	E	H	A	B	
baaab	*aaaaa*	*aabaa*	*aabbb*	*baaaa*	*aaaab*	
A	Y	E	E	O		
aaaaa	*babba*	*aabaa*	*aabaa*	*abbab*		
	bbbba					
	Q					
E	B	N	R	A	L	R
aabaa	*aaaab*	*abbaa*	*baaaa*	*aaaaa*	*ababa*	*baaaa*
		bbbaa				
		H				
I	A	L	A	A	R	P
abaaa	*aaaaa*	*ababa*	*aaaaa*	*aaaaa*	*baaaa*	*abbba*

SAEHAB
AYEEOQ
EBNRAL
HRIALAARP.

SHAQ PERE ALL NARA HERE: A! I OBAY.
BA.

JACQUES PIERRE IS ALL NARRATED HERE: AYE!
I OBEY (HIS WISHES).
BACON.

* He also uses the period at the end of the last line, and with marvelous results.—E. G. C.

As these comments on Mr. Hugh Black's wonderful discovery will be apt to bring a little thunder and lightning about my own head, I must be pardoned for saying that I have never been a "Baconian," nor do I care much who wrote the Shakespeare plays. Not that I am indifferent to justice of any kind—even musty and moldy historic justice. But I have in hand what, to me, are moral and practical interests of so much greater moment, that I had taken but little interest in the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy until Mr. Black's paper was put into my hands, that I might deal with it professionally, as an impartial literary expert. I have taken out of the Shakespeare epitaph what I have found in it; and have ascertained that Francis Bacon fitted that epitaph to his "*Omnia per Omnia* Cipher." No head on the globe, that holds any conception of cause and effect, can long doubt Mr. Black's claim in that regard. There is no use of talking about "happy coincidences," or stopping to consider any other like nonsense. The geologic epoch of the earth, to say nothing of the historic epoch, is not long enough to produce two such "coincidences" as we find here by the score. In this piece of accidental work I have already gathered so much material that I am tempted to announce, for the immediate future, "The Anagrammatic Biography of William Shakspere: By Francis Bacon." It has lain unpublished some two hundred and seventy years. But there is no great difficulty in bringing it out.

EDWARD GORDON CLARK.

THE RACE FOR PRIMACY.

SOME years ago when visiting England, it was my good fortune to induce the greatest living Englishman to write for this REVIEW the now famous paper "Kin Beyond Sea." In this essay Mr. Gladstone expressed the opinion that the time was not far distant when America would wrest from England her commercial primacy, and that Englishmen would have no more title to murmur than had Holland, or Venice, or Genoa.

This prediction at the time challenged severe criticism and even vehement personal denunciation in England, but in this country it only emphasized the far-reaching foresight which has so strongly marked the utterances of this illustrious statesman.

In view of the recent Victorian Jubilee a rapid glance at half a century of national advancement in the United States as contrasted with that of Great Britain will be instructive and perhaps to some readers surprising. It is far from my present purpose to belittle the wonderful work done in England throughout the reign of Queen Victoria, which in material advancement has made Englishmen prosperous beyond precedent, and in government has gone far to recognize the essential right of public opinion and to demonstrate the weakness of old-world despotism. My object is merely to review in outline the achievements of a people dedicated to the great experiment of American democracy as compared with the advancement recorded during half a century by the most enlightened and most liberally governed of transatlantic countries.

It should be borne in mind that the last fifty years in this country have been full of peculiar dangers and difficulties. Our embarrassments have been those of a young man starting in the world without capital or credit. The spell of progress was upon us from the first, yet our stock in trade was insignificant

when compared with the wealth and credit of England in the plenitude of her commercial prosperity. But the nobility of industry and commerce was early recognized in this country. The true religion of American democracy prevailed—*laborare est orare.* The migration of nations peopled states, vast as old empires. The enfranchised genius of the "plain people" bore us through all the tribulations of new governments. It sustained the nation through the deadliest war of modern times, and has built up, within the memory of tens of thousands of living men, the most colossal power the world ever saw.

The rapid development of American wealth and institutions seems to have brought with it a marked change in the American national character. This change was wrought by our civil war. The ante-bellum traits of daring youth, doubt, and consequent boastfulness, have yielded to the more tempered traits of maturity. Four years of Titanic struggle and of sorrow that cast a shadow over every home in the land, sobered the nation North and South. British tourists of a generation ago never failed to point out, and generally to exaggerate, the American trait that Emerson described as "the peacock in our national character." It has been taken for granted by most observing Americans that this peacock was one of the victims of the war. But, strangely enough, recent British literature compels one to doubt whether our peacock was correctly numbered among the dead — whether it ought not to have been classed among the "missing." For it seems to have crossed the Atlantic, to have foresworn its allegiance to America to become a truly loyal British subject. John Bull has commonly been regarded as a personage too proud to be vain, but the English Jubilee reviewers have seemed disposed to mark the Jubilee year by a display of self-complacency which puts into the shade our old-time Fourth of July orators in the palmiest days of their spread-eagle rhetoric. If this is an illustration of the much dreaded "Americanization of England," it is to be hoped that she will not assume the cast-off follies and frailties of our national adolescence. Great as has been the progress of the United Kingdom during the Victorian Era, we cannot on this side of the Atlantic admit that John Bull is, so to speak, the Kit Carson of advancing civilization.

Although it is true now, and a century hence will be still

more widely true, that "Europe, not England, is the mother country of America," yet the fact remains that Americans, as a class, whatever their race-origin, feel, and will continue to feel, a closer sense of relationship to the people that founded our earlier settlements, and from whom we inherited our language, a large portion of our literature, and the crude framework of our political institutions, than they feel toward any other nation of the old world, ancient or modern. And while we can rejoice, and do rejoice, in this marvelous growth during the last half century of the United Kingdom, yet there is no disposition, in America, to admit that, in any element of national prosperity, we have any cause to shrink from a comparison.

To show that this feeling is founded on no vain-glorious assumption or presumption, let us compare briefly by the light of accessible data* the relative progress of the United Kingdom and the United States during a period of fifty years.

The increase of population is one of the surest tests of national prosperity, as well as the best guarantee for its perpetuity.

In fifty years the population of the United Kingdom has increased at the rate of 42 per cent.; from 26,000,000 in 1837 to 37,000,000 in 1887. During fifty years the population of the United States nearly quadrupled—a ten times greater increase. In 1830 it was 12,866,020; in 1880 it was 50,155,783.

English writers assign, as one cause of the less rapid growth of the United Kingdom, the loss of not quite 24,000 men in the Crimean War and of 95,000 persons by cholera. But the natural increase of the population of the United States was far more seriously checked by wars and disease; for during our Civil War, the North alone lost 279,376 men killed in battle, and 29,725 who died in Confederate prisons. The Confederates lost, according to

* Desiring to avoid the uncertainty of estimates and to rely as far as possible upon official statistics, I have been forced in some instances to compute the fifty years contrasted with the Victorian Era as the period between 1830 and 1880. This method of computation decidedly favors the United Kingdom and compels the omission of comparisons more telling and more favorable to the United States than any here given. In some few cases, as, for example, in referring to the increase of post-offices, my deduction from comparisons has followed the same course of reasoning as the Victorian Jubilee writers have generally adopted, although such a course of reasoning may, in these few instances, be open to objections. It should also be borne in mind that American statisticians fall short, in many cases, of the elaborate computations of foreign statisticians, and this is especially true of the earlier years referred to in this article.

one partial statement, self-evidently not complete, and admitted to be an under-estimate, 133,821 killed in battle. There is no record of naval losses on both sides available; but it is certain that America did not lose fewer than half a million of men during the war, and it is believed by expert statisticians that the united losses were nearly a million of men, who perished directly or indirectly, from wounds and disease, during the war, or in consequence of it. Immigration also decreased greatly during the continuance of our Civil War. During our Mexican War, we lost over 4,000 men; and yellow fever, in our Southern States, and cholera throughout the country, have far exceeded in mortality all the ravages of epidemics in the United Kingdom.

Fifty years ago, our leading cities of to-day were either not in existence or were small towns and villages, while the City of New York at the last census—not to speak of the extraordinary increase since the last National census of 1880—had a population of 1,206,299, Philadelphia of 847,170, Brooklyn of 566,663, Chicago of 503,185, Boston of 362,839, and St. Louis of 350,518. No English city, except Sheffield, has increased at a greater rate than 138 per cent,—London at the rate of 108 per cent. only,—and yet the increase of English towns, as a whole, has been three times more rapid than that of the population.

Recent statistics show, also, that the rate of increase in the United Kingdom is steadily declining.

This fact is attributed to emigration; but emigration is only another form and another proof of a decline in national prosperity. For people never leave their native country in large numbers, unless they are driven away by necessity and are tolerably certain of bettering their condition in exile.

The influx of immigration is also a sure sign of national prosperity. For the vast majority of immigrants are induced to emigrate by reason of letters from the country to which they go attesting its prosperity.

The United Kingdom has lost over nine millions of souls by emigration during the Victorian Era. Of these British subjects who preferred the chance of prosperity in exile to the certainty of poverty at home, 4,186,000 were Irish, 4,045,000 were English, and 870,000 were Scotch. The number of foreigners who settle in Great Britain has averaged about ten thousand yearly for the last decade, "Of whom," a high English authority says, "a

strong feeling of jealousy has sprung up. This is most unjust and impolitic, since no country is more indebted than England to foreign settlers and refugees for the development of her industries." True; and English historians have not failed to eulogize England as a land of refuge for the oppressed, nor to show how her hospitality has been richly repaid by the introduction of industries of which at one time the native countries of these exiles enjoyed a monopoly. Yet these writers fail to perceive that English Government has driven nine millions of the people of the United Kingdom to other countries, mostly to the United States (700 persons, chiefly adults, leave England every day), in order to enjoy greater liberty, as well as to share in our general prosperity, of which the chief cause is our system of government.

Only four per cent. of the population of the United Kingdom are foreign born.

The statistics of emigration for the United States show that during the Victorian Era no less than 13,448,657 emigrants arrived in the United States, of whom 4,698,098 were from Great Britain and Ireland, and 8,746,921 from the continent of Europe. The lowest number was 8,385; the highest—(in 1857)—was 298,-967. This is a practical, international and incontrovertible verdict on the prosperity of the United States that no patriotic sophistry can set aside. For this vast emigration was wholly voluntary.

But the quality of a country's population is as important as its number. An educated and intelligent people is one of the best proofs of national prosperity and a demonstration of the excellence of its government. The education of the English people has made great progress during the Victorian Era. "The increase of school children recently—since 1875—has been seventy per cent., or seven times faster than that of population." Yet this attendance is fifty per cent. less than the school accommodations.

Millions of the working classes of the United Kingdom are so poor that they cannot take advantage of the educational opportunities provided for them. The percentage of adults who can write is 82 in the United Kingdom, against 90 in the United States, and it should be borne in mind that an overwhelming proportion of our percentage of adult illiterates is of foreign birth, or was born in slavery, and, therefore, had no chance of enjoying the advantages of our educational institutions. The number of

school teachers in the United Kingdom is 89,477; in the United States 272,686. The United Kingdom, with a population of 37 millions, had four million of school children. The United States, with a population of 50 millions, had five and a half million school children.

It is claimed that the number of post-offices is an indirect test of the increase of intelligence. In 1837 there were less than 12,000 post-offices in the United States. There are now about 54,000.

The sale of periodicals is perhaps a better test. In 1850 there were 2,526 periodicals published in the United States. There are now nearly 15,000, and in thirty years (from 1850 to 1880) their united circulation has increased from 5,142 millions to 31,177 millions. There are no equivalent statistics of the United Kingdom at present available, but it is claimed that the amount of money spent to-day in that country is nine shillings per head on both books and newspapers, as against two shillings in 1840. These figures show that we are far ahead of the United Kingdom in our "patronage" of current literature. In 1886 we spent $50,800,000 in the purchase of periodicals alone, or about five-eighths of the amount, per capita, expended in the United Kingdom, both in books and periodicals; and this does not include what we paid for English periodicals, which are very largely circulated in this country.

The United Kingdom has increased enormously in wealth during the Victorian fifty years—from $20,500,000,000 to $46,050,000,000, or at the rate of 124 per cent—three times greater than the rate of increase of the population.

The chief items of the wealth thus estimated are railways, houses, furniture, cattle, etc., shipping, merchandise, bullion, and "sundries."

In 1840 there were 840 miles of railway in the United Kingdom; in 1837 there were 1,500 miles in the United States; to-day there are in the United Kingdom, 19,170 miles; in the United States, 136,195 miles. All of Europe has but 123,526 miles.

There was no authentic report of the total investments in railroads in the United States until quite recently; but to-day the investment in railroads in the United Kingdom is $4,080,000,000—in the United States $8,339,285,842—much more than double, to our credit.

American official statistics do not furnish authentic figures to make a contrast in the relative increase in houses, except on farms, the total value of which, in the United States, in 1880, was $9,000,000,000,—only three billions of dollars less than the entire value of *all* the houses, rural and city, in the United Kingdom. This single fact shows that the amount invested in the United States in buildings in city and country far exceeds the amount similarly invested in the United Kingdom.

I find no specific computation of the value of furniture in America; but, assuming, as British statistical experts assume, that the value of furniture, on a large average, is about fifty per cent. of the value of the houses, the value of the furniture in our rural buildings alone is $5,000,000,000, while the value of the furniture in *every* house in the United Kingdom is only $6,600,000,000. It is a very moderate deduction from these figures to estimate the value of furniture in the United States at double that of the United Kingdom.

The value of lands in the United Kingdom has fallen, since 1870, $2,150,000,000, and, to use a common market report phrase, "it still has a downward tendency." The value of land in the United States, in every State in the Union, has risen during the same period, and during that time several great and flourishing States were organized, including the entire Pacific Slope. America created, peopled, and covered with great cities, railways, and vineyards the prosperous State of California, while the United Kingdom, according to a high English authority, was devoting her energies to the erection of a tawdry House of Parliament.

The value of all the cattle and farm implements in the United Kingdom is $2,000,000,000. There are no statistics available of the value of farm implements in the United States; but we kill, in the slaughter-houses of the Northwest alone, every year, cattle whose value is about one-sixth of that amount, or over $300,000,000. Our live cattle on farms were valued, in the census of 1880, at $1,500,384,707.

Shipping in the United Kingdom has multiplied sixfold in value. In 1840, the average tonnage cost £10; in some of the great transatlantic steamers it now averages £40 a ton.

At the outbreak of our Civil War the United States led all the world in the amount of its steam tonnage; but, since that period,

the United Kingdom has taken the lead. She owes the present prosperity of her shipping interests less to her own enterprise than to the misfortunes of her former rivals.

Our domestic shipping on the rivers and great lakes shows no decrease ; but has steadily increased, and is now more prosperous than at any previous period of our history, notwithstanding the enormous competition of the railroads at all points as common carriers.

The value of merchandise (the term meaning commercial articles within the country) is fixed by British statisticians at the amount of six months exports and imports.

This item in the United Kingdom was, in 1840, $350,000,000 ; and, in 1886, $1,605,000,000.

The same reasoning would show the merchandise in the United States to have been $121,000,000 (in 1837) and $720,000,000 in 1886. But a comparison, under this rule of computation, while showing a five-fold increase by the United Kingdom and a six-fold increase by the United States, is unfair to us ; for we are daily increasing the consumption of our own products, the values of which (although properly falling under the head of merchandise) do not appear in the tables of our exports and imports. The United Kingdom, on the other hand, depends for food, clothing, and the other necessaries of life largely upon foreign countries, and such articles, therefore, enormously swell its bulk of imports. Thus, in 1880, the United States manufactured flour to the value of more than $500,000,000, fully two-thirds of which was consumed at home. Although this should be computed with the articles comprising merchandise, yet it has no showing in the figures of the imports and exports of the United States ; and the same may be said of cattle which, being slaughtered, became merchandise to the value, in 1880, of $303,000,000, so that a fair comparison between the merchandise of the two countries would show not only a greater increase by the United States but a vastly greater sum total.

The bullion in a country is one of the items,—not generally unappreciated,—of her wealth. The United Kingdom valued her possessions of this article at $305,000,000 in 1840, and at $715,000,000 in 1887. I know of no trustworthy estimate of the bullion in the United States, but during the last forty years we have produced, from our mines, gold and silver to

the value of $2,393,000,000, and the vast unmined supply is uncalculable.

Loans to foreign countries constitute the bulk of the items of "sundries" in the estimated wealth of the United Kingdom. These "sundries" were estimated, in 1840, at $3,650,000,000, and in 1882 at $9,070,000,000. More than $4,000,000,000 of this sum is in "foreign loans,"—such as the Egyptian and Turkish loans,—and $2,160,000,000 in Colonial loans. It may well be questioned whether these loans to foreign countries are in reality wealth. Certainly the Turkish and Egyptian will be utterly valueless if ever the United Kingdom ceases to have the power to extort the payment of the interest on them.

We are embarrassed by no such present or possible complications.

But the accumulation of wealth is not the only nor chief measure of progress. The increase of manufactures, of "steam-power and energy," of the food supply, and of banking—the advance in science, in agriculture, and in the production of machinery and metals—the improvements of methods of instruction, and facilities of inter-communication between the various parts of the country—these are factors of national prosperity far more important than the mere heaping up of the precious metals.

The value of manufactures in the United Kingdom has trebled during the Victorian Era, but between 1850 and 1880 the manufactures in the United States increased at least fivefold, alike in the value of products, of capital invested, and of wages paid.

Before 1850, there were no trustworthy statistics of manufactures in the United States, and it is therefore impossible to illustrate the comparative growth during the different decades.

Two of the principal textile manufactures of the United Kingdom during the Victorian Era were cotton and wool. In 1841 the annual value of woolen manufactures in the United Kingdom was $140,000,000; in 1885 it was $210,000,000. In the United States in 1850 it was $39,000,000; in 1880, $267,000,000. The cotton industry in the United Kingdom in 1840 was $200,000,000, and in 1885 it was $440,000,000. In the United States in 1860 it was $107,337,783, and in 1880 it was $211,000,000. Thus, in these two items alone, while the sums total of both industries do not equal the production of the United Kingdom, the percentage of increase is vastly greater.

Among the industries of the United States, which have comparatively no existence in the United Kingdom, are flouring, which has risen from $136,000,000 (in 1850) to $505,000,000 (1880); slaughtering and meat packing, which has risen from nil to $303,000,000; and the manufacture of tobacco, which has risen from $13,000,000 (in 1850) to $117,000,000 (in 1880).

Distilleries and breweries are among the most flourishing industries of both the United Kingdom and the United States; the production, in both instances, being almost wholly consumed at home. In 1840 the United Kingdom consumed 646,000,000 gallons of malt liquors, and in 1885 991,000,000 gallons. The United States in 1840 consumed 23,000,000 gallons, and in 1886 614,500,000 gallons. The United Kingdom in 1840 produced 16,500,000 gallons of distilled liquors, against 30,000,000 gallons in 1885; the United States produced 43,000,000 gallons in 1840, and 76,000,000 gallons in 1886. From an ethical point of view these figures may not seem very flattering to us; but as a test of the general diffusion of wealth and increase of manufactures they are important. A comparison of miscellaneous manufactures of the two countries shows similarly a result in favor of the United States.

Coal and iron are the only minerals of note in the United Kingdom. The United Kingdom produces annually 60,000,000 more tons of coal than the United States; but if in the coal yield of the United States be included petroleum and natural gas, our production will at least equal and probably surpass that of the United Kingdom. Another important fact to be noted is that the mineral wealth of the United Kingdom is decreasing at a most alarming ratio, whereas the United States has, unmined, mineral treasures that have been calculated to be able to supply its present and prospective population for several centuries to come.

There is hardly any mineral which is not found in some part of the vast territory of the United States. Of the precious metals, we have produced—since the discovery of gold in California, in 1848, and of silver, in 1859—up to 1885, $2,393,046,471. The United Kingdom has no offset against this production.

"The production of iron in the United States and in other countries," says an eminent British authority, "has had such ex-

traordinary development in recent years that there has been a general outcry, in the United Kingdom, that the best days of the British iron industry have passed." In 1840 the United Kingdom produced 1,450,000 tons of iron, and in 1884, 7,530,000 tons —a fivefold increase. In 1840 the United States produced 360,000 tons; in 1884, 4,090,000—an elevenfold increase. Still greater was our proportional increase in the steel industry, between 1870 and 1884. The United Kingdom, in 1870, produced 245,000 tons of steel, and in 1884, 1,780,000—a sevenfold increase. In 1870 the United States produced 64,000 tons of steel, and in 1884, 1,540,000 tons—a twenty-fourfold increase.

The growth of steam-power, and the invention and improvement of machinery, have greatly accelerated the development of manufactures. The United States surpasses the United Kingdom in the proportion of "energy" to population, by an average of fifty foot-tons per inhabitant daily. The ratio of work done by hand in the United States is only 4.5, as against 4.7 in the United Kingdom.

The United Kingdom has 140 joint stock banks, with an aggregate paid-up capital and reserve of $500,000,000. The United States in 1882 had 2,308 national banks, with a capital of $485,000,000; 4,473 State and private banks, with a capital of $229,000,000. The savings banks in the United Kingdom in 1886 had on deposit $490,000,000; the savings banks in the United States, $994,000,000.

The English banks discounted, in 1885, $1,200,000,000. The Scotch, Irish, and other banks discounted in the same year $600,000,000. The amount of discounts of the banks in the United States is not obtainable, but the Clearing House, in New York City, cleared, in 1886, from only sixty-three banks, $33,374,682,216, and the loans of the national banks were, on October 7th, 1886, $1,450,000,000.

The large amount of business done by the British Government through the Bank of England, swells the aggregate of the banking business of the United Kingdom, while the corresponding business done by the United States is not represented in our bank returns. And if the marvelous financial ability which supplied the United States Treasury with money during the late war, and has since so largely reduced the principal and rate of interest of the national debt, be considered, then, in the extent

of banking and in the exhibition of financial genius, we surpass the world.

The vast expenses of our Civil War (about $7,000,000,000) prevent any just comparison between the normal public expenditures of the two countries during the period of fifty years. The national expenditure of the United Kingdom shows a steady increase; that of the United States varies from year to year, our largest annual expenditure being in 1865, when it reached the enormous sum of $1,295,000,000.

The expenditures for the army, navy, and government generally, of the United Kingdom have risen from $1.75 to $3.75 per inhabitant, and this is exclusive of the expense of the Royal Irish Constabulary. The military expenditure of the United States was in 1865 for the army, $1,030,000,000; for the navy, $122,000,000. In 1886 the expenditure for the army was $34,000,000, and for the navy $14,000,000—a decrease unparalleled in the history of any civilized nation.

A national debt is a national evil. The United Kingdom has made small progress in reducing the amount of her debt as compared with the United States. In 1837 the national debt of the United Kingdom was $3,980,000,000, in 1886 it was $3,710,000,000. In 1865 the national debt of the United States was $2,885,000,000. On January 1st, 1887, it had been reduced to $1,714,000,000, and the rate of interest has been greatly lowered. The credit of the United States to-day is second to that of no other country.

It would seem almost absurd to contrast the agriculture of the two countries. The Chicago tourist who complained that the want of elbow room in England was so great that he did not dare to take a morning walk because he could not swim, and was "afraid of falling into the sea," explains—in a perhaps somewhat exaggerated form of statement—the difference between the United States and the United Kingdom. The production of wheat in the United Kingdom has fallen from 110,000,000 bushels (in 1851) to 76,000,000 bushels (in 1885). In the United States it has increased from 100,000,000 bushels (in 1850) to 459,000,000 bushels in 1880. The production of the other cereals shows a proportionate decrease in the United Kingdom, and a proportionate increase in the United States. With rising rents and falling markets in the United Kingdom, her tenant farmers have found

little cause to rejoice at her progress during the Victorian Era. For more than one-half of her food supplies the United Kingdom has to depend on foreign countries. If it were ever possible for an enemy to blockade the ports of the United Kingdom, even no more efficiently than our Southern ports were blockaded during the war, Great Britain would be starved into surrender, in less than a year.

The United States has contributed to the world's progress more than any other nation in the wonderful variety of her inventions. It was American enterprise that first proved the practicability of steam navigation across the oceans of the globe ; and that too, within a few years after the then most eminent scientist of England had publicly declared his readiness to eat the first steamer that crossed the Atlantic. The American steamer Savannah first crossed the Atlantic, from New York, in 1819.

In 1835 Morse set up his experimental line of telegraph ; and, in 1837, was petitioning Congress for aid—having previously demonstrated the practicability of his great invention.

Americans invented electric light, electric motors, the sewing-machine, the palace and sleeping car, the revolver, the machine gun, the monitor, the screw propeller, the steam fire-engine, the air-brake, elevators, the harvester and reaper, the type-writer, rubber goods and innumerable other lesser contrivances to substitute mechanical for human labor, and to contribute to the comfort and civilization of humanity. Americans developed the printing press, armored vessels, the friction match, the locomotive, the steam engine, and the horse-car, district telegraph and messenger systems. The first ocean cable was laid by the pluck and enterprise of an American.

The care of the sick and wounded has been brought to greater perfection in the United States than in any other country, while the ambulance system originated with us. The pain of surgical operations has been obliterated by the use of anæsthesia, nitrous-oxide gas being first administered as an anæsthetic by Colton, in 1844 ; while Long performed a surgical operation upon a patient under the influence of sulphuric ether, in 1842—five years before Simpson of Edinburgh utilized the most dangerous of all anæsthetics, chloroform. American enterprise has created new industries, of which the vast petroleum trade and the utilization of electricity are illustrations.

United States explorers have crossed equatorial Africa and have not been surpassed by other nations in their daring attempts to reach the utmost confines of the earth. Japan was opened to the world by an American commodore—without a hostile shot being fired, or a drop of blood shed—greatly to the advantage of her people, as well as to the commerce of all nations. The United Kingdom opened China to the world, but she not only employed military force, but compelled the Chinese to permit the introduction of a drug which has proved the greatest curse of her people. Wong Chin Foo, a man of great ability and education of the Mandarin class, thus expressed in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for August the general Chinese opinion of the United Kingdom: "When the English wanted the Chinamen's gold and trade, they said they wanted 'to open China for their missionaries.' And opium was the chief, in fact only, missionary they looked after, when they forced the ports open. And this infamous Christian introduction among Chinamen has done more injury—social and moral—in China than all the humanitarian agencies of Christianity could remedy in two hundred years. On you, Christians, and your greed of gold, we lay the burden of the crime resulting—of tens of millions of honest, useful men and women sent thereby to premature death after a short, miserable life—besides the physical and moral prostration it entails even where it does not prematurely kill. And you wonder why we are heathen."

The United States is not only at peace with all the world, but she has the good will of all nations—savage and civilized—with whom she has dealings. In its dealings with conquered people, England's policy has made her enemies; whereas the only uncivilized race (the North American Indians) whom the United States has ever subjugated, is protected, pensioned and educated at our expense; and Mr. Jefferson Davis—who is not regarded as a fanatical enthusiast of Federal action—has recently shown, that whatever failures may have marked its dealings with Indians, it has always been the intention of the Government of the United States to deal justly with them. No revolutionist ever paid a similar tribute to the policy in Hindoostan of the Government of the United Kingdom. The American Indian has never been blown from the mouths of cannon.

In literature, the United States has made advances that re-

dound to its credit. It can no longer be asked, as Sydney Smith asked, "Who reads an American book?" Although the trained intellect of America, owing to the necessity created by our unparalleled increase of population, has been chiefly directed to material enterprises—the creation of great states rather than great books. Yet, to-day, the United States need make no apology for her authors and poets as contrasted with the authors and poets of the United Kingdom. American literature, which was in its infancy at the beginning of the Victorian Era, has risen to the front rank; and, to-day, our books, reviews, and other periodicals circulate all over the world. In magazine literature, and in the arts of typography and illustration, we are far ahead of the United Kingdom, and the enterprise of our journals is unparalleled by any nation.

In the science of government the United Kingdom has no title to exult. Seven centuries have passed since she overran and annexed Ireland, and yet the Irish of to-day hate the United Kingdom as much as did their fathers who followed the standard of Brian Boru. British statesmen and writers have hitherto excused their failures to conciliate Ireland by attributing them to the incorrigible character of the Celtic race. But the same people whom she practically drove into exile by the million—the most ignorant and poorest of her population—have been absorbed into the American nationality, and are not surpassed in their loyalty by the descendants of the men of the Mayflower.

Hardly one generation has passed since we ended the bloodiest and fiercest war of modern history, waged against the United States by an educated and courageous people, led by statesmen of distinguished ability and by generals of the highest skill and genius. Yet, to-day, if a foreign war were threatened, so generously was the defeated party treated, that every survivor among the generals who followed Lee, would instantly offer his services to the army of the United States, whose General is a Catholic and the descendant of an Irish Catholic exile. We have shown to the world, and especially to the United Kingdom, that the wisest and safest policy of converting enemies into friends is to treat them with kindness and justice. If the United States had deal with the South as the United Kingdom dealt with the Sepoys and the Irish, the Southern people would have remained in sullen

rebellion to the present hour, waiting, as the Irish wait, to make their conqueror's difficulty their opportunity.

In one respect the United Kingdom can make a longer record than the United States. We have not passed as many Reform bills as England has passed during the Victorian Era. But this is perhaps because there has been less need of them. The most important efforts towards reform which the United Kingdom has claimed as characteristic of the Victorian Era, were either, when passed in England, already on the statute books of the United States, or a timid approximation to the existing more liberal American legislation, as for example the extensions of the franchise under Earl Gray and Disraeli.

Yet with all these facts before him, no American can turn without wonder and admiration from the once savage outlying Roman province to the highly civilized little island that now rules one-seventh of the human race, on whose empire the sun never sets, and "whose morning drum-beat," in the words of Daniel Webster, "following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

ELECTORAL REFORM.

WHEN a great and educated people, who can justly boast of scores of thoroughly equipped statesmen—orators of unequaled power, legislators of experience and sagacity—deliberately nominate and elect, through the machinery of their two chief parties, the one Hayes, and the other Cleveland, it is surely time to cry *Halt!* and to examine into the causes of such ridiculous results. One need not go far to find them. They are the work of petty intriguers who have obtained control of the political machinery of both parties; and, by "manipulating" primaries and bribing or overawing voters, and by secret and corrupt "trades" and "combines," have gained the power, under our existing system, of defying, falsifying, and otherwise perverting the will of the people. These evils can only be eradicated by a law that shall provide for absolute secrecy of voting, and, at the same time, secure the nomination of honest and able candidates without the intervention and even in defiance of the desires of the "practical politicians," who now "control" the primaries and nominating conventions and "manage" the elections. Our system of voting is nominally secret; but, practically, it is open. It is easy to discover how any man votes. Working men complain of the dictation of capitalists to their employés, and capitalists complain of the dictation of trades unions to the members of their societies, often, as they claim, to the serious injury of business and private interests.

A project of law, ingeniously adapting what is known as the Australian system to our American institutions, drawn by Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice, recently published, has attracted great attention and elicited wide discussion. It has also entered into the sphere of practical politics by its unanimous adoption by the Committee on Resolutions at the recent Syracuse Convention of the United Labor Party, by which it will be made a prominent issue in the pending State campaign. The delegates to that convention were enthusiastically in favor of it, and Mr. George, the leader of the party, has taken occasion, since the convention, to advocate it with great earnestness. The Republican State Convention has also, since the discussion of this bill, made a similar issue. As the bill completely provides for the eradication of existing defects in our system of nominating and voting, I ask the privilege of putting it on permanent record in the pages of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The Resolution as adopted at Syracuse was in these words:

Resolved, That we earnestly recommend the adoption of what is known as the Australian system of elections, by which absolute secrecy of voting is secured, and the members of the next Legislature who shall be chosen at the coming election by

the United Labor Party are hereby requested to urge the passage of the following bill:

AN ACT TO PROMOTE OPEN NOMINATIONS TO OFFICE, and provide greater security for the secrecy of the ballot.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION I.—In all places where the registration of citizens entitled to vote at an election is authorized by law, the registration shall take place on the second and third Tuesdays of October next preceding the election.

SEC. II.—The registering officers shall receive and print at least five days before the day of registration the names of all the eligible persons who, after the first day of September and before the first Tuesday of October in each year, may be recommended as fitted for the offices to be filled at the ensuing election. The recommendation to be signed by at least ——— voters of the district who voted at the last election.

SEC. III.—At the time of the registration each citizen registered shall be requested to designate such of the persons so recommended as he may wish to put in nomination for the offices to be filled.

SEC. IV.—If any person shall be thus designated by one-tenth of the persons registered at the last election, his name shall be placed upon the list of candidates whose expenses for election are to be borne by the county as hereinafter mentioned.

SEC. V.—In the event of death after nomination any candidate receiving one-tenth of the indorsement given to the deceased candidate shall, if practically within the power of the registering officers, be placed upon the list of regular candidates.

SEC. VI.—The registering officers shall prepare suitable ballots, in the form now required by law, containing the names of the persons thus nominated, and shall furnish these ballots in sufficient numbers to serve all the voters of the district at the election.

SEC. VII.—The expense of printing these ballots, and of providing polling places for their distribution, and persons to distribute them, shall be borne by the county as other expenses of the election are now borne.

SEC. VIII.—1. The ballots shall be upon white paper without any impression or mark to distinguish one from another except as herein expressly authorized.

2. Every ballot shall have a caption, but such caption shall be printed in one straight line in black ink with plain type of the size generally known as "Great Primer Roman Condensed Capitals." There shall be as many ballots as there are offices to be filled, and the names of all candidates for the same office shall be upon one ballot. Each ballot must be attached to a stub or counterfoil, and the face of the ballot must be in the following form, viz.:

No.

Stub or counterfoil.			
1. A. B. of	1. A. B. of	St. or Ave.	City.
The counterfoil is to have a number to correspond with that on the back of the ballot.	1. C. D. of	St. or Ave.	City.
	1. E. F. of	St. or Ave.	City.
	1. G. H. of	St. or Ave.	City.

The form on the back of the ballot must be in the following form, viz.:

No. ....

Election for.....

18.....

3. It shall be the duty of the officer who furnishes the registry lists as provided by law to furnish also the Chairman of the Board of Inspectors at each polling place, on the morning of the election, a book or books of ballots of the form and characters above described, and also to furnish to the same person the stamp hereinafter directed to be used.

4. After the canvass of the votes the stubs or counterfoils of the ballot-book,

together with all defaced or mutilated ballots and all unused ballots and the stamp, shall be filed in the same manner and at the same time as the poll-list or registry list is required to be filed.

SEC. IX.—1. Each polling place must be furnished with such number of compartments in which electors can mark their votes screened from observation as the Chairman of the Board of Inspectors thinks necessary, so that at least one compartment is provided for every 200 voters. Each compartment must be kept provided with suitable materials for voters to mark their ballots with.

2. Before a ballot is delivered to an elector the number, name, and description of the elector, as stated in the registry list, must be called out and a mark or marks must be placed in the registry list to denote that he has received a ballot or ballots, and the ballot or ballots must there be stamped by the chairman of the Board of Inspectors with the official stamp hereinbefore mentioned. And such official stamp must be changed each year and kept secret by the officers furnishing it, as hereinbefore provided, until the morning of the election, when it must be delivered to the respective chairmen of the Boards of Inspection and to no one else.

3. The elector upon receiving his ballot or ballots must forthwith proceed into one of the compartments of the polling place and there mark his ballot or ballots by marking a line or lines through the names of the candidates for whom he does not wish to vote. He must then fold each ballot so as to conceal the contents and deliver it so folded to one of the inspectors in the presence of the Board, and the same must thereupon be deposited in the ballot-box in the manner now required by law.

4. If the elector inadvertently spoils a ballot he can return it to the chairman of the Board of Inspectors, who must, if satisfied of such inadvertence, give him another.

5. If an elector is incapacitated by blindness or other cause from voting in the manner herein prescribed, he may inform the chairman of the Board of Inspectors of the fact, and thereupon the chairman must go with the elector into the compartment, and cross out the names as directed by the elector.

6. No voter shall take a ballot list out of the polling place nor deposit in the ballot box any other paper than the one given him by the Board of Inspectors.

SEC. X.—Every officer, clerk, or agent, in attendance at a polling station must maintain, or aid in maintaining, the secrecy of the voting in such station, and must not communicate, except for some purpose authorized by law, before the poll is closed, any information as to the name or number on the register of votes or the registry list, of any elector who has not applied for a ballot paper, or voted at that station, or as to the official stamp; and no officer, clerk, agent or other person whatsoever shall interfere with or attempt to interfere with a voter when marking his vote, or otherwise attempt to obtain at the polling station information as to the candidate for whom any voter in such station is about to vote or has voted, or as to the number on the back of the ballot given to any voter at such station. Every officer, clerk, or person in attendance at the counting of the votes must maintain and aid in maintaining the secrecy of the voting, and must not attempt to ascertain at such counting the number on the back of any ballot paper, or communicate any information obtained as to such counting or as to the candidate for whom any vote is given in any particular ballot paper. No person shall directly or indirectly induce any voter to display his ballot after he shall have marked the same, so as to make known to any person the name of the candidate for or against whom he may have voted. No person shall be required, in any legal proceeding relating to the election or return, to state for whom he has voted.

SEC. XI.—Any officer, clerk, or agent in attendance at the polling station, convicted of violating the provisions of this act, shall be guilty of misdemeanor.

SEC. XII.—All acts and parts of acts heretofore passed, so far as the same are inconsistent with the provisions of this act, are hereby repealed.

The most perfect machinery of politics will be of no avail, of course, unless every citizen does his part by a sacred fulfillment of all political duties, chief among which are voting for able and honest men only, and voting without the trammels of ignorance or fear; but we have no right to complain of the evils

wrought by corrupt men and bad laws until we so perfect our political machinery that the will of the people shall be truthfully registered. It is not now so recorded. Even the final remedy of thoroughly educating the people will prove inadequate until this reform is accomplished. Having done all in our power to secure an honest count and honest candidates, if evils shall continue, the only remedy left is given in the famous advice of "Bob Lowe," when Disraeli extended the franchise, "We must educate our masters."

JAMES REDPATH.

II.

A MONETARY WHIM EXPLODED.

MR. EDWARD ATKINSON, in his discussion of "Low Prices, High Wages, Small Profits: What Makes Them?" assumes that the "working classes," so-called, "have steadily gained in the purchasing power of their wages" since 1865, and more especially since 1873, and that the farmers of the country have also prospered during this period, and that, therefore, "instead of attempting to check the fall in prices by tampering with the standard of value or by other empirical devices for making money plenty, it may be expedient to fight it out on this line, even if several more years of so-called depression should follow this determination." Competent critics have ventured to doubt some of Mr. Atkinson's optimistic conclusions, and have also questioned the figures which he gives as the basis of them. But, admitting that a year's wages will buy more of the necessaries of life in this country than twenty years ago, it certainly is not true that the "farmers," who he says "number (not including farm laborers) 250 in each 1,000," are as well off with wheat at 70 cents a bushel or corn at 40, as they would be if these products were twice that sum. Mr. Atkinson's conclusion that inventions practically worked out, and, chiefly, greatly improved facilities for transportation have been most important factors in the country's progress, and especially in cheapening many of the necessaries of life, is undoubtedly well-founded. But he ignores entirely the increase, amounting to several hundred millions of money in this country, since January 1st, 1878, resulting partly from large importations of gold, partly from making available for monetary purposes a large amount of gold upon the resumption of specie payments, partly from the coinage of our own gold product, and partly from the coinage of about two hundred and fifty millions of silver. In other words, the policy of contraction which prevailed in the period preceding the legislation in 1878 for remonetizing silver, ceased to be operative after that time, and the extension of our great railway system, which Mr. Atkinson recognizes as "the most beneficent factor in the lowering of prices and in raising wages," has been coincident with our increased monetary supply.

Our great Union and Central Pacific railways had their birth in a period of monetary expansion. Even a depreciated paper currency was sufficient to secure their completion, as well as an important beginning of the Northern Pacific. Monetary contraction was the most important factor in bringing about the bankruptcy of the Northern Pacific and a general suspension of railway building throughout the country. This suspension continued as long as the cause lasted.

While it is doubtless true, as the British Royal Commission not long since reported, that one of the important causes of depression in Great Britain has been the appreciation in the value of gold, that cause doubtless affects Great Britain much more than it does the United States, as we have gained the gold which Europe has lost, and at the same time have coined a part of the product of our gold and silver mines to meet, in some measure, our monetary needs. The appreciation of

the value of gold has doubtless contributed to lower the price of breadstuffs and cotton in Europe. The United States, being the largest exporter of these commodities, has suffered most thereby. Although the increased supply of money in the United States has prevented a reduction in wages here, the price of our leading agricultural products has been affected adversely by the lower price of the exported surplus which governs the price of the whole. The increasing millions of farm mortgages, held in the East, attest the injury to our agriculturists brought about by low prices for their products. Money is the life-blood of commerce. A sufficiency gives health. Undue inflation produces fever. Contraction causes stagnation and death. Money sustains a like relation to manufactures and the practical development and use of inventions. Witness the suspension of manufacturing and the bankruptcy of manufacturers in the period from 1873 to 1878. One not informed would never suspect from Mr. Atkinson's figures the suffering of the wage class in that terrible period, when our streets and by-ways were filled with tramps and life and property were insecure. Was that period of monetary contraction of benefit to the laboring classes? In view of Mr. Atkinson's well-known persistent opposition to our continued silver coinage the statement of his "conclusion that tampering with or debasing the standard of value is the most malignant fraud which the Government can perpetrate," is understood to be aimed at our coinage of silver, although it is not easy to see that our present coinage of a part of the product of our silver mines, upon the old basis of weight and with a larger ratio of silver than is found in European coinage, is such a tampering or debasement. It seems safe to say that but for our coinage of the last eight years the measure of prosperity which the United States now enjoys would not exist. We cannot build great railways or carry on extensive manufacturing, or even successfully transport large amounts of produce upon existing lines, with a great insufficiency of money, although it may take less than it once did to accomplish a given amount of these things. Although the United States has increased her coinage, our monetary gain, and especially its circulation, has hardly kept pace with the demands of our constantly increasing population and expanding internal commerce. It remains for Congress to so legislate as to put in circulation a part (something less than half) of our great treasury surplus to insure for this country a greater measure of prosperity than it has hitherto enjoyed. This may be wisely done by paying a part of the National debt, by securing a navy, and by making some provision for coast defense, not forgetting that a considerable amount may be economically expended in improving our rivers and harbors, thus giving larger facilities to both our internal and foreign commerce, and at the same time giving remunerative employment to thousands of laborers. When Europe shall again coin full legal tender silver in considerable amounts, as sooner or later she doubtless will, the United States will not fail to reap great benefit therefrom.

HENRY ROGERS.

III.

A POSTHUMOUS LETTER BY GOVERNOR WISE.

IN the early part of the year 1855, Knownothingism was obtaining a strong foothold in the South, and particularly in the State of Maryland. Many prominent Whigs had espoused its principles, and the secret societies where its tenets were promulgated were increasing with great rapidity. Into these secret societies Democrats in large numbers were being drawn, until it became a matter of great concern to the leaders of that party how to stop this wholesale desertion from their ranks.

It was at this juncture that Mr. Geo. H. Richardson, then a prominent Demo-

crat in Worcester County, Maryland, anxious to prevent his political brethren from uniting themselves with this new party, concluded to address a letter to the Hon. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, asking from him such an expression of his opinion as could be used to deter Democrats from joining the Knownothing organization, to which Mr. Wise replied as follows:

ONANCOCK, Va., *June* 29, 1855.

DEAR SIR: At my earliest convenience I reply to yours of the 15th inst., by saying briefly that I am fully convinced the K. Nothing organization had its origin in Old England. It is a foreign influence, sent over here to abolish slavery or dissolve our Union. This is its aim and origin in New England and the North. Seeing its potency in all the slave-holding States, the Whigs generally of the South have seized on it for political purposes. And the worst of its evil everywhere is its priestcraft element, which seizes on Protestant bigotry to pollute our churches and corrupt our political powers. No sensible Democrat will be caught in its snare, and the sound and conservative will alike eschew it. With thanks for your kind congratulations, I am, respectfully yours,

HENRY A. WISE.

GEO. H. RICHARDSON, ESQ.

That Mr. Richardson could not have struck Knownothingism a severer blow, in so far as they hoped to be aided by Democratic disaffection, is apparent when it is known that Mr. Wise was much respected and admired by the Democrats in Mr. Richardson's section of country, having, in the preceding presidential campaign of 1852, made many telling and forcible speeches in their district against General Scott, the Whig candidate. The result also showed that this letter was most effectual for the purpose for which it was intended, for although Knownothingism still flourished because of its Whig adherents, the Democrats almost unanimously let it alone, and many of those who had become members of Knownothing societies renounced their allegiance to their new favorite and went joyfully back into the Democratic party. For these reasons, and because it is sought by some to revive for present or immediate future use some of the features of Knownothingism, I have thought that these sentiments of Mr. Wise deserve a wider publicity than have hitherto been accorded them.

WM. TINGLE DICKERSON.

IV.

THE "STATE SOVEREIGNTY" HERESY.

IN his interesting essay on the "Life and Character of John C. Calhoun" (NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Vol. CXLV., p. 254), Mr. Jefferson Davis uses this language:

"No more dangerous and vicious heresy has grown up than the supposition that ours is a government made and controlled by a majority of the people *en masse*."

The term "heresy" here designates an opinion in opposition to some established or usually received doctrine; namely, in the present case, the proposition that ours is a government made and controlled, not by a majority of the people of the United States, but by certain corporate entities, originally known as "Colonies," and now as "States." This is manifest from the subsequent use of the terms "has grown up," which imply a heresy of recent origin.

Let us briefly inquire, then, whether the opinion that ours is a government made and controlled by a majority of the PEOPLE, be a "heresy" of "recent origin."

In 1765 the British Parliament asserted the general right to bind the colonists by its acts, and the specific right to tax them without their consent. The denial

of this right by the colonists, and the attempt by the British Government to enforce it, led to the Revolution. The moving force of that revolution was the general Congress at Philadelphia, of September, 1774, and it was composed, as the records of the time inform us, of "delegates nominated," not by the colonial governments, but by "the good people of these colonies." The people of all the colonies were ultimately represented therein; and it was, in the fullest sense, a revolutionary body. It exercised sovereign power, and "the people" whom it represented, by recognizing its authority, placed themselves on a revolutionary footing. And they did this as moral persons, not as colonial agents. In other words, the measures taken by the Congress could be translated from mere words into actual deeds only by the consent of "the whole people," in whose name it had been convoked; and to the extent that it assumed power to itself and adopted measures national in their character, to that extent did "the people" of the several colonies declare themselves, not a confederation of distinct *peoples* or communities, but "ONE people" represented by one government.

Moreover, from September, 1774, to March, 1781 (a period of nearly seven years), this revolutionary Congress was recognized by all the colonies as a *de jure*, no less than as a *de facto* national government. As such it came into contact with foreign powers, and as such it entered into engagements, the binding force of which, on the whole people, has never been questioned. During all this time the colonial governments had not taken a single step that could place them before the world, or before the mother country, either as *de facto* or as *de jure* sovereign States. They remained dependent upon the British Government until the revolutionary Congress "of the whole people" declared, "in the name of the people," these united colonies to be "free and independent States."

Thus, the transformation of "Colonies" into "States" was the result, not of independent action by the colonial governments, nor yet of the Colonies themselves as such, but of the whole People *en masse*, through their representatives in the revolutionary Congress. Each "Colony" became a "State" only in so far as it belonged to "the United States," and so far only as its population constituted a part of "the People" of the "United States." The national government (known as the Federal Union) is therefore necessarily older than any of the States, since it created them as "States; and since the States are the creatures of the Union, not one of them ever had a legal status outside of the Union. Not one of them ever had a State Constitution independent of the Union. [See speech of Mr. King, in Constitutional Convention, June 19, 1787, reported in the Madison Papers; also, Elliott's Deb. v., p. 212; Story's Comm. I., sec. 213–216; Dallas' Rep., III., p. 232; Curtis' Rep., I., p. 176.]

It seems to me, therefore, that the "heresy" which so much disturbs Mr. Davis is co-existent with the Government itself; and that in point of fact, it is no "heresy" at all, since it antagonizes no established or generally received doctrine connected with the early history of our Government.

WILLIAM L. SCRUGGS.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

I.

THERE are "sermons in stones" more pregnant than any fancied by Shakespeare's genius. The secret plucked by Champollion which made the dumb history of Egypt speak, and the acumen of Rawlinson, which deciphered the wedges engraved on the Assyrian cylinders, belong to the glory of one of the more recent sciences. Archæology is now pursued with enthusiasm by scholars of all nations, and it is with more than ordinary interest that we note its results when devoted to unraveling the prehistoric civilization of our own continent. The publication of M. Charnay's researches* will be welcomed as a valuable contribution to the study of the monuments of Mexico and Central America, and of the historic mysteries hidden behind their sculptured façades.

M. Charnay's expedition was organized under the joint patronage of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, of New York, and of the French Government, and the results seem to have fully justified expectation. The civilization, which has left splendid relics of its presence from the Gila River in the United States to Nicaragua Lake, has awakened keen controversy. "The drums and tramplings of conquest after conquest," to use Sir Thomas Browne's noble phrase, swept over this vast region from the time of the mound-builders, if indeed these were the autochthones, to that of the Spanish irruption. Of these waves of population, one, it is understood by consent of most explorers and archæologists, that of the Toltecs, carried with it the rich seed and sediment, lush as the Nilotic flood, of a notable civilization. Whether politically dominant or subject, through all vicissitudes of place and power, the Toltec civilization stamped on the kindred races with which it came in contact the deepest traces of its subjugating genius in the arts of peace and progress. The question of immediate interest concerning this mysterious people is whether it was the sole source of the civilization indicated by the Mexican monuments, or whether its arts commingled with those of other races prior to or concurrent with its own in producing such amazing results. M. Charnay subordinates all other problems to this inquiry. Other students of American antiquities have considered the primal origin of the civilizing force which organized an empire of intricate

* "The Ancient Cities of the New World. Being Voyages and Explorations in Mexico and Central America from 1857 to 1882." By Désirée Charnay. From the French of J. Gonino and Helen S. Conant. Introduction by Allen Thorndike Rice. New York: Harper & Brothers.

polity, and scattered over thousands of square miles temples and palaces, statues, and mural sculptures, only inferior to those of Egypt and India. Did this force come from Asia at some remote period by the route of Behring's Straits, or through the intermediate stage of some Atlantis or chain of Atlantides, the subsidence of which has sunk "deeper than did ever plummet sound" all trace of the itinerary? Was this civilization strictly indigenous? These questions Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice, in the lucid brief which by its review of the subject in all its wide bearings clears the way for the general reader to a clearer grasp of M. Charnay's researches, touches in common with many others. But M. Charnay, with the practical scientific instincts of his race, declines to hamper himself with insoluble problems, or he treats them only by implication. The question to which he confines himself is clearly within the reach of rational induction—whether the Toltecs were the fountain head of all that was best in the ancient civilization of Mexico and Central America.

The Toltecs, it is believed, came to the valley of Mexico from the north, and founded their empire at Tollan, or Tula, early in the 7th century. After a lapse of 500 years their numbers and power were so broken by civil war and pestilence, that most of them emigrated to the south, settling in Yucatan and Guatemala. Before leaving the valley of Mexico, they had established their arts and civilization and left them as an inheritance to the more savage tribes of their own native Nahoa or Nahuatl stock, who had drifted concurrently with them into the same region, and on whose rugged ferocity they had grafted their own mild and intellectual qualities. A Toltec remnant, however, remained and became again rich and powerful. Of the kindred tribes, that assimilated the Toltec civilization, while adding to it their own more barbaric customs, the Aztec, which had remained for centuries a haughty military and priestly caste amidst their neighbors, rapidly assumed the hegemony, and in the fourteenth century reduced the others to a position of feudal service. It was this monarchy which Cortez overthrew. To the genial religion of the Toltecs, whose favorite diety was Quetzocoatl, the god of the air, worshiped with fruits and flowers, a Saturnian god, symbolical of the golden age of peace and plenty, succeeded the sanguinary cult of Huitzilopochtli, the Aztec Mars, to whom armies of human victims were sacrified each May, till his temples ran blood in rivers. M. Charnay observes an utter absence of the peculiar sacrificial stone in the temple ruins of those regions where Aztec influence had not been dominant, while on the other hand there is a general identity in the character of the fragments and relics from Aztec land to Maya land in Yucatan. The pyramidal forms given to the basements of edifices, the invariable shape of the monuments after the Toltec model of the *Calli*, the mural ornamentation, the statuary, the works of terra-cotta, the pottery, the overlapping arch forming the vault, the cultus of the cross—all these show incontestably in M. Charnay's view the mold of a common civilization.

In relation to the claims made for the anterior civilization of Yucatan in the Maya race, our explorer finds conclusive evidence against this in the fact that the same customs, institutions, and religion, the same method of recording events and of computing time, and the same arms were common to the tribes of the plateaux and of Yucatan. From Tula, Palpan, Comalcalco and Palenque in the Valley of Mexico to Chichen-Itza, Kabah and Uxmal in Yucatan, and the more mysterious ruins, christened by the explorer, Lorillard Town, the identity of origin seems to be sustained by cumulative proof. M. Charnay has enriched his book with reproductions derived from photographs taken on the spot or papier maché squeezes, wonderfully preserving all the characteristics of bas-relief and other mural ornament. The originals are partly in the Trocadero Museum of Paris, and partly in our own Smithsonian Institute.

II.

LIFE OF POPE LEO XIII.

THE present occupant of the papal throne has found an enthusiastic biographer in Dr. Bernard O'Reilly, whose high attainments in this department of literary work are already well known through his life of Pius IX. This volume,* however, is more than a personal biography ; it is also a review of the period covered by the public career of the Pope. The materials are ample for a work of lasting interest, and the reverend author has made good use of them. The biographical details are comparatively few, and might be compressed into a single chapter. Usually, in biographies, one expects to read the record of the unfolding of numerous personal traits and characteristics through incidents and correspondence of a more or less private and privileged character. Perhaps, as the subject of this history is still living, the author felt himself under restriction in this respect, and, as the authentic memoirs from which the personal narrative is mainly derived were furnished by His Holiness himself, it can easily be imagined that there would necessarily be some reservation. As a rule, no public man's life can be adequately written until after his death ; but, on the other hand, the life of a public man may be so closely identified with the movements of his age that a history of the one may be, to a great degree, a history of both. This is the impression left upon us after a perusal of this interesting book. What glimpses we get of the personality of the Pontiff show us a man of great amiability and piety, of rare culture and learning, of exceeding discernment and prudence, and withal, of a born diplomatist and statesman. Of course, the book is eulogistic. Dr. O'Reilly has his countrymen's gift of loving well. He sees no fault, not even the faintest shadow of a weakness, in the character he here delineates. There is, therefore, no formal attempt at a critical estimate of the personal character of the Pope, no suggestion of imperfection or infirmity in mind or manners, in temper or temperament. We are bound to add that the result is a picture of rare ability and attractiveness. As portrayed in this volume, Pope Leo XIII. is a man whom it would be easy to love and reverence for his own sake, apart from his exalted office—a man of vast attainments without a shadow of vanity or self-consciousness—sagacious and yet simple-minded—a man of the keenest insight and yet overflowing with charity—exacting and methodical in office, and yet inspiring others to a willing performance of duty—more than an equal in diplomacy for the acutest politicians, and yet unwilling to contend, if contention can be honorably avoided—a man at whose feet kings might sit for instruction, and yet with whom little children feel perfectly at ease and happy. Such is the man here pictured, and there is no reason to doubt the fidelity, or the skill, of the artist.

Pope Leo XIII. was born in March, 1810, and is therefore now in his 78th year. His father was Count Lodovico Pecci, of Carpineto Romano, an ancient family. His mother was a woman of noble birth, and of eminently Christian virtues. To these advantages were added a splendid educational career from childhood to manhood. In these early days he was brought under the personal influence of Pope Leo XII., and it was no doubt his love and admiration for that eminent man that led him to choose the name of Leo at his consecration to the papal throne. At twenty-eight, having joined the secular priesthood, he became Governor of the little papal province of Benevento, which he restored from a state of lawlessness and

* "Life of Leo XIII." From an authentic memoir furnished by his order. Written with the encouragement, approbation, and blessing of His Holiness the Pope. By Bernard O'Reilly, D. D., LL. D. Charles L. Webster & Co.

brigandage to peace and prosperity. At thirty-three he was appointed papal nuncio to Belgium, where he continued three years, gaining during that period considerable insight into Protestantism, as well as winning the personal friendship of many Protestants. He remained there three years, when he was created Archbishop of Perugia, in Italy, but meanwhile he visited London and Paris, studying there the peculiar social, religious, and political condition of affairs. He continued Archbishop of Perugia until the death of Pius IX., when he was elected as his successor, on February 20th, 1878. These were dark and troublous days for the Catholic Church. The temporal sovereignty had been divorced from the papacy. Italy had become a united kingdom under Victor Emmanuel. Pius IX. died a prisoner in the Vatican, and it was seriously feared that the Piedmontese government would overawe the solemn conclave and nominate a successor to the papal chair. An interesting account is given of the proceedings at the papal election, which passed by without the dreaded interference from the civil power, though under restrictions and limitations rendered necessary by the circumstances.

It is to be expected that, in dealing with the great questions which agitated Europe during this period, and with which the subject of these memoirs is identified by his public acts, both before and after his coronation, our author should be animated by an intensely catholic spirit; and such is the fact. So also is Pope Leo. At the same time the Protestant reader of this book will not fail to note a fairness of tone—we might almost say a breadth and liberality of view—in matters relating to Protestantism from a religious standpoint. Thus, in speaking of American institutions, the author says: "At the bottom of that people's unparalleled prosperity lay a twofold fact,—*they were a religious people*, among whom, though *divided* into various and hostile *denominations*, there reigned a deep *religious* sense, pervading not only private life, but influencing and regulating public life; and they were a practical people," etc. Again: "The laws, the manners, customs, and governmental forms of a nation from its early birth to its adult state—if these are hallowed by religion and in conformity with the deep moral sense of the people—are as much the creation of Nature as the tree is the growth of the soil." There are other passages which indicate a tendency to regard Protestantism fairly and to distinguish between it and the socialistic and atheistic movement which he regards as a great and fatal onslaught alike upon civilization and the Church. Protestantism is recognized as Christianity, and Protestants are appealed to as Christians. "The battle," says the author, "which is now raging in Italy and in Spain, in France, and Germany, and Belgium, in Great Britain, and even in our own United States, is not so much a battle against Catholicism as the most powerful, wide-spread, compact, and ancient form of Christianity, as against Christianity itself." Speaking of the United States he observes again: "The Catholic religion and its institutions exist side by side with other denominations on the solid ground of the common law." Again: "In the British empire, where the large-minded Pope desires to see the same union of *all creeds* and races, . . no chronic injustice or oppression weakens any one portion" (Ireland excepted). These utterances are significant, because they point in the direction of a basis of union between Catholic and Protestant on essential principles common to both. The danger menacing the Christian fortress is depicted in eloquent and stirring words in the Pope's repeated encyclicals and other public documents. When the Pope actually appeals to Protestants to help defend the citadel, he proposes in fact a union of forces which is hardly compatible with thunderings and anathemas! Take as an illustration the Pope's attitude on the Irish question. He proposes that England should recognize Ireland's status as a kingdom and the home of a different race, and by conceding home rule end the feuds of race and religion

together. On the same principle let Catholic cease calling Protestant heretic and Protestant cease calling Catholic idolator, and then may come the happy period when Christianity shall again be a unit, though not in the exact sense in which the Pope understands the term.

The Pope's great remedy, however, for the evils which affect society in the prevailing irreligion of the age, is not such a union as we have indicated, but the restoration of temporal sovereignty. "We shall never cease," says Leo, in his first encyclical, "to contend . . for our restoration to that condition of things in which the Provident design of the Divine Wisdom had formerly placed the Roman Pontiff." "Not only," he continues, "because the civil sovereignty is necessary for the protecting and preserving of the full liberty of the spiritual power, but because . . the interests of the public good and the salvation of the whole of human society are involved." This, then, is the great object to be kept before the Catholic world—the restoration of the Pope to an independent temporal sovereignty. "How can the Catholics of all nations," exclaims Cardinal Pecci, "believe that the decisions of their parent and guide are free when he is the subject of an Italian, a German, a French, or a Spanish sovereign?"

There is material in this book for a much more extended review than is possible within our limits. Many of its features we find ourselves unable to notice, but its general scope will be understood by the reader of the foregoing remarks. We would say, in conclusion, that in our judgment, this life of Leo XIII. is worthy of a very wide circulation and perusal. Protestants should read it for the light it throws upon modern Catholicism. It is a most earnest, eloquent, comprehensive plea for papal supremacy; and withal it is authoritative. No intelligent and fair-minded Protestant desirous of seeing things from a papal standpoint will regret the time spent in reading it. Catholics will, of course, read it. It is worthy of study by thoughtful people on all sides of the religious controversies of the age—a book that cannot be ignored as unimportant, either by friend or foe.

III.

CHINA AS A FIELD FOR COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.

THE latest book on China as a field for railroad construction and commercial enterprise, General Wilson's volume,* is also entitled to serious attention for the clear, matter of fact information it conveys as to the actual state of affairs in that mysterious country. The General went there in the autumn of 1885 for the specific purpose of judging by personal observation as to whether railroads could be built there under such terms and conditions as to management as would make them a desirable channel for the investment of American capital. He spent the greater part of a year in that country and Japan, traveled nearly thirty thousand miles by sea and land, and came to the conclusion that there are immense, almost boundless resources waiting in China for development, but that the future of that country is beset with complicated problems and perils, the outcome of which it is very difficult to predict. Our author, by reason of his experience and qualifications, gathered in the service of the public and otherwise, was pre-eminently qualified to go on an investigating tour of this kind. As chief of the Cavalry Bureau at Washington he had been charged with the supervision of the organization and equipment of all the cavalry troops, and had served in the field as a commander of cavalry, attaining the rank of Major-General of Volunteers and Brevet Major-General of

* "China: Travels and Investigations in the 'Middle Kingdom.'" A study of its civilization and possibilities. With a glance at Japan. By James Harrison Wilson. D. Appleton & Co.

the regular army. When the war was over he returned to his duties as officer of regular engineers, took charge of the improvement of the Mississippi, the Illinois, and the Rock rivers, and on resigning from the army devoted himself to the work of building and operating railroads, in which work he has been engaged for a period of about fifteen years. No better training could have been had for the serious task which, with the concurrence of his friends, he undertook of investigating China as a great railroad field—"the only great country yet remaining to be provided with railroads." Whether General Wilson and his friends may feel encouraged to go further in this line of enterprise, we are not able to surmise, but we think that it was a capital idea to publish an account of this journey. Not only will this tend to awaken interest both here and in China in the direct work of railroad construction, but it also, in the meantime, adds greatly to the general stock of information about the condition of the Chinese—for which every reader of this book will feel grateful to the author.

Some prevalent delusions are here swept away—that one, for example, about the unparalleled density of the population. General Wilson does not think that the population of the entire empire exceeds three hundred millions—a vast number, it is true, but much less than has commonly been supposed—and he states that in his opinion the country could support in comfort three times as many people as now inhabit it if all its available land were brought under proper cultivation, and if it were provided with a properly located system of railroads. He also comes to the conclusion that, on the whole, the Chinese are remarkably strong, robust and healthy, and specially free from consumption and all forms of constitutional disease. The race also, so far from showing signs of decay, shows all the marks of youthful strength. "The Chinaman's natural intelligence, although dwarfed and misdirected by a peculiar if not pernicious system of social and political government, is quite as great as that of other races. He is full of the conceit and prejudice engendered by ignorance, but is no fool," and may be expected to play his full part in the future of the world.

One of the most interesting persons to whom the reader is introduced in this volume is Li-Hung-Chang, Viceroy of the Province of Chihli, in Northern China, and First Grand Secretary, equivalent to Foreign Secretary, of the Empire. This gentleman seems to be a remarkably enlightened and cultivated man. He was the leading military adviser of the throne during the rebellion, and has statesman-like qualities of a very high order. He is now sixty-six years of age, erect, tall, manly, and dignified. He expressed himself in favor of railroads, asking many questions as to their probable cost and other matters, and proved to be of the greatest service to our traveler by his suggestions as to routes, and in other ways.

There is at present but one railroad in the whole of China, and that one is only seven miles in length. The Chinese Government are opposed to railroads as an innovation, and this one exists by sufferance only, connecting the Kaiping coal mines in North China with a canal. As the Government needs the coal for the naval fleet which it has lately organized, it winks at the existence of this railroad, and will probably authorize its extension to a point on the canal more favorable for shipment. China is rich in unexplored mineral resources, and the Government is slowly awakening to their value. The extension of the railroad system would therefore appear to be but a question of time.

The author passes in review the history of foreign interference in Chinese affairs from the earliest period down to the present day, and especially with reference to the opium traffic. This is one of the most instructive portions of a book which is throughout both instructive and interesting. The great agencies that have worked

toward the development of China have been war, diplomacy, commerce, and missionary enterprise—and to all of these the author yields a meed of praise. He has little expectation of converting the Chinese, but cannot speak too highly of the civilizing effects produced by the contact of the missionaries with the people, especially by means of their primary schools and hospitals. To these he would add a system of technological schools giving instruction in science and mechanics. "As it is at present, no Chinamen belonging to the literary class will attend a Christian meeting or listen to a Christian teacher. Serene in the conviction that there never was a greater sage than Confucius, he thinks it absurd to waste time with any one who claims to bring him 'good tidings of great joy,' whether they come from Christ or Buddha."

IV.

A PLEA FOR VIRTUOUS ENJOYMENTS.

THE hackneyed advice "be good and you will be happy" is as a general rule received with respect, but no less surely do the people who implicitly follow it find that every rule has its exceptions. Sir John Lubbock in a series of addresses* delivered chiefly at school and college opening exercises in Great Britain, takes up the general question of Virtuous Enjoyments, and shows very plainly that they are worthy of pursuit. He does this in part—as we gather from his prefatory note—to relieve his own mind of some of that despondency to which he admits is rather prone, and also to help others to cast away dull care without the sacrifice of any of the proprieties. The title he has affixed to this brief collection of essays is in no sense to be interpreted from an epicurean standpoint. It is not to be supposed that "life" as discoursed upon from an academic chair, has the same meaning as when discussed in Vanity Fair, or that pleasure as here enjoined has anything to do with "fast living." The distinction is not unnecessary, for, to many people, Sir John's title may seem a little strained. He himself fears that some may think him too dogmatic, and to guard against mistake he is careful to state that he has not referred to *all* the sources of happiness! He specifies seven, of which he places duty first on the list, and then follow, in order, books, friends, the good use of time, travel, home, science, and education.

He has not a word to say about pleasures outside of this circle, and we must, therefore, at starting take an exception to the title, which promises a much wider field and a much fuller discussion of a very important subject than it here receives. The title is really a very comprehensive one. It is quite possible that many persons, feeling like Sir John their need of a little up-lifting, may search this little treatise in vain for what they need, so we caution our readers beforehand that it offers no exhaustive treatment of the subject. A more correct title for the work would have been, "Concerning some sources of pleasure." Life, itself, a source of pleasure, is not specially discussed, and exception may, therefore, be taken to the word "life" in the title, as superfluous, if not misleading. Of course, life of some kind is essential to pleasure, for without life there would be no sensation. If there were some qualifying word, as virtuous, or moral, the aim of the author would be more clearly set forth. The pleasures of a virtuous life are doubtless many and great, and their praises have been sung in all ages. But without some such qualifying adjective the word "life" in the title means either too little or too much. The book, indeed, is *not* a disquisition on the pleasures of life, but a series of short essays on some of the sources of gratification and enjoyment open to those who are virtuously disposed.

* "The Pleasures of Life." By Sir John Lubbock. D. Appleton & Co.

The value of these essays lies in the high moral and intellectual purpose running through them. Any pleasures, real or imaginary, flowing from the mere senses, are entirely ignored. The same treatment, however, is practicably accorded to religion. The vein in which the author finds the riches of consolation is a purely philosophic one. He quotes La Bruyère : "Most men spend much of their lives in making the rest (of their lives) miserable," and in opposition to this he believes in the duty of being happy—if we can ! Probably nobody really disputes this, but practically we too often hug our miseries. Again, an honest performance of duty is unquestionably a source of happiness ; but why then are men and women constantly running away from duty ? This question is not, we think, even suggested. Sir John contents himself with quoting from his favorite philosophers to show the exalted peace which is the reward of virtue, and with pleasantly putting forth some reflections, not always new, about the folly of avarice, ambition, and other infirmities of human nature, common to both ancient and modern times. Among other suggestions on this point is this : "If we are ever in doubt what to do, it is a good rule to ask ourselves what we shall wish on the morrow that we had done." Perhaps the avaricious and ambitious, as well as the contented and virtuous, may find this rule a profitable one, though not always a plain one. In the chapters on the choice of books we find the famous list of one hundred books, about which so much has been written in the public press. The author, of course, extols friendship, but warns us that friendship gives no privilege to people to make themselves disagreeable to each other. The best chapters of the treatise are to our thinking those on science and education.

V.

THE ELECTRIC MOTOR AND ITS APPLIANCES.*

WHILE the broad features of the dynamo-electric machine and the electric motor were probably outlined permanently when Gramme and Pacinotti made their first machines, yet the work of invention still goes on, and no one can say that the aggregate of improvement within a given period is inconsiderable. In fact, each year's contributions to the perfecting and adapting of these machines since they were first invented have thus far been very important, and never more so than during the last two or three years. The improvements, however, really affect the applications of the machines mentioned more than the machines themselves. For these reasons Messrs. Martin and Wetzler have done wisely to give prominence in their recent work on the electro-motor to a discussion of the various uses to which such motors have recently been applied. The theory of the electrical transmission of power has been ably set forth by others, and all the early forms of motor have been adequately described. These points are not overlooked by the authors of the present work, but they are discussed only so far as is necessary to give the treatment cohesion and continuity. In a chapter entitled "Elementary Considerations," is found a clear statement of the relations between motors and dynamo-electric machines, and in Chapter IV. the theoretical aspects of the subject are still further treated. The rest of the book deals with the electric motor historically and practically, and is mainly devoted, as has been intimated already, to its more recently applications. One of the chief excellences of the authors' method is a careful observance of proportion. The writers have no hobby. The

* "The Electric Motor and its Applications." By Thomas Commerford Martin and Joseph Wetzler, Associate Editors *The Electrical World*, Members American Institute of Electrical Engineers. With two hundred illustrations. New York: W. J. Johnston, 168-177 Potter Building. 1887. Second edition.

electric railway, of course, receives the first place, as is its due ; but the domestic and industrial applications of the motor get their proper share of attention. As regards different systems or the inventions of different individuals, the authors have happily made it their duty to record and not to draw comparisons. Perhaps the most valuable feature of the book is that it gives full structural details both in the text and in a large number of excellent illustrations. On this account it cannot fail to take its place in that important class of books which enable one to commit a whole library of pamphlets and periodicals to the flames without substantial loss.

Messrs. Martin and Wetzler have done their work with manifest enthusiasm. It is clear that they have an abiding faith in the future of the electric motor. As associate editors of an electrical journal, they have enjoyed unusual facilities for collecting their facts. It may fairly be said that they have used their enthusiasm and their opportunities to good purpose. They have performed a work which no one had done before them and which probably could not have been done so well by anybody else.

VI.

HUGUENOT HISTORY.

THE history of France during the half century preceding the Edict of Nantes is a history of commotion and internal conflict in which the noblest heroism and the worst passions of human nature were in full exercise. Professor Baird, in his two latest volumes of Huguenot history,* undertakes to tell the story, and he does so with a minuteness of detail that does him infinite credit as a diligent and painstaking investigator. He writes from a Protestant point of view, and is at no pains to conceal his sympathies, but his fidelity as a historian is always conspicuous, and he is careful and conscientious in his statements.

In the two volumes preceding these, entitled "The Rise of the Huguenots," the author deals with what he terms the formative age of the Huguenots of France, and brings the narrative down to the death of Charles IX. in 1574. The present volumes take the reader through the reigns of Henry III. and Henry IV., a period of thirty-seven years. As the St. Bartholomew massacre constituted the most thrilling occurrence of the former period, so the Edict of Nantes is the culminating point of the latter. It is understood, we believe, that there is soon to be forthcoming a continuation of Huguenot history, down to and beyond the Revocation, thus completing the survey of this eventful period of French history. The conception and execution of the task are alike admirable, and the connected books will take their place among the most honorable historical productions of our country.

The nature of the Huguenot claims and the causes of their discontent and uprising have been variously stated, but from these researches it would seem clear that the idea of overturning the throne or of superseding Catholicism by Calvanism was never seriously put forward in any of their councils. Their contention was for freedom, and their warlike attitude a protest against repression. This view is borne out by the nature of the concessions and compromises exacted from time to time from the dominant party. What the internal discipline of the Huguenot church was may be gathered from the records of the Reformed Synod of Ste. Foy la Grande in 1578. It is like reading the minutes of a Presbyterian Synod or Assembly in the present day. They enunciated the principle of religious and civil equality. They emphasized the importance of religious education, and enjoined ministers to teach the catechism, and to inculcate family worship. They protested

* "The Huguenots and Henry of Navarre." By Professor Henry M. Baird. Charles Scribner's Sons.

against immodesty in dress and other vanities of the age. But there is not a treasonable or disloyal utterance in the whole of the proceedings.

The author paints in very strong colors the characters and characteristics of the leading personages in his history. One of the most interesting of these portraits is that of Henry IV. in the closing chapter—too long to quote in full, but presenting a very vivid likeness of that remarkable man. "So grand a man, in some aspects, that we wonder that his character should have been marred by such blemishes; so faulty a man, from other points of view, that we marvel that he could ever have been esteemed magnanimous; an enigma to his contemporaries, scarcely less an enigma to succeeding generations." His assassination and that of his immediate predecessor were events for which no adequate motive could be discovered. It was the work, probably, of fanatical men acting solely on their own impulses, like the assassins of Lincoln and Garfield. How often in this respect does history repeat itself!

VII.

CRITICAL STUDY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THE critical, as distinct from the exegetical study of the New Testament, is the point from which to approach Dr. Marvin R. Vincent's recent work,* of which the first volume is before us. The idea is an excellent one of bringing before the reader of average education the results of scholarly investigation into the meaning and force of separate words and idiomatic expressions, thus enabling him to steer clear of crude interpretations and to discern the inner and peculiar thought of the writer. The author has in view those who are ignorant of Greek; but as the majority of his readers will probably be persons who have at least some acquaintance with that language, he has wisely inserted the original words, with the translation, however, always appended. The present volume embraces the synoptic gospels, Acts, and the epistles of Peter, James, and Jude, and is to be followed, we trust, at no distant date by an additional volume containing the rest of the New Testament.

The author, as a rule, does not attempt textual criticism, but follows Westcott and Hert's text, comparing it with the eighth edition of Tischendorf. The plan of the work embraces short introductory chapters to each book or set of books under review, followed at once by the "Word Studies." Thus, for example, we have a very brief account of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, with a disquisition upon the literary style and other features of the writing of each. We are told that Luke writes better Greek than the other evangelists; that he uses seven hundred words which occur nowhere else in the New Testament; that many of his terms are of a technical character peculiar to a physician, and instances of this are brought forward. To those who desire a general knowledge of such facts without poring over long treatises, these short chapters will be welcome. Even Alford's condensed New Testament for English readers is altogether too heavy for the quick work now often demanded from clergymen, to say nothing of those readers who can only digest a little of this kind of intellectual food at a time. We are given the literal meaning of such words as "repent," "apostles," "tribulation," and the peculiar force of such expressions as "being in a great agony," "almost thou persuadest." The peculiarities of the Greek tenses are made clear, as for instance in Luke 5: 18: "When he was come into the ship," meaning, while he was in the act of coming. These few specimens will suffice to show the general

* "Word Studies in the New Testament." By Marvin R. Vincent, D. D. Vol. I. Charles Scribner's Sons.

scope and plan of the work, and also its practical utility, since the results here given may fairly be assumed to represent a good deal of material locked up in lexicons and etymologies.

It is very seldom that Dr. Vincent turns aside from the task of simple definition and analysis, but he occasionally brings in illustrations of the use of words from secular writers. Thus, of the expression "Strain at a gnat" he cites Aristotle—who had observed that a certain Moorish soldier before he drank wine always unfolded the end of his turban and placed it over the mouth of his *buta*, to strain out the gnats. On disputed renderings the author states the case impartially, and avoids all discussions of doctrine and everything of the nature of homily. The work will be exceedingly useful to the working clergy, and to men and women who for any reason desire a closer acquaintance with the thought of Scripture than comes to people in the ordinary way of reading, or in the perusal of lengthy commentaries.

VIII.

A GREAT BICYCLE ACHIEVEMENT.

THE conception of a solitary ride round the world on a bicycle was a daring one, and previously to the appearance of this volume* would have justly been regarded by most sensible people as foolish and visionary. A journey of this length, even by an experienced tourist, and with all the modern facilities of travel by land and sea, is usually thought to demand a good deal of forethought and preparation, besides a moderately comprehensive outfit. To undertake a journey, much of which must necessarily be occupied by carrying one's conveyance, one must needs reduce the baggage to the very smallest compass and weight, discarding everything not absolutely necessary. Even a knapsack cannot be thought of. A bicycler's ordinary outfit, with a few indispensable accessories wrapped round the front axle, stowed in a diminutive baggage-carrier behind, or inclosed in a sole leather case in front, must suffice for the land journey. Where sea voyages have to be made other articles can be purchased, but for the bicycle journey proper the *impedimenta* must be of the lightest. For self defense, in circumstances of extreme peril, a revolver is sufficient. But most necessary of all is a stout heart, perfect health and spirits, and a practical, ready wit, and self-possession under all vicissitudes. But granting all these, risks of a most serious character and difficulties seemingly unsurmountable naturally suggest themselves. Mr. Stevens, no doubt, gave to these points careful preliminary attention. Maps were, no doubt, carefully studied, and all that forethought and planning could suggest as fitting was duly noted, and in due course the journey was begun, and was successfully finished.

This first volume contains the diary of adventure between San Francisco and Teheran, the capital of Persia, occupying the period between April 22d and September 30th, 1884,—over five months. It was eminently fitting that the narrative should take the diary form. The impressions as daily described are vivid, and the reader has all the sensation of sharing the adventures with the traveler himself. The amount of information conveyed, and the insight obtainable through these pages, as to the habits and customs of the many peoples and tribes visited, is simply wonderful. In no other way could the plain matter-of-fact world be so thoroughly opened up to scrutiny. Mr. Stevens tells his story with such evident candor and modesty that one feels perfectly safe in trusting his statements. Moreover, the style of the book is free from redundancy or exaggeration. There

* "Around the World on a Bicycle. Vol. I. From San Francisco to Teheran." By Thomas Stevens. Charles Scribner's Sons.

are no rhetorical flourishes or ponderous paragraphs of rhapsody or philosophizing. The minutest points of incident and travel are set down, as if in anticipation of the thousand and one questions an interested listener would put, and yet there is no prolixity, nothing wearisome, not a vestige of egotism, no suggestion of self-consciousness. At the same time the author does not withhold a single point of information necessary to the understanding of the case. In this respect the book is worthy of all commendation. One rises from it refreshed and returns to it with anticipation,—for it is not to be disposed of at one or two sittings,—and after reading it through the feeling is one of satisfaction that so much has been learned with so little effort. It would be a great mistake to imagine that the chief merit of the book lies in its grotesque and humorous features. There is humor and all that, but there is an intrinsic value besides, which puts it on a level with the best descriptive works. The illustrations are very numerous, and help the reader to the better understanding of the text. A few good maps would have been a welcome addition. A second volume is to come.

IX.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Baring Gould's short story, entitled "Red Spider,"* contains few features of the modern sensational novel, being, as the author states in the preface, but "a slight tale," yet there are in it evident touches of a master hand. It presents capital features of English village life as it sluggishly ran its rural course some forty or fifty years ago on the border line of Devonshire and Cornwall. There are few things more strange than the great diversity to be found in the customs, habits, and dialect of the various little provinces which make up the island of Great Britain. Notwithstanding all the leveling influences of modern civilization, there is still enough of this diversity remaining to constitute a most interesting and even fascinating study, although, as the author says, old things are passing away, as in a great social dissolving view. The object of the author in this story has been not so much to write a novel as to photograph a picture of the dissolving past before it quite disappears. We think he has succeeded in his purpose, and, at the same time, he has written a very interesting story, with a good deal of individuality about it. The picture of the heroine is a beautiful one, and quite true to nature. England is rich in just such noble women as Honor Luxmore. The condition also of the sturdy yeoman farmer, removed by a long mark from the aristocrat, and yet distinctly and influentially a social feature in English life, is well delineated. It needs a residence of years in the country to find out these things. We doubt if the changes anticipated by the author will be so sweeping as he imagines. Some ancient landmarks will remain. Meanwhile we welcome the attempt to give permanency to these pen pictures by clothing them in the form of an entertaining story which every reader who begins it will read through to the end.

"Thraldom" † appears to us rather a weak and pointless story told in a lively vein, yet sufficiently interesting, perhaps, to beguile away an hour on a railway journey. It is the story of a wooing which was almost spoiled by the machinations of a designing woman who had another bridal destination in view for the young lady. The scene and characters are English.

A short Selection from Mr. Swinburne's Poems ‡ will be welcomed by many

* "Red Spider." A novel. By S. Baring Gould. D. Appleton & Co.
† "Thraldom." A novel. By Julian Sturgis. D. Appleton & Co.
‡ Select Poems. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Worthington Co.

persons, and we have here a very neat book of two hundred and thirty pages, containing nearly forty pieces, brought together by the author himself and therefore presumably representing him as he would desire to be seen on a short acquaintance. This selection is free from some of the idiosyncracies of the poet which have been subjects for animadversion, but the peculiar style and rhythm are here, and the hidden meanings also, which are not easily divined by the superficial reader, and which compel some attention and study if they are to be understood. We agree with Mr. Stedman, that the distinguishing feature of this poet is his command over the unexpected resources of the English language, giving a power of expression to it, and a charm that grows upon one by reflection. Perhaps the most powerful and passion revealing of these selections is that entitled Iseult at Tintagel, from Tristam of Lyonese. Here are lines almost wholly of monosyllabic words that are full of pathos :

> Nay, Lord, I pray thee let him love not me,
> Love me not any more, nor like me die.
> * * * *
> Turn his heart from me, lest my love too lose
> Thee as I lose thee.
> * * * *
> Let me die rather, and only ; let me be
> Hated of him so he be loved of thee,
> Lord : for I would not have him with me there
> Out of thy light and love in the unlit air,
> Out of thy sight in the unseen hell where I
> Go gladly, going alone, so then on high
> Lift up his soul and love him.

In " My Lodger's Legacy,"* while there is enough interest to while away two or three hours of time that might otherwise be wasted, it can hardly be said that there are any marks of creative or descriptive talent of a high order. The hero of the story, whose troubles are thus ventilated, is an English gentleman of good family, who marries a pretty and ambitious girl in an inferior station of life, and who, after twenty years of peaceful married life, discovers an intrigue between his wife and a young man belonging to her former sphere. The husband, not knowing to what degree of guilt his wife has fallen, but made desperate by his discovery, plans to take his enemy's life. He is saved from the crime of murder by the death of the young man from another cause, but the circumstances of the case throw suspicion on the husband, who is tried for the crime of murder and acquitted. After this he settles the bulk of his property upon his wife and children and leaves them for ever, dying in his self-imposed exile. The story is sad enough to leave a good moral behind it.

In the anonymous story of Agatha† the purpose of the author seems to be the enforcement of the principle that sin is in itself and its consequences evil only, and can only be overcome by self sacrificing goodness. A young wife learns soon after her marriage that her husband had committed a grievous wrong against another woman. This is the shadow that falls upon what would otherwise have been a peaceful and prosperous home. The unhappy victim of the former attachment follows her seducer to New England—these were the days of the early settle-

* " My Lodger's Legacy ; or, The History of a Recluse." Written by himself. Compiled and arranged by Robert W. Hume. Funk & Wagnalls.

† " Agatha and the Shadow." A novel. Roberts Bros.

ment—and makes matters very uncomfortable for the married pair. Her object is to induce the husband to leave his present wife and make good his early vows to herself by marriage. She is a Jewess, with strong traits of character and powers of fascination. Failing in this purpose she loses self-respect and sinks to the lowest depths of vice. The husband does not deny his guilt or attempt justification, though there appear to be some extenuating circumstances. He cleaves, however, to Agatha, who gives him her trust and sympathy. After his death the widow finds a long-sought opportunity of befriending the outcast and winning her back to virtue. The scene of the story is laid principally in the new colonies, and a good deal of the early history of the settlements is interwoven with the narrative, which is evidently founded on fact, and is in many respects a quaint and powerful story, with a sound moral underlying it.

The thought of gathering together in a memorial volume* a number of tributes and testimonies from representative people of all schools and persuasions in memory of Henry Ward Beecher was happily conceived and has been well carried out. About a hundred such tributes have been thus brought together. We find the names of Robert Collyer, Talmage, Swing, Cuyler, Ormiston, Hepworth, McGlynn, Lyman Abbott, Chadwick, Bartol, Frothingham, Gladden, S. F. Smith, Adler, Eggleston, Schaff, Newman Hall, among theologians. The list is not a long one, and not as thoroughly representative as might have been expected, even after making all allowances for the peculiar position sustained by Mr. Beecher towards his brethren in the ministry. From the ranks of the laity we find such names as Dr. O. W. Holmes, General W. T. Sherman, Admiral D. D. Porter, Whittier, Fremont, Mrs. Garfield, ex-President Hayes, President Cleveland, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Geo. W. Childs, Boucicault, Pasteur, Henry Bergh, and many others. Most of these tributes are in a tone of unqualified admiration, and many of them contain anecdotes and reminiscences which have not been published elsewhere. Taken as a whole, the collection is remarkable, as showing the different points of view from which such a man and such a life has been regarded.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Story of a New York House. H. C. Bunner. Illustrated by A. B. Frost.
Underwoods. Robert Louis Stevenson.

From the Author.

Medical and Surgical Memoirs. Vol. II. Fevers. Joseph Jones, M. D., New Orleans.

Charles L. Webster & Co.

Life of Leo XIII. From an authentic memoir furnished by his order. Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., LL.D.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

The Girl's Book of Famous Queens. Lydia Hoyt Farmer.

* "Beecher Memorial." Contemporaneous Tributes to the Memory of Henry Ward Beecher. Compiled and Edited by Edward W. Bok. Privately printed.

Famous American Authors. Sarah K. Bolton.

What to Do? Thoughts Evoked by the Census of Moscow. Count Lyof N. Tolstoï.

Hubbard Brothers.

Samantha at Saratoga; or, "Flirtin' with Fashion." Josiah Allen's Wife (Marietta Holley).

A. Lovell & Co.

Greater America. Hits and Hints. A Foreign Resident.

Benjamin & Bell.

Sea Spray; or, Facts and Fancies of a Yachtsman. S. G. W. Benjamin.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Questions of the Day. No. 39. Federal Taxes and State Expenses. William H. Jones.

The Author.

Songs and Song Legends. Edward Lippitt Fales.

Funk & Wagnalls.

My Lodger's Legacy; or, The History of a Recluse. Robert W. Hume.

Thomas Whittaker.

The Vine Out of Egypt; or, The Growth and Development of the American Episcopal Church, with Special Reference to the Church Life of the Future. Wm. Wilberforce Newton.

SOUTH BOSTON.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CCCLXXII.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

A REPLY TO THE REV. HENRY M. FIELD, D. D.

"Doubt is called the beacon of the wise."

My Dear Mr. Field:

I answer your letter because it is manly, candid and generous. It is not often that a minister of the gospel of universal benevolence speaks of an unbeliever except in terms of reproach, contempt and hatred. The meek are often malicious. The statement in your letter, that some of your brethren look upon me as a monster on account of my unbelief, tends to show that those who love God are not always the friends of their fellow men.

Is it not strange that people who admit that they ought to be eternally damned, that they are by nature totally depraved, and that there is no soundness or health in them, can be so arrogantly egotistic as to look upon others as "monsters?" And yet "some of your brethren," who regard unbelievers as infamous, rely for salvation entirely on the goodness of another, and expect to receive as alms an eternity of joy.

The first question that arises between us, is as to the innocence of honest error—as to the right to express an honest thought.

You must know that perfectly honest men differ on many important subjects. Some believe in free trade, others are the advocates of protection. There are honest Democrats and sincere Republicans. How do you account for these differences? Educated men, presidents of colleges, cannot agree upon questions capable of solution—questions that the mind can grasp, concerning which the evidence is open to all and where the facts can be with accuracy ascertained. How do you explain this? If such differences can exist consistently with the good faith of those who differ, can you not conceive of honest people entertaining different views on subjects about which nothing can be positively known?

You do not regard me as a monster. "Some of your brethren" do. How do you account for this difference? Of course, your brethren—their hearts having been softened by the Presbyterian God—are governed by charity and love. They do not regard me as a monster because I have committed an infamous crime, but simply for the reason that I have expressed my honest thoughts.

What should I have done? I have read the bible with great care, and the conclusion has forced itself upon my mind not only that it is not inspired, but that it is not true. Was it my duty to speak or act contrary to this conclusion? Was it my duty to remain silent? If I had been untrue to myself, if I had joined the majority,—if I had declared the book to be the inspired word of God,—would your brethren still have regarded me as a monster? Has religion had control of the world so long that an honest man seems monstrous?

According to your creed—according to your bible—the same Being who made the mind of man, who fashioned every brain, and sowed within those wondrous fields the seeds of every thought and deed, inspired the bible's every word, and gave it as a guide to all the world. Surely the book should satisfy the brain. And yet, there are millions who do not believe in the inspiration of the scriptures. Some of the greatest and best have held the claim of inspiration in contempt. No Presbyterian ever stood higher in the realm of thought than Humboldt. He was familiar with Nature from sands to stars, and gave his thoughts, his discoveries and conclusions, "more precious than the tested gold," to all mankind. Yet he not only rejected the religion of your

brethren, but denied the existence of their God. Certainly, Charles Darwin was one of the greatest and purest of men,—as free from prejudice as the mariner's compass,—desiring only to find amid the mists and clouds of ignorance the star of truth. No man ever exerted a greater influence on the intellectual world. His discoveries, carried to their legitimate conclusion, destroy the creeds and sacred scriptures of mankind. In the light of "Natural Selection," "The Survival of the Fittest," and "The Origin of Species," even the Christian religion becomes a gross and cruel superstition. Yet Darwin was an honest, thoughtful, brave and generous man.

Compare, I beg of you, these men, Humboldt and Darwin, with the founders of the Presbyterian Church. Read the life of Spinoza, the loving pantheist, and then that of John Calvin, and tell me, candidly, which, in your opinion, was a "monster." Even your brethren do not claim that men are to be eternally punished for having been mistaken as to the truths of geology, astronomy, or mathematics. A man may deny the rotundity and rotation of the earth, laugh at the attraction of gravitation, scout the nebular hypothesis, and hold the multiplication table in abhorrence, and yet join at last the angelic choir. I insist upon the same freedom of thought in all departments of human knowledge. Reason is the supreme and final test.

If God has made a revelation to man, it must have been addressed to his reason. There is no other faculty that could even decipher the address. I admit that reason is a small and feeble flame, a flickering torch by stumblers carried in the starless night, —blown and flared by passion's storm,—and yet it is the only light. Extinguish that, and nought remains.

You draw a distinction between what you are pleased to call "superstition" and religion. You are shocked at the Hindoo mother when she gives her child to death at the supposed command of her God. What do you think of Abraham, of Jephthah? What is your opinion of Jehovah himself? Is not the sacrifice of a child to a phantom as horrible in Palestine as in India? Why should a God demand a sacrifice from man? Why should the infinite ask anything from the finite? Should the sun beg of the glow-worm, and should the momentary spark excite the envy of the source of light?

You must remember that the Hindoo mother believes that her

child will be forever blest—that it will become the especial care of the God to whom it has been given. This is a sacrifice through a false belief on the part of the mother. She breaks her heart for the love of her babe. But what do you think of the Christian mother who expects to be happy in heaven, with her child a convict in the eternal prison—a prison in which none die, and from which none escape? What do you say of those Christians who believe that they, in heaven, will be so filled with ecstacy that all the loved of earth will be forgotten—that all the sacred relations of life, and all the passions of the heart, will fade and die, so that they will look with stony, unreplying, happy eyes upon the miseries of the lost?

You have laid down a rule by which superstition can be distinguished from religion. It is this: "It makes that a crime which is not a crime, and that a virtue which is not a virtue." Let us test your religion by this rule.

Is it a crime to investigate, to think, to reason, to observe? Is it a crime to be governed by that which to you is evidence, and is it infamous to express your honest thought? There is also another question: Is credulity a virtue? Is the open mouth of ignorant wonder the only entrance to Paradise?

According to your creed, those who believe are to be saved, and those who do not believe are to be eternally lost. When you condemn men to everlasting pain for unbelief—that is to say, for acting in accordance with that which is evidence to them—do you not make that a crime which is not a crime? And when you reward men with an eternity of joy for simply believing that which happens to be in accord with their minds, do you not make that a virtue which is not a virtue? In other words, do you not bring your own religion exactly within your own definition of superstition?

The truth is, that no one can justly be held responsible for his thoughts. The brain thinks without asking our consent. We believe, or we disbelieve, without an effort of the will. Belief is a result. It is the effect of evidence upon the mind. The scales turn in spite of him who watches. There is no opportunity of being honest or dishonest in the formation of an opinion. The conclusion is entirely independent of desire. We must believe, or we must doubt, in spite of what we wish.

That which must be, has the right to be.

We think in spite of ourselves. The brain thinks as the heart

beats, as the eyes see, as the blood pursues its course in the old accustomed ways.

The question then is, not have we the right to think,—that being a necessity,—but have we the right to express our honest thoughts? You certainly have the right to express yours, and you have exercised that right. Some of your brethren, who regard me as a monster, have expressed theirs. The question now is, have I the right to express mine? In other words, have I the right to answer your letter? To make that a crime in me which is a virtue in you, certainly comes within your definition of superstition. To exercise a right yourself which you deny to me is simply the act of a tyrant. Where did you get your right to express your honest thoughts? When, and where, and how did I lose mine?

You would not burn, you would not even imprison me, because I differ with you on a subject about which neither of us knows anything. To you the savagery of the Inquisition is only a proof of the depravity of man. You are far better than your creed. You believe that even the Christian world is outgrowing the frightful feeling that fagot, and dungeon, and thumb-screw are legitimate arguments, calculated to convince those upon whom they are used, that the religion of those who use them was founded by a God of infinite compassion. You will admit that he who now persecutes for opinion's sake is infamous. And yet, the God you worship will, according to your creed, torture through all the endless years the man who entertains an honest doubt. A belief in such a God is the foundation and cause of all religious persecution. You may reply that only the belief in a false God causes believers to be inhuman. But you must admit that the Jews believed in the true God, and you are forced to say that they were so malicious, so cruel, so savage, that they crucified the only Sinless Being who ever lived. This crime was committed, not in spite of their religion, but in accordance with it. They simply obeyed the command of Jehovah. And the followers of this Sinless Being, who, for all these centuries, have denounced the cruelty of the Jews for crucifying a man on account of his opinion, have destroyed millions and millions of their fellow men for differing with them. And this same Sinless Being threatens to torture in eternal fire countless myriads for the same offense. Beyond this, inconsistency cannot go. At this point absurdity becomes infinite.

Your creed transfers the Inquisition to another world, making it eternal. Your God becomes, or rather is, an infinite Torquemada, who denies to his countless victims even the mercy of death. And this you call "a consolation."

You insist that at the foundation of every religion is the idea of God. According to your creed, all ideas of God, except those entertained by those of your faith, are absolutely false. You are not called upon to defend the Gods of the nations dead, nor the Gods of heretics. It is your business to defend the God of the bible—the God of the Presbyterian Church. When in the ranks doing battle for your creed, you must wear the uniform of your Church. You dare not say that it is sufficient to insure the salvation of a soul to believe in *a* god, or in *some* god. According to your creed, man must believe in *your* God. All the nations dead believed in Gods, and all the worshipers of Zeus, and Jupiter, and Isis, and Osiris, and Brahma prayed and sacrificed in vain. Their petitions were not answered, and their souls were not saved. Surely you do not claim that it is sufficient to believe in any one of the heathen gods.

What right have you to occupy the position of the deists, and to put forth arguments that even Christians have answered? The deist denounced the God of the bible because of his cruelty, and at the same time lauded the God of Nature. The Christian replied that the God of Nature was as cruel as the God of the bible. This answer was complete.

I feel that you are entitled to the admission that none have been, that none are, too ignorant, too degraded, to believe in the supernatural; and I freely give you the advantage of this admission. Only a few—and they among the wisest, noblest, and purest of the human race—have regarded all gods as monstrous myths. Yet a belief in "the true God" does not seem to make men charitable or just. For most people, theism is the easiest solution of the universe. They are satisfied with saying that there must be a Being who created and who governs the world. But the universality of a belief does not tend to establish its truth. The belief in the existence of a malignant Devil has been as universal as the belief in a beneficent God, yet few intelligent men will say that the universality of this belief in an infinite demon even tends to prove his existence. In the world of thought, majorities count for nothing. Truth has always dwelt with the few.

Man has filled the world with impossible monsters, and he has been the sport and prey of these phantoms born of ignorance and hope and fear. To appease the wrath of these monsters man has sacrificed his fellow man. He has shed the blood of wife and child; he has fasted and prayed; he has suffered beyond the power of language to express, and yet he has received nothing from these gods—they have heard no supplication, they have answered no prayer.

You may reply that your God "sends his rain on the just and on the unjust," and that this fact proves that he is merciful to all alike. I answer, that your God sends his pestilence on the just and on the unjust—that his earthquakes devour and his cyclones rend and wreck the loving and the vicious, the honest and the criminal. Do not these facts prove that your God is cruel to all alike? In other words, do they not demonstrate the absolute impartiality of the divine negligence?

Do you not believe that any honest man of average intelligence, having absolute control of the rain, could do vastly better than is being done? Certainly there would be no droughts or floods; the crops would not be permitted to wither and die, while rain was being wasted in the sea. Is it conceivable that a good man with power to control the winds would not prevent cyclones? Would you not rather trust a wise and honest man with the lightning?

Why should an infinitely wise and powerful God destroy the good and preserve the vile? Why should he treat all alike here, and in another world make an infinite difference? Why should your God allow his worshipers, his adorers, to be destroyed by his enemies? Why should he allow the honest, the loving, the noble, to perish at the stake? Can you answer these questions? Does it not seem to you that your God must have felt a touch of shame when the poor slave mother—one that had been robbed of her babe—knelt and with clasped hands, in a voice broken with sobs, commenced her prayer with the words "Our Father?"

It gave me pleasure to find that, notwithstanding your creed, you are philosophical enough to say that some men are incapacitated, by reason of temperament, for believing in the existence of God. Now, if a belief in God is necessary to the salvation of the soul, why should God create a soul without this capacity? Why should he create souls that he knew would be lost? You seem to think that it is necessary to be poetical, or dreamy, in

order to be religious, and by inference, at least, you deny certain qualities to me that you deem necessary. Do you account for the atheism of Shelley by saying that he was not poetic, and do you quote his lines to prove the existence of the very God whose being he so passionately denied? Is it possible that Napoleon—one of the most infamous of men—had a nature so finely strung that he was sensitive to the divine influences? Are you driven to the necessity of proving the existence of one tyrant by the words of another? Personally, I have but little confidence in a religion that satisfied the heart of a man who, to gratify his ambition, filled half the world with widows and orphans. In regard to Agassiz, it is just to say that he furnished a vast amount of testimony in favor of the truth of the theories of Charles Darwin, and then denied the correctness of these theories—preferring the good opinion of Harvard for a few days to the lasting applause of the intellectual world.

I agree with you that the world is a mystery, not only, but that everything in Nature is equally mysterious, and that there is no way of escape from the mystery of life and death. To me, the crystallization of the snow is as mysterious as the constellations. But when you endeavor to explain the mystery of the universe by the mystery of God, you do not even exchange mysteries—you simply make one more.

Nothing can be mysterious enough to become an explanation.

The mystery of man cannot be explained by the mystery of God. That mystery still asks for explanation. The mind is so that it cannot grasp the idea of an infinite personality. That is beyond the circumference. This being so, it is impossible that man can be convinced by any evidence of the existence of that which he cannot in any measure comprehend. Such evidence would be equally incomprehensible with the incomprehensible fact sought to be established by it, and the intellect of man can grasp neither the one nor the other.

You admit that the God of Nature—that is to say, your God—is as inflexible as Nature itself. Why should man worship the inflexible? Why should he kneel to the unchangeable? You say that your God "does not bend to human thought any more than to human will," and that "the more we study him, the more we find that he is not what we imagined him to be." So

that, after all, the only thing you are really certain of in relation to your God is, that he is not what you think he is. Is it not almost absurd to insist that such a state of mind is necessary to salvation, or that it is a moral restraint, or that it is the foundation of social order?

The most religious nations have been the most immoral, the cruelest and the most unjust. Italy was far worse under the Popes than under the Cæsars. Was there ever a barbarian nation more savage than the Spain of the sixteenth century? Certainly you must know that what you call religion has produced a thousand civil wars, and has severed with the sword all the natural ties that produce "the unity and married calm of States." Theology is the fruitful mother of discord; order is the child of reason. If you will candidly consider this question—if you will for a few moments forget your preconceived opinions—you will instantly see that the instinct of self-preservation holds society together. Religion itself was born of this instinct. People, being ignorant, believed that the Gods were jealous and revengeful. They peopled space with phantoms that demanded worship and delighted in sacrifice and ceremony, phantoms that could be flattered by praise and changed by prayer. These ignorant people wished to preserve themselves. They supposed that they could in this way avoid pestilence and famine, and postpone perhaps the day of death. Do you not see that self-preservation lies at the foundation of worship? Nations, like individuals, defend and protect themselves. Nations, like individuals, have fears, have ideals, and live for the accomplishment of certain ends. Men defend their property because it is of value. Industry is the enemy of theft. Men, as a rule, desire to live, and for that reason murder is a crime. Fraud is hateful to the victim. The majority of mankind work and produce the necessities, the comforts, and the luxuries of life. They wish to retain the fruits of their labor. Government is one of the instrumentalities for the preservation of what man deems of value. This is the foundation of social order, and this holds society together.

Religion has been the enemy of social order, because it directs the attention of man to another world. Religion teaches its votaries to sacrifice this world for the sake of that other. The effect is to weaken the ties that hold families and States together. Of

what consequence is anything in this world compared with eternal joy?

You insist that man is not capable of self government, and that God made the mistake of filling a world with failures—in other words, that man must be governed not by himself, but by your God, and that your God produces order, and establishes and preserves all the nations of the earth. This being so, your God is responsible for the government of this world. Does he preserve order in Russia? Is he accountable for Siberia? Did he establish the institution of slavery? Was he the founder of the Inquisition?

You answer all these questions by calling my attention to "the retributions of history." What are the retributions of history? The honest were burned at the stake; the patriotic, the generous, and the noble were allowed to die in dungeons; whole races were enslaved; millions of mothers were robbed of their babes. What were the retributions of history? They who committed these crimes wore crowns, and they who justified these infamies were adorned with the tiara.

You are mistaken when you say that Lincoln at Gettysburg said: "Just and true are thy judgments, Lord God Almighty." Something like this occurs in his last inaugural, in which he says, —speaking of his hope that the war might soon be ended,—"If it shall continue until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'" But admitting that you are correct in the assertion, let me ask you one question: Could one standing over the body of Lincoln, the blood slowly oozing from the madman's wound, have truthfully said: "Just and true are thy judgments, Lord God Almighty?"

Do you really believe that this world is governed by an infinitely wise and good God? Have you convinced even yourself of this? Why should God permit the triumph of injustice? Why should the loving be tortured? Why should the noblest be destroyed? Why should the world be filled with misery, with ignorance, and with want? What reason have you for believing that your God will do better in another world than he has done and is doing in this? Will he be wiser? Will he have more power? Will he be more merciful?

When I say "your God," of course I mean the God described

in the bible and the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. But again I say, that in the nature of things, there can be no evidence of the existence of an infinite being.

An infinite being must be conditionless, and for that reason there is nothing that a finite being can do that can by any possibility affect the well-being of the conditionless. This being so, man can neither owe nor discharge any debt or duty to an infinite being. The infinite cannot want, and man can do nothing for a being who wants nothing. A conditioned being can be made happy, or miserable, by changing conditions, but the conditionless is absolutely independent of cause and effect.

I do not say that a God does not exist, neither do I say that a God does exist; but I say that I do not know—that there can be no evidence to my mind of the existence of such a being, and that my mind is so that it is incapable of even thinking of an infinite personality. I know that in your creed you describe God as "without body, parts, or passions." This, to my mind, is simply a description of an infinite vacuum. I have had no experience with gods. This world is the only one with which I am acquainted, and I was surprised to find in your letter the expression that "perhaps others are better acquainted with that of which I am so ignorant." Did you, by this, intend to say that you know anything of any other state of existence—that you have inhabited some other planet—that you lived before you were born, and that you recollect something of that other world, or of that other state?

Upon the question of immortality you have done me, unintentionally, a great injustice. With regard to that hope, I have never uttered "a flippant or a trivial" word. I have said a thousand times, and I say again, that the idea of immortality, that, like a sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion. It was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death.

I have said a thousand times, and I say again, that we do not know, we cannot say, whether death is a wall or a door—the beginning, or end, of a day—the spreading of pinions to soar, or the folding forever of wings—the rise or the set of a sun, or an endless life, that brings rapture and love to every one.

The belief in immortality is far older than Christianity. Thousands of years before Christ was born billions of people had lived and died in that hope. Upon countless graves had been laid in love and tears the emblems of another life. The heaven of the New Testament was to be in this world. The dead, after they were raised, were to live here. Not one satisfactory word was said to have been uttered by Christ—nothing philosophic, nothing clear, nothing that adorns, like a bow of promise, the cloud of doubt.

According to the account in the New Testament, Christ was dead for a period of nearly three days. After his resurrection, why did not some one of his disciples ask him where he had been? Why did he not tell them what world he had visited? There was the opportunity to "bring life and immortality to light." And yet he was silent as the grave that he had left—speechless as the stone that angels had rolled away.

How do you account for this? Was it not infinitely cruel to leave the world in darkness and in doubt, when one word could have filled all time with hope and light?

The hope of immortality is the great oak round which have climbed the poisonous vines of superstition. The vines have not supported the oak—the oak has supported the vines. As long as men live and love and die, this hope will blossom in the human heart.

All I have said upon this subject has been to express my hope and confess my lack of knowledge. Neither by word nor look have I expressed any other feeling than sympathy with those who hope to live again—for those who bend above their dead and dream of life to come. But I have denounced the selfishness and heartlessness of those who expect for themselves an eternity of joy, and for the rest of mankind predict, without a tear, a world of endless pain. Nothing can be more contemptible than such a hope—a hope that can give satisfaction only to the hyenas of the human race.

When I say that I do not know—when I deny the existence of perdition, you reply that "there is something very cruel in this treatment of the belief of my fellow creatures."

You have had the goodness to invite me to a grave over which a mother bends and weeps for her only son. I accept your invitation. We will go together. Do not, I pray you, deal in splen-

did generalities. Be explicit. Remember that the son for whom the loving mother weeps was not a Christian, not a believer in the inspiration of the Bible nor in the divinity of Jesus Christ. The mother turns to you for consolation, for some star of hope in the midnight of her grief. What must you say? Do not desert the Presbyterian creed. Do not forget the threatenings of Jesus Christ. What must you say? Will you read a portion of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith? Will you read this?

"Although the light of Nature, and the works of creation and Providence, do so far manifest the goodness, wisdom, and power of God as to leave man inexcusable, yet they are not sufficient to give that knowledge of God and of his will which is necessary to salvation."

Or, will you read this?

"By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men, thus predestined and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

Suppose the mother, lifting her tear-stained face, should say: "My son was good, generous, loving, and kind. He gave his life for me. Is there no hope for him?" Would you then put this serpent in her breast?

"Men not professing the Christian religion cannot be saved in any other way whatsoever, be they never so diligent to conform their lives according to the light of Nature. We cannot by our best works merit pardon of sin. There is no sin so small but that it deserves damnation. Works done by unregenerate men, although, for the matter of that, they may be things which God commands, and of good use both to themselves and others, are sinful and cannot please God or make a man meet to receive Christ or God."

And suppose the mother should then sobbingly ask: "What has become of my son? Where is he now?" Would you still read from your Confession of Faith, or from your Catechism—this?

"The souls of the wicked are cast into hell, where they remain in torment and utter darkness, reserved to the judgment of the great day. At the last day the righteous shall come into everlasting life, but the wicked shall be cast into eternal torment and punished with everlasting destruction. The wicked shall be cast into hell, to be punished with unspeakable torment, both of body and soul, with the devil and his angels, forever."

If the poor mother still wept, still refused to be comforted, would you thrust this dagger in her heart?

"At the Day of Judgment you, being caught up to Christ in the clouds, shall be seated at his right hand and there openly acknowledged and acquitted, and you shall join with him in the damnation of your son."

If this failed to still the beatings of her aching heart, would you repeat these words which you say came from the loving soul of Christ?

"They who believe and are baptized shall be saved, and they who believe not shall be damned; and these shall go away into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels."

Would you not be compelled, according to your belief, to tell this mother that "there is but one name given under heaven and among men whereby" the souls of men can enter the gates of paradise? Would you not be compelled to say: "Your son lived in a Christian land. The means of grace were within his reach. He died not having experienced a change of heart, and your son is forever lost. You can meet your son again only by dying in your sins; but if you will give your heart to God you can never clasp him to your breast again."

What could I say? Let me tell you:

"My dear madam, this reverend gentleman knows nothing of another world. He cannot see beyond the tomb. He has simply stated to you the superstitions of ignorance, of cruelty and fear. If there be in this universe a God, he certainly is as good as you are. Why should he have loved your son in life—loved him, according to this reverend gentleman, to that degree that he gave his life for him; and why should that love be changed to hatred the moment your son was dead?

"My dear woman, there are no punishments, there are no rewards—there are consequences; and of one thing you may rest assured, and that is, that every soul, no matter what sphere it may inhabit, will have the everlasting opportunity of doing right.

"If death ends all, and if this handful of dust over which you weep is all there is, you have this consolation: Your son is not within the power of this reverend gentleman's God—that is something. Your son does not suffer. Next to a life of joy is the dreamless sleep of death."

Does it not seem to you infinitely absurd to call orthodox Christianity "a consolation?" Here in this world, where every

human being is enshrouded in cloud and mist,—where all lives are filled with mistakes,—where no one claims to be perfect, is it "a consolation" to say that "the smallest sin deserves eternal pain?" Is it possible for the ingenuity of man to extract from the doctrine of hell one drop, one ray, of "consolation?" If that doctrine be true, is not your God an infinite criminal? Why should he have created uncounted billions destined to suffer forever? Why did he not leave them unconscious dust? Compared with this crime, any crime that man can by any possibility commit is a virtue.

Think for a moment of your God,—the keeper of an infinite penitentiary filled with immortal convicts,—your God an eternal turnkey, without the pardoning power. In the presence of this infinite horror, you complacently speak of the atonement,—a scheme that has not yet gathered within its horizon a billionth part of the human race,—an atonement with one-half the world remaining undiscovered for fifteen hundred years after it was made.

If there could be no suffering, there could be no sin. To unjustly cause suffering is the only possible crime. How can a God accept the suffering of the innocent in lieu of the punishment of the guilty?

According to your theory, this infinite being, by his mere will, makes right and wrong. This I do not admit. Right and wrong exist in the nature of things—in the relation they bear to man, and to sentient beings. You have already admitted that "Nature is inflexible, and that a violated law calls for its consequences." I insist that no God can step between an act and its natural effects. If God exists, he has nothing to do with punishment, nothing to do with reward. From certain acts flow certain consequences; these consequences increase or decrease the happiness of man; and the consequences must be borne.

A man who has forfeited his life to the commonwealth may be pardoned, but a man who has violated a condition of his own well-being cannot be pardoned—there is no pardoning power. The laws of the State are made, and, being made, can be changed; but the facts of the universe cannot be changed. The relation of act to consequence cannot be altered. This is above all power, and, consequently, there is no analogy between the laws of the State and the facts in Nature. An infinite God could not change the relation between the diameter and circumference of the circle.

A man having committed a crime may be pardoned, but I deny the right of the State to punish an innocent man in the place of the pardoned—no matter how willing the innocent man may be to suffer the punishment. There is no law in Nature, no fact in Nature, by which the innocent can be justly punished to the end that the guilty may go free. Let it be understood once for all: Nature cannot pardon.

You have recognized this truth. You have asked me what is to become of one who seduces and betrays, of the criminal with the blood of his victim upon his hands. Without the slightest hesitation I answer, whoever commits a crime against another must, to the utmost of his power in this world and in another, if there be one, make full and ample restitution, and in addition must bear the natural consequences of his offense. No man can be perfectly happy, either in this world or in any other, who has by his perfidy broken a loving and a confiding heart. No power can step between acts and consequences—no forgiveness, no atonement.

But, my dear friend, you have taught for many years, if you are a Presbyterian, or an evangelical Christian, that a man may seduce and betray, and that the poor victim, driven to insanity, leaping from some wharf at night where ships strain at their anchors in storm and darkness—you have taught that this poor girl may be tormented forever by a God of infinite compassion. This is not all that you have taught. You have said to the seducer, to the betrayer, to the one who would not listen to her wailing cry,—who would not even stretch forth his hand to catch her fluttering garments,—you have said to him: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be happy forever; you shall live in the realm of infinite delight, from which you can, without a shadow falling upon your face, observe the poor girl, your victim, writhing in the agonies of hell." You have taught this. For my part, I do not see how an angel in heaven meeting another angel whom he had robbed on the earth, could feel entirely blissful. I go further. Any decent angel, no matter if sitting at the right hand of God, should he see in hell one of his victims, would leave heaven itself for the purpose of wiping one tear from the cheek of the damned.

You seem to have forgotten your statement in the commencement of your letter, that your God is as inflexible as Nature—

that he bends not to human thought nor to human will. You seem to have forgotten the line which you emphasized with italics: "*The effect of everything which is of the nature of a cause, is eternal.*" In the light of this sentence, where do you find a place for forgiveness—for your atonement? Where is a way to escape from the effect of a cause that is eternal? Do you not see that this sentence is a cord with which I easily tie your hands? The scientific part of your letter destroys the theological. You have put "new wine into old bottles," and the predicted result has followed. Will the angels in heaven, the redeemed of earth, lose their memory? Will not all the redeemed rascals remember their rascality? Will not all the redeemed assassins remember the faces of the dead? Will not all the seducers and betrayers remember her sighs, her tears, and the tones of her voice, and will not the conscience of the redeemed be as inexorable as the conscience of the damned?

If memory is to be forever "the warder of the brain," and if the redeemed can never forget the sins they committed, the pain and anguish they caused, then they can never be perfectly happy; and if the lost can never forget the good they did, the kind actions, the loving words, the heroic deeds; and if the memory of good deeds gives the slightest pleasure, then the lost can never be perfectly miserable. Ought not the memory of a good action to live as long as the memory of a bad one? So that the undying memory of the good, in heaven, brings undying pain, and the undying memory of those in hell brings undying pleasure. Do you not see that if men have done good and bad, the future can have neither a perfect heaven nor a perfect hell?

I believe in the manly doctrine that every human being must bear the consequences of his acts, and that no man can be justly saved or damned on account of the goodness or the wickedness of another.

If by atonement you mean the natural effect of self-sacrifice, the effects following a noble and disinterested action; if you mean that the life and death of Christ are worth their effect upon the human race,—which your letter seems to show,—then there is no question between us. If you have thrown away the old and barbarous idea that a law had been broken, that God demanded a sacrifice, and that Christ, the innocent, was offered up for us, and that he bore the wrath of God and suffered in our place, then I congratulate you with all my heart.

It seems to me impossible that life should be exceedingly joyous to any one who is acquainted with its miseries, its burdens, and its tears. I know that as darkness follows light around the globe, so misery and misfortune follow the sons of men. According to your creed, the future state will be worse than this. Here, the vicious may reform; here, the wicked may repent; here, a few gleams of sunshine may fall upon the darkest life. But in your future state, for countless billions of the human race, there will be no reform, no opportunity of doing right, and no possible gleam of sunshine can ever touch their souls. Do you not see that your future state is infinitely worse than this? You seem to mistake the glare of hell for the light of morning.

Let us throw away the dogma of eternal retribution. Let us "cling to all that can bring a ray of hope into the darkness of this life."

You have been kind enough to say that I find a subject for caricature in the doctrine of regeneration. If, by regeneration, you mean reformation,—if you mean that there comes a time in the life of a young man when he feels the touch of responsibility, and that he leaves his foolish or vicious ways, and concludes to act like an honest man,—if this is what you mean by regeneration, I am a believer. But that is not the definition of regeneration in your creed—that is not Christian regeneration. There is some mysterious, miraculous, supernatural, invisible agency, called, I believe, the Holy Ghost, that enters and changes the heart of man, and this mysterious agency is like the wind, under the control, apparently, of no one, coming and going when and whither it listeth. It is this illogical and absurd view of regeneration that I have attacked.

You ask me how it came to pass that a Hebrew peasant, born among the Lills of Galilee, had a wisdom above that of Socrates or Plato, of Confucius or Buddha, and you conclude by saying, "This is the greatest of miracles—that such a being should live and die on the earth."

I can hardly admit your conclusion, because I remember that Christ said nothing in favor of the family relation. As a matter of fact, his life tended to cast discredit upon marriage. He said nothing against the institution of slavery; nothing against the tyranny of government; nothing of our treatment of animals; nothing about education, about intellectual progress; nothing of

art, declared no scientific truth, and said nothing as to the rights and duties of nations.

You may reply that all this is included in "Do unto others as you would be done by"; and "Resist not evil." More than this is necessary to educate the human race. It is not enough to say to your child or to your pupil, "Do right." The great question still remains: What is right? Neither is there any wisdom in the idea of non-resistance. Force without mercy is tyranny. Mercy without force is but a waste of tears. Take from virtue the right of self-defense, and vice becomes the master of the world.

Let me ask you how it came to pass that an ignorant driver of camels, a man without family, without wealth, became master of hundreds of millions of human beings? How is it that he conquered and overran more than half of the Christian world? How is it that on a thousand fields the banner of the cross went down in blood, while that of the crescent floated in triumph? How do you account for the fact that the flag of this impostor floats to-day above the sepulchre of Christ? Was this a miracle? Was Mohammed inspired? How do you account for Confucius, whose name is known wherever the sky bends? Was he inspired—this man who for many centuries has stood first, and who has been acknowledged the superior of all men by hundreds and thousands of millions of his fellow men? How do you account for Buddha,—in many respects the greatest religious teacher this world has ever known,—the broadest, the most intellectual of them all; he who was great enough, hundreds of years before Christ was born, to declare the universal brotherhood of man, great enough to say that intelligence is the only lever capable of raising mankind? How do you account for him, who has had more followers than any other? Are you willing to say that all success is divine? How do you account for Shakespeare, born of parents who could neither read nor write, held in the lap of ignorance and love, nursed at the breast of poverty—how do you account for him, by far the greatest of the human race, the wings of whose imagination still fill the horizon of human thought; Shakespeare, who was perfectly acquainted with the human heart, knew all depths of sorrow, all heights of joy, and in whose mind were the fruit of all thought, of all experience, and a prophecy of all to be; Shakespeare, the

wisdom and beauty and depth of whose words increase with the intelligence and civilization of mankind? How do you account for this miracle? Do you believe that any founder of any religion could have written "Lear" or "Hamlet"? Did Greece produce a man who could by any possibility have been the author of "Troilus and Cressida?" Was there among all the countless millions of almighty Rome an intellect that could have written the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar"? Is not the play of "Antony and Cleopatra" as Egyptian as the Nile? How do you account for this man, within whose veins there seemed to be the blood of every race, and in whose brain there were the poetry and philosophy of a world?

You ask me to tell my opinion of Christ. Let me say here, once for all, that for the man Christ—for the man who, in the darkness, cried out, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—for that man I have the greatest possible respect. And let me say, once for all, that the place where man has died for man is holy ground. To that great and serene peasant of Palestine I gladly pay the tribute of my admiration and my tears. He was a reformer in his day—an infidel in his time. Back of the theological mask, and in spite of the interpolations of the New Testament, I see a great and genuine man.

It is hard to see how you can consistently defend the course pursued by Christ himself. He attacked with great bitterness "the religion of others." It did not occur to him that "there was something very cruel in this treatment of the belief of his fellow creatures." He denounced the chosen people of God as a "generation of vipers." He compared them to "whited sepulchres." How can you sustain the conduct of missionaries? They go to other lands and attack the sacred beliefs of others. They tell the people of India and of all heathen lands, not only that their religion is a lie, not only that their Gods are myths, but that the ancestors of these people—their fathers and mothers who never heard of God, of the bible, or of Christ—are all in perdition. Is not this a cruel treatment of the belief of a fellow creature?

A religion that is not manly and robust enough to bear attack with smiling fortitude is unworthy of a place in the heart or brain. A religion that takes refuge in sentimentality, that cries out: "Do not, I pray you, tell me any truth calculated to hurt my feelings," is fit only for asylums.

You believe that Christ was God, that he was infinite in power. While in Jerusalem he cured the sick, raised a few from the dead, and opened the eyes of the blind. Did he do these things because he loved mankind, or did he do these miracles simply to establish the fact that he was the very Christ? If he was actuated by love, is he not as powerful now as he was then? Why does he not open the eyes of the blind now? Why does he not with a touch make the leper clean? If you had the power to give sight to the blind, to cleanse the leper, and would not exercise it, what would be thought of you? What is the difference between one who can and will not cure, and one who causes disease?

Only the other day I saw a beautiful girl—a paralytic, and yet her brave and cheerful spirit shone over the wreck and ruin of her body like morning on the desert. What would I think of myself, had I the power by a word to send the blood through all her withered limbs freighted again with life, should I refuse?

Most theologians seem to imagine that the virtues have been produced by and are really the children of religion.

Religion has to do with the supernatural. It defines our duties and obligations to God. It prescribes a certain course of conduct by means of which happiness can be attained in another world. The result here is only an incident. The virtues are secular. They have nothing whatever to do with the supernatural, and are of no kindred to any religion. A man may be honest, courageous, charitable, industrious, hospitable, loving, and pure without being religious—that is to say, without any belief in the supernatural; and a man may be the exact opposite and at the same time a sincere believer in the creed of any church—that is to say, in the existence of a personal God, the inspiration of the Scriptures and in the divinity of Jesus Christ. A man who believes in the bible may or may not be kind to his family, and a man who is kind and loving in his family may or may not believe in the bible.

In order that you may see the effect of belief in the formation of character, it is only necessary to call your attention to the fact that your bible shows that the devil himself is a believer in the existence of your God, in the inspiration of the scriptures, and in the divinity of Jesus Christ. He not only believes these things, but he knows them, and yet, in spite of it all, he remains a devil still.

Few religions have been bad enough to destroy all the natural goodness in the human heart. In the deepest midnight of superstition some natural virtues, like stars, have been visible in the heavens. Man has committed every crime in the name of Christianity—or at least crimes that involved the commission of all others. Those who paid for labor with the lash, and who made blows a legal tender, were Christians. Those who engaged in the slave trade were believers in a personal God. One slave ship was called "The Jehovah." Those who pursued with hounds the fugitive led by the Northern star prayed fervently to Christ to crown their efforts with success, and the stealers of babes, just before falling asleep, commended their souls to the keeping of the Most High.

As you have mentioned the apostles, let me call your attention to an incident.

You remember the story of Ananias and Sapphira. The apostles, having nothing themselves, conceived the idea of having all things in common. Their followers who had something were to sell what little they had, and turn the proceeds over to these theological financiers. It seems that Ananias and Sapphira had a piece of land. They sold it, and after talking the matter over, not being entirely satisfied with the collaterals concluded to keep a little—just enough to keep them from starvation if the good and pious bankers should abscond.

When Ananias brought the money, he was asked whether he had kept back a part of the price. He said that he had not. Whereupon God, the compassionate, struck him dead. As soon as the corpse was removed, the apostles sent for his wife. They did not tell her that her husband had been killed. They deliberately set a trap for her life. Not one of them was good enough or noble enough to put her on her guard; they allowed her to believe that her husband had told his story, and that she was free to corroborate what he had said. She probably felt that they were giving more than they could afford, and, with the instinct of woman, wanted to keep a little. She denied that any part of the price had been kept back. That moment the arrow of divine vengeance entered her heart.

Will you be kind enough to tell me your opinion of the apostles in the light of this story? Certainly murder is a greater crime than mendacity.

You have been good enough, in a kind of fatherly way, to give me some advice. You say that I ought to soften my colors, and that my words would be more weighty if not so strong. Do you really desire that I should add weight to my words? Do you really wish me to succeed? If the commander of one army should send word to the general of the other that his men were firing too high, do you think the general would be misled? Can you conceive of his changing his orders by reason of the message?

I deny that "the Pilgrims crossed the sea to find freedom to worship God in the forests of the new world." They came not in the interest of freedom. It never entered their minds that other men had the same right to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences that the Pilgrims themselves had. The moment they had power they were ready to whip and brand, to imprison and burn. They did not believe in religious freedom. They had no more idea of liberty of conscience than Jehovah.

I do not say that there is no place in the world for heroes and martyrs. On the contrary, I declare that the liberty we now have was won for us by heroes and by martyrs, and millions of these martyrs were burned, or flayed alive, or torn in pieces, or assassinated by the Church of God. The heroism was shown in fighting the hordes of religious superstition.

Giordano Bruno was a martyr. He was a hero. He believed in no God, in no heaven, and in no hell, yet he perished by fire. He was offered liberty on condition that he would recant. There was no God to please, no heaven to expect, no hell to fear, and yet he died by fire, simply to preserve the unstained whiteness of his soul.

For hundreds of years every man who attacked the Church was a hero. The sword of Christianity has been wet for many centuries with the blood of the noblest. Christianity has been ready with whip and chain and fire to banish freedom from the earth.

Neither is it true that "family life withers under the cold sneer—half pity and half scorn—with which I look down on household worship."

Those who believe in the existence of God, and believe that they are indebted to this divine being for the few gleams of sunshine in this life, and who thank God for the little they have enjoyed, have my entire respect. Never have I said one word

against the spirit of thankfulness. I understand the feeling of the man who gathers his family about him after the storm, or after the scourge, or after long sickness, and pours out his heart in thankfulness to the supposed God who has protected his fireside. I understand the spirit of the savage who thanks his idol of stone, or his fetich of wood. It is not the wisdom of the one or of the other that I respect, it is the goodness and thankfulness that prompt the prayer.

I believe in the family. I believe in family life; and one of my objections to Christianity is that it divides the family. Upon this subject I have said hundreds of times, and I say again, that the roof-tree is sacred, from the smallest fibre that feels the soft, cool clasp of earth, to the topmost flower that spreads its bosom to the sun, and like a spendthrift gives its perfume to the air. The home where virtue dwells with love is like a lily with a heart of fire, the fairest flower in all this world.

What did Christianity in the early centuries do for the home? What have nunneries and monasteries, and what has the glorification of celibacy done for the family? Do you not know that Christ himself offered rewards in this world and eternal happiness in another to those who would desert their wives and children and follow him? What effect has that promise had upon family life?

As a matter of fact, the family is regarded as nothing. Christianity teaches that there is but one family, the family of Christ, and that all other relations are as nothing compared with that. Christianity teaches the husband to desert the wife, the wife to desert the husband, children to desert their parents for the miserable and selfish purpose of saving their own little, shriveled souls.

It is far better for a man to love his fellow men than to love God. It is better to love wife and children than to love Christ. It is better to serve your neighbor than to serve your God—even if God exists. The reason is palpable. You can do nothing for God. You can do something for wife and children. You can add to the sunshine of a life. You can plant flowers in the pathway of another.

It is true that I am an enemy of the orthodox Sabbath. It is true that I do not believe in giving one-seventh of our time to the service of superstition. The whole scheme of your religion can be understood by any intelligent man in one day. Why should

he waste a seventh of his whole life in hearing the same thoughts repeated again and again?

Nothing is more gloomy than an orthodox Sabbath. The mechanic who has worked during the week in heat and dust, the laboring man who has barely succeeded in keeping his soul in his body, the poor woman who has been sewing for the rich, may go to the village church which you have described. They answer the chimes of the bell, and what do they hear in this village church? Is it that God is the Father of the human race; is that all? If that were all, you never would have heard an objection from my lips. That is not all. If all ministers said: Bear the evils of this life; your Father in heaven counts your tears; the time will come when pain and death and grief will be forgotten words, I should have listened with the rest. What else does the minister say to the poor people who have answered the chimes of your bell? He says: "The smallest sin deserves eternal pain." "A vast majority of men are doomed to suffer the wrath of God forever." He fills the present with fear and the future with fire. He has heaven for the few, hell for the many. He describes a little grass-grown path that leads to heaven, where travelers are "few and far between," and a great highway worn with countless feet that leads to everlasting death.

Such Sabbaths are immoral. Such ministers are the real savages. Gladly would I abolish such a Sabbath. Gladly would I turn it into a holiday, a day of rest and peace, a day to get acquainted with your wife and children, a day to exchange civilities with your neighbors; and gladly would I see the church in which such sermons are preached changed to a place of entertainment. Gladly would I have the echoes of orthodox sermons—the owls and bats among the rafters, the snakes in crevices and corners—driven out by the glorious music of Wagner and Beethoven. Gladly would I see the Sunday-school, where the doctrine of eternal fire is taught, changed to a happy dance upon the village green.

Music refines. The doctrine of eternal punishment degrades. Science civilizes. Superstition looks longingly back to savagery.

You do not believe that general morality can be upheld without the sanctions of religion.

Christianity has sold, and continues to sell, crime on a credit. It has taught, and it still teaches, that there is forgiveness for

all. Of course it teaches morality. It says: "Do not steal, do not murder;" but it adds: "but if you do both, there is a way of escape: believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." I insist that such a religion is no restraint. It is far better to teach that there is no forgiveness, and that every human being must bear the consequences of his acts.

The first great step toward national reformation is the universal acceptance of the idea that there is no escape from the consequences of our acts. The young men who come from their country homes into a city filled with temptations, may be restrained by the thought of father and mother. This is a natural restraint. They may be restrained by their knowledge of the fact that a thing is evil on account of its consequences, and that to do wrong is always a mistake. I cannot conceive of such a man being more liable to temptation because he has heard one of my lectures in which I have told him that the only good is happiness—that the only way to attain that good is by doing what he believes to be right. I cannot imagine that his moral character will be weakened by the statement that there is no escape from the consequences of his acts. You seem to think that he will be instantly led astray—that he will go off under the flaring lamps to the riot of passion. Do you think the bible calculated to restrain him? To prevent this, would you recommend him to read the lives of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, and the other holy polygamists of the Old Testament? Should he read the life of David, and of Solomon? Do you think this would enable him to withstand temptation? Would it not be far better to fill the young man's mind with facts so that he may know exactly the physical consequences of such acts? Do you regard ignorance as the foundation of virtue? Is fear the arch that supports the moral nature of man?

You seem to think that there is danger in knowledge, and that the best chemists are the most likely to poison themselves.

You say that to sneer at religion is only a step from sneering at morality, and then only another step to that which is vicious and profligate.

The Jews entertained the same opinion of the teachings of Christ. He sneered at their religion. The Christians have entertained the same opinion of every philosopher. Let me say to you again—and let me say it once for all—that morality has

nothing to do with religion. Morality does not depend upon the supernatural. Morality does not walk with the crutches of miracles. Morality appeals to the experience of mankind. It cares nothing about faith, nothing about sacred books. Morality depends upon facts, something that can be seen, something known, the product of which can be estimated. It needs no priest, no ceremony, no mummery. It believes in the freedom of the human mind. It asks for investigation. It is founded upon truth. It is the enemy of all religion, because it has to do with this world, and with this world alone.

My object is to drive fear out of the world. Fear is the jailer of the mind. Christianity, superstition—that is to say, the supernatural—makes every brain a prison and every soul a convict. Under the government of a personal deity, consequences partake of the nature of punishments and rewards. Under the government of Nature, what you call punishments and rewards are simply consequences. Nature does not punish. Nature does not reward. Nature has no purpose. When the storm comes, I do not think: "This is being done by a tyrant." When the sun shines, I do not say: "This is being done by a friend." Liberty means freedom from personal dictation. It does not mean escape from the relations we sustain to other facts in Nature. I believe in the restraining influences of liberty. Temperance walks hand in hand with freedom. To remove a chain from the body puts an additional responsibility upon the soul. Liberty says to the man: You injure or benefit yourself; you increase or decrease your own well-being. It is a question of intelligence. You need not bow to a supposed tyrant, or to infinite goodness. You are responsible to yourself and to those you injure, and to none other.

I rid myself of fear, believing as I do that there is no power above which can help me in any extremity, and believing as I do that there is no power above or below that can injure me in any extremity. I do not believe that I am the sport of accident, or that I may be dashed in pieces by the blind agency of Nature. There is no accident, and there is no agency. That which happens must happen. The present is the child of all the past, the mother of all the future.

Does it relieve mankind from fear to believe that there is some God who will help them in extremity? What evidence

have they on which to found this belief? When has any God listened to the prayer of any man? The water drowns, the cold freezes, the flood destroys, the fire burns, the bolt of heaven falls —when and where has the prayer of man been answered?

Is the religious world to-day willing to test the efficacy of prayer? Only a few years ago it was tested in the United States. The Christians of Christendom, with one accord, fell upon their knees and asked God to spare the life of one man. You know the result. You know just as well as I that the forces of Nature produce the good and bad alike. You know that the forces of Nature destroy the good and bad alike. You know that the lightning feels the same keen delight in striking to death the honest man that it does or would in striking the assassin with his knife lifted above the bosom of innocence.

Did God hear the prayers of the slaves? Did he hear the prayers of imprisoned philosophers and patriots? Did he hear the prayers of martyrs, or did he allow fiends, calling themselves his followers, to pile the fagots round the forms of glorious men? Did he allow the flames to devour the flesh of those whose hearts were his? Why should any man depend on the goodness of a God who created countless millions, knowing that they would suffer eternal grief?

The faith that you call sacred—"sacred as the most delicate or manly or womanly sentiment of love and honor"—is the faith that nearly all of your fellow men are to be lost. Ought an honest man to be restrained from denouncing that faith because those who entertain it say that their feelings are hurt? You say to me: "There is a hell. A man advocating the opinions you advocate will go there when he dies." I answer: "There is no hell. The bible that teaches it is not true." And you say: "How can you hurt my feelings?"

You seem to think that one who attacks the religion of his parents is wanting in respect to his father and his mother.

Were the early Christians lacking in respect for their fathers and mothers? Were the Pagans who embraced Christianity heartless sons and daughters? What have you to say of the apostles? Did they not heap contempt upon the religion of their fathers and mothers? Did they not join with him who denounced their people as a "generation of vipers?" Did they not follow one who offered a reward to those who would desert fathers and

mothers? Of course you have only to go back a few generations in your family to find a Field who was not a Presbyterian. After that you find a Presbyterian. Was he base enough and infamous enough to heap contempt upon the religion of his father and mother? All the Protestants in the time of Luther lacked in respect for the religion of their fathers and mothers. According to your idea, Progress is a Prodigal Son. If one is bound by the religion of his father and mother, and his father happens to be a Presbyterian and his mother a Catholic, what is he to do? Do you not see that your doctrine gives intellectual freedom only to foundlings?

If by Christianity you mean the goodness, the spirit of forgiveness, the benevolence claimed by Christians to be a part, and the principal part, of that peculiar religion, then I do not agree with you when you say that "Christ is Christianity and that it stands or falls with him." You have narrowed unnecessarily the foundation of your religion. If it should be established beyond doubt that Christ never existed, all that is of value in Christianity would remain, and remain unimpaired. Suppose we should find that Euclid was a myth, the science known as mathematics would not suffer. It makes no difference who painted or chiseled the greatest pictures and statues, so long as we have the pictures and statues. When he who has given the world a truth passes from the earth, the truth is left. A truth dies only when forgotten by the human race. Justice, love, mercy, forgiveness, honor, all the virtues that ever blossomed in the human heart, were known and practiced for uncounted ages before the birth of Christ.

You insist that religion does not leave man in "abject terror" —does not leave him "in utter darkness as to his fate."

Is it possible to know who will be saved? Can you read the names mentioned in the decrees of the Infinite? Is it possible to tell who is to be eternally lost? Can the imagination conceive a worse fate than your religion predicts for a majority of the race? Why should not every human being be in "abject terror" who believes your doctrine? How many loving and sincere women are in the asylums to-day fearing that they have committed "the unpardonable sin"—a sin to which your God has attached the penalty of eternal torment, and yet has failed to describe the offense? Can tyranny go beyond this—fixing the penalty of eternal pain for the violation of a law not written, not

known, but kept in the secrecy of infinite darkness? How much happier it is to know nothing about it, and to believe nothing about it! How much better to have no God!

You discover a "Great Intelligence ordering our little lives, so that even the trials that we bear, as they call out the finer elements of character, conduce to our future happiness." This is an old explanation—probably as good as any. The idea is, that this world is a school in which man becomes educated through tribulation—the muscles of character being developed by wrestling with misfortune. If it is necessary to live this life in order to develop character, in order to become worthy of a better world, how do you account for the fact that billions of the human race die in infancy, and are thus deprived of this necessary education and development? What would you think of a schoolmaster who should kill a large proportion of his scholars during the first day, before they had even had the opportunity to look at A?

You insist that "there is a power behind Nature making for righteousness."

If Nature is infinite, how can there be a power outside of Nature? If you mean by "a power making for righteousness" that man, as he becomes civilized, as he becomes intelligent, not only takes advantage of the forces of Nature for his own benefit, but perceives more and more clearly that if he would be happy he must live in harmony with the conditions of his being, in harmony with the facts by which he is surrounded, in harmony with the relations he sustains to others and to things; if this is what you mean, then there is "a power making for righteousness." But if you mean that there is something supernatural back of Nature directing events, then I insist that there can by no possibility be any evidence of the existence of such a power.

The history of the human race shows that nations rise and fall. There is a limit to the life of a race; so that it can be said of every nation dead, that there was a period when it laid the foundations of prosperity, when the combined intelligence and virtue of the people constituted a power working for righteousness, and that there came a time when this nation became a spendthrift, when it ceased to accumulate, when it lived on the labors of its youth, and passed from strength and glory to the weakness of old age, and finally fell palsied to its tomb.

The intelligence of man guided by a sense of duty is the only power that makes for righteousness.

You tell me that I am waging "a hopeless war," and you give as a reason that the Christian religion began to be nearly two thousand years before I was born, and that it will live two thousand years after I am dead.

Is this an argument? Does it tend to convince even yourself? Could not Caiaphas, the high priest, have said substantially this to Christ? Could he not have said: "The religion of Jehovah began to be four thousand years before you were born, and it will live two thousand years after you are dead?" Could not a follower of Buddha make the same illogical remark to a missionary from Andover with the glad tidings? Could he not say: "You are waging a hopeless war. The religion of Buddha began to be twenty-five hundred years before you were born, and hundreds of millions of people still worship at Great Buddha's shrine?"

Do you insist that nothing except the right can live for two thousand years? Why is it that the Catholic church "lives on and on, while nations and kingdoms perish?" Do you consider that the survival of the fittest?

Is it the same Christian religion now living that lived during the Middle Ages? Is it the same Christian religion that founded the Inquisition and invented the thumb-screw? Do you see no difference between the religion of Calvin and Jonathan Edwards and the Christianity of to-day? Do you really think that it is the same Christianity that has been living all these years? Have you noticed any change in the last generation? Do you remember when scientists endeavored to prove a theory by a passage from the bible, and do you now know that believers in the bible are exceedingly anxious to prove its truth by some fact that science has demonstrated? Do you know that the standard has changed? Other things are not measured by the bible, but the bible has to submit to another test. It no longer owns the scales. It has to be weighed,—it is being weighed,—it is growing lighter and lighter every day. Do you know that only a few years ago "the glad tidings of great joy" consisted mostly in a description of hell? Do you know that nearly every intelligent minister is now ashamed to preach about it, or to read about it, or to talk about it? Is there any change? Do you know that but few ministers now believe in "the plenary inspiration" of the bible,

that from thousands of pulpits people are now told that the creation according to Genesis is a mistake, that it never was as wet as the flood, and that the miracles of the Old Testament are considered simply as myths or mistakes ?

How long will what you call Christianity endure, if it changes as rapidly during the next century as it has during the last ? What will there be left of the supernatural ?

It does not seem possible that thoughtful people can, for many years, believe that a being of infinite wisdom is the author of the Old Testament, that a being of infinite purity and kindness upheld polygamy and slavery, that he ordered his chosen people to massacre their neighbors, and that he commanded husbands and fathers to persecute wives and daughters unto death for opinion's sake.

It does not seem within the prospect of belief that Jehovah, the cruel, the jealous, the ignorant, and the revengeful, is the creator and preserver of the universe.

Does it seem possible that infinite goodness would create a world in which life feeds on life, in which everything devours and is devoured ? Can there be a sadder fact than this : Innocence is not a certain shield ?

It is impossible for me to believe in the eternity of punishment. If that doctrine be true, Jehovah is insane.

Day after day there are mournful processions of men and women, patriots and mothers, girls whose only crime is that the word Liberty burst into flower between their pure and loving lips, driven like beasts across the melancholy wastes of Siberian snow. These men, these women, these daughters go to exile and to slavery, to a land where hope is satisfied with death. Does it seem possible to you that an " Infinite Father " sees all this and sits as silent as a god of stone ?

And yet, according to your Presbyterian creed, according to your inspired book, according to your Christ, there is another procession, in which are the noblest and the best, in which you will find the wondrous spirits of this world, the lovers of the human race, the teachers of their fellow men, the greatest soldiers that ever battled for the right; and this procession of countless millions in which you will find the most generous and the most loving of the sons and daughters of men, is moving on to the Siberia of God, the land of eternal exile, where agony becomes immortal.

How can you, how can any man with brain or heart, believe this infinite lie ?

Is there not room for a better, for a higher philosophy ? After all, is it not possible that we may find that everything has been necessarily produced, that all religions and superstitions, all mistakes and all crimes, were simply necessities ? Is it not possible that out of this perception may come not only love and pity for others, but absolute justification for the individual ? May we not find that every soul has, like Mazeppa, been lashed to the wild horse of passion, or like Prometheus, to the rocks of fate ?

You ask me to take the "sober second thought." I beg of you to take the first, and if you do, you will throw away the Presbyterian creed ; you will instantly perceive that he who commits the "smallest sin" no more deserves eternal pain than he who does the smallest virtuous deed deserves eternal bliss ; you will become convinced that an infinite God who creates billions of men knowing that they will suffer through all the countless years is an infinite demon ; you will be satisfied that the bible, with its philosophy and its folly, with its goodness and its cruelty, is but the work of man, and that the supernatural does not and cannot exist.

For you personally, I have the highest regard and the sincerest respect, and I beg of you not to pollute the soul of childhood, not to furrow the cheeks of mothers, by preaching a creed that should be shrieked in a mad-house. Do not make the cradle as terrible as the coffin. Preach, I pray you, the gospel of Intellectual Hospitality—the liberty of thought and speech. Take from loving hearts the awful fear. Have mercy on your fellow men. Do not drive to madness the mothers whose tears are falling on the pallid faces of those who died in unbelief. Pity the erring, wayward, suffering, weeping world. Do not proclaim as "tidings of great joy" that an Infinite Spider is weaving webs to catch the souls of men.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

THE BATTLE OF PETERSBURG.

PART II.

Three Federal corps—Smith's, Hancock's, and Burnside's—aggregating about sixty-six thousand men, confronted our lines on the 16th of June. Opposed to them I had, after the arrival of Johnson's Division, at about ten o'clock A. M., an effective of not more than ten thousand men of all arms.

Through a mere sense of duty, but with no sanguine hope of succeeding in the attempt, I addressed the following telegram to General Lee :

"HEADQUARTERS, Petersburg, *June* 16, 1864, 7:45 A. M.

"Prisoner captured this A. M. reports that he belongs to Hancock's Corps (Second), and that it crossed day before yesterday and last night from Harrison's Landing. Could we not have more re-enforcements here ?"

No direct answer was received to the above. But, in reply to another dispatch of mine, relative to tugs and transports of the enemy reported to have been seen that day by Major Terrett, General Lee sent this message :

"DRURY'S BLUFF, *June* 16, 1864, 4 P. M.

"GENERAL BEAUREGARD :

"The transports you mention have probably returned Butler's troops. Has Grant been seen crossing James River ?"

This shows that General Lee was still uncertain as to his adversary's movements, and, notwithstanding the information already furnished him, could not realize that the Federal army had crossed the James, and that three of its corps were actually assaulting the Petersburg lines.

General Hancock, the ranking Federal officer present, had been instructed by General Meade not to begin operations before the arrival of Burnside's command. Hence the tardiness of the enemy's attack, which was only made after five o'clock P. M., though Burnside had reached Petersburg, according to his own report, at ten o'clock A. M.

The engagement lasted fully three hours, much vigor being displayed by the Federals, while the Confederates confronted them with fortitude, truly admirable, though they knew they were fighting against overwhelming odds, constantly increasing. Birney's Division of Hancock's corps finally broke into part of our line and effected a lodgment. The contest, with varying results, was carried on until after nightfall, with advantage to us on the left and some serious loss on the right. It then slackened and gradually came to an end. In the meantime, Warren's Corps, the Fifth, had also come up, but too late to take a part in the action of the day. Its presence before our lines swelled the enemy's aggregate to about ninety thousand, against which stood a barrier of not even ten thousand exhausted, half-starved men, who had gone through two days of constant hard fighting, and many sleepless nights in the trenches, but who were ready, nevertheless, uncomplaining and unfaltering, to again face and repel their assailants.

Hostilities began early on the morning of the 17th. I here quote from "Military Operations of General Beauregard:"

"Three times were the Federals driven back, but they as often resumed the offensive and held their ground. About dusk a portion of the Confederate lines was wholly broken, and the troops in that quarter were about to be thrown into a panic, which might have ended in irreparable disaster, when happily, as General Beauregard with his staff was endeavoring to rally and reform the troops, Gracie's Brigade, of Johnson's Division, consisting of about twelve hundred men—the return of which to his command General Beauregard had been urgently asking—came up from Chaffin's Bluff, whence, at last, the War Department had ordered it to move. It was promptly and opportunely thrown into the gap on the lines and drove back the Federals, capturing about two thousand prisoners. The conflict raged with great fury until after eleven o'clock at night."*

Anticipating the inevitable result of such a pressure upon our weak defenses, and knowing that at any moment they might be irrevocably lost to us, I had—accompanied by Colonel Harris, of the Engineers—selected the site of another and shorter line, near Taylor's Creek, at a convenient distance towards the rear. I caused it to be carefully staked out during the battle, and shown to the adjutants, quartermasters, and other staff officers of Hoke's and Johnson's divisions, and through them to all the available regimental adjutants on the field; so that each command, at the appointed hour, even at dead of night, might easily retire upon

* Vol. II., Chap. xxxvi., p. 232.

the new line with order and precision, and unperceived by the enemy. Meanwhile, the order to "hold on at any cost" remained unchanged all down the line. There was no reason to hope for assistance of any kind. The Army of Northern Virginia was yet far distant, and I had failed to convince its distinguished commander of the fact that I was then fighting Grant's whole army with less than eleven thousand men! On the 17th, from "Clay's House," at twelve o'clock M., General Lee answered as follows one of my telegrams of that morning:

"Telegram of 9 A. M. received. Until I can get more definite information of Grant's movements, I do not think it prudent to draw more troops to this side of the river."

And, acting on the desire for additional information, at 3:30 P. M., on the same day, he telegraphed Major-General W. H. F. Lee, then at Malvern Hill, as follows:

"Push after the enemy, and endeavor to ascertain what has become of Grant's Army. Inform General Hill."

Later on—*i. e.*, at 4:30 P. M., on the same day—he sent this message to Lieut.-Gen. A. P. Hill, at Riddle's Shop:

"General Beauregard reports large numbers of Grant's troops crossed James River, above Fort Powhatan, yesterday. If you have nothing contradictory of this, move to Chaffin's Bluff."

Just at that time, however, and upon being informed by my Inspector-General of the statements of some of the last prisoners taken, I determined to send another telegram to General Lee, reiterating my former assertions, with the addition of other particulars:

"PETERSBURG, *June* 17, 1864, 5 P. M.

"Prisoners just taken represent themselves as belonging to Second, Ninth, and Eighteen Corps. They state that Fifth and Sixth Corps are behind coming on. Those from Second and Eighteenth came here yesterday, and arrived first. Others marched night and day from Gaines Mill, and arrived yesterday evening. The Ninth crossed at Turkey Bend, where they have a pontoon bridge. They say Grant commanded on the field yesterday. All are positive that they passed him on the road seven miles from here."

Prisoners sometimes err in their statements. Very few, however, hesitate to say to what corps, division, brigade, or regiment they belong; and the greater number answer truthfully when properly interrogated. These had followed the general rule. But others also had come in later, and had been again examined

by my Inspector-General, who had reduced to writing the substance of all the information thus obtained. It confirmed me in the belief that not three only, but four Federal corps actually confronted us. And without further delay, at 6:40 P. M., I addressed this dispatch to General Lee:

"The increasing number of the enemy in my front, and inadequacy of my force to defend the already too much extended lines, will compel me to fall within a shorter one, which I will attempt to effect to-night. This I shall hold as long as practicable, but without re-enforcements I may have to evacuate the city very shortly. In that event I shall retire in the direction of Drury's Bluff, defending the crossing at Appomattox River and Swift Creek."

I had also sent, that day, to General Lee's headquarters, first, Lieutenant Chisolm, one of my aids; then, later on in the evening, Colonel Roman, my chief inspector; and, after midnight, on the 18th, Major Cooke, one of the assistant inspectors of the department. Their instructions were to verbally explain, with all necessary details, what it had been impossible to express in the laconic telegraphic messages already forwarded; and to further impress upon General Lee the urgency of sending immediate assistance to me. To Colonel Roman, who had taken with him the condensed statements of more than forty prisoners examined by him on that day, I had specially enjoined to say:

"That if General Lee did not come to my assistance with his whole army in less than forty-eight hours, God Almighty alone would save Petersburg and Richmond."

Lieutenant Chisolm saw General Lee, Colonel Roman did not. General Lee said to Chisolm, and his efficient Chief of Staff informed Roman, that General Grant's army was still facing the Army of Northern Virginia, and that the prisoners upon whose statements we appeared so much to rely, had greatly exaggerated the danger of the situation, if they had not altogether falsified the truth. Major Cooke arrived at General Lee's headquarters, an hour or two afterwards, on the 18th. His diary of that date contains the following:

. . . "After talking with the General (Lee) for some time, and accomplishing in part my object in seeking him, I left for Petersburg."*

* See in "Military Operations of General Beauregard," Vol. II., Appendix to Chap. xxxvi., p. 579, extracts from Major Cooke's Diary. See also in same Appendix, same Vol., pp. 575-6-7-8, Colonel Roman's letter about his mission to General Lee, at that time.

The firing lasted, on the 17th, until a little after eleven o'clock P.M. Just before that time, I had ordered all the camp fires to be brightly lighted, with sentinels well thrown forward and as near as possible to the enemy's. Then, at about 12.30 A.M., on the 18th began the retrogade movement, which, notwithstanding the exhaustion of our troops and their sore disappointment at receiving no further re-enforcements, was safely and silently executed, with uncommonly good order and precision, though the greatest caution had to be used in order to retire unnoticed from so close a contact with so strong an adversary.

The digging of trenches was begun by the men as scon as they reached their new position. Axes, as well as spades; bayonets and knives, as well as axes; in fact, all and every utensil that could be found was used to accelerate the termination of the perilous work undertaken, and successfully carried through, that night, amid untold difficulties and dangers. And when all was over, or nearly so, with much anxiety still, but with comparative relief, nevertheless, I hurried off this telegram to General Lee:

"PETERSBURG, *June* 18, 1864, 12:40 A. M.

"All quiet at present. I expect renewal of attack in morning. My troops are becoming much exhausted. Without immediate and strong re-enforcements, results may be unfavorable. Prisoners report Grant on the field with his whole army."

But General Lee, although not wholly convinced even at that hour that the Army of the Potomac had operated a change of base, and was already on the south side of the James, long before the dawn of day, on the 18th, and immediately after his conference with Major Cooke, sent me this message:

"Am not yet satisfied as to General Grant's movements; but upon your representations will move at once to Petersburg."

And, in fact, even previous to that hour, on the same night, he had concluded to send Kershaw's Division to my assistance. His dispatch to that effect read thus:

"GENERAL G. T. BEAUREGARD, Petersburg, Va.

"General Kershaw's division, which will camp to-night on Redwater Creek, is ordered to continue its march to-morrow to Petersburg."

Those of my staff who were near me when this unexpected good news was received remember, no doubt, what inexpressible

relief it afforded me at the time. And in order that my troops should share in the comforting prospect ahead I caused the following to be immediately forwarded to General Hoke and, through him, to General Bushrod Johnson :

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT N. C. AND SO. Va.,
"*June* 18, 1864, 2:30 A. M.

"MAJOR-GENERAL B. F. HOKE, Commanding Division.

"GENERAL : The Commanding General directs me to inform you that the division of Major-General Kershaw is on its way to this point as re-enforcement, as also the whole of the army corps commanded by Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill.

"General Lee will himself be here in person some time to-day. This should be published to the troops at once.

"You will send to Major-General Johnson a copy of this for his information and action. Respectfully, your obedient servant,

"JNO. M. OTEY, A. A. G."

The next step taken by General Lee was to endeavor to procure sufficient means for the immediate transportation of his troops, as is shown by this telegram :

"DRURY'S BLUFF, *June* 18, 3:30 A. M.

"SUPERINTENDENT RICHMOND & PETERSBURG RAILROAD, Richmond :

"Can trains run to Petersburg? If so, send all cars available to Rice's Turnout. If they cannot run through, can any be sent from Petersburg to the point where the road is broken? It is important to get troops to Petersburg without delay."

The same morning he communicated with General Early, who had not yet returned from his Shenandoah campaign. He said to him :

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, *June* 18, 1864.

"GENERAL J. A. EARLY, Lynchburg, Va.

"Grant is in front of Petersburg. Will be opposed there. Strike as quick as you can, and if circumstances authorize, carry out the original plan, or move upon Petersburg without delay."

Late as had been the credence given by General Lee to my representations of Grant's movements, it was, fortunately, not yet too late, by prompt and energetic action, to save Petersburg—and, therefore, Richmond—from the inevitable fate otherwise awaiting both. With such an army as the Army of Northern Virginia, and with such a commander to lead it, time lost was but rarely, if ever, irretrievably lost.

General Kershaw's Division, which proved to be, on this occa-

sion, the van-guard of General Lee's army, reached Petersburg early Saturday morning, June 18th; it numbered about five thousand men, and was placed, by my orders, on the new line already occupied by our forces, with its "right on or near the Jerusalem plank road, extending across the open field and bending back towards the front of the cemetery."* General Field's Division, of about equal strength, came in some two hours after Kershaw's. It had not yet been assigned to its place on the line when General Lee, in person, arrived at 11:30 o'clock A. M., on that day.

My telegram to General Bragg, informing him of these recent events, so important to the success of our future operations, read thus:

"HEADQUARTERS, PETERSBURG, *June* 18, 1864—11:30 A. M.
"GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG, Richmond, Va.

"Occupied last night my new lines without impediment. Kershaw's Division arrived about half-past seven, and Field's about half-past nine o'clock. They are being placed in position. All comparatively quiet this morning. General Lee has just arrived."

The comparative quiet referred to was due to the fact that when, early in the morning, the enemy was pushed forward to make the "grand attack ordered by the Major-General commanding the Army of the Potomac, for four A. M., on the 18th,"† the retirement of our forces, on the previous night, from their first positions to the new line of defenses selected by me, as already explained, had so much surprised the assaulting columns, as to induce their immediate commanders to additional prudence in their advance and to a complete halt in their operations. The absence of the Confederates from positions in which they were expected to be found disconcerted the Federals in the extreme. They knew not what might be in store for them.

On that morning, the troops arrayed against us consisted of Hancock's, Burnside's, and Warren's Corps, with the larger portion of Smith's under General Martindale, and finally, with Neill's Division, from Wright's Corps (the Sixth), strengthened by its whole artillery. This gave the enemy an aggregate of over ninety thousand effectives. We had on our side, from and after Kershaw's arrival, but fifteen thousand men; no deduction being made for the casualties of the three preceding days. It was only later on, somewhere between twelve M. and one P. M., that Field's

* General Kershaw's letter to me from Camden, S. C., July 23d, 1876.
† General Meade's Report, dated November 1st, 1864.

command was put in position on the line ; and from that moment to the end of the day, our grand total amounted to about twenty thousand men. At noon—or thereabouts—the predetermined "grand attack" was renewed, although partial, disconnected assaults had been made before that hour, on several parts of our line, but with no tangible result of any kind. This renewed attack had been mainly led by Gibbon's Division, of Hancock's Corps. It proved to be entirely ineffectual ; and General Meade, in his report, acknowledges it to have been so when he says : "An unsuccessful assault by Gibbon's Division was made about noon on that day." And still another grand attempt was made at four P. M., with at least three full Federal Corps co-operating ; Hancock's on the right, Burnside's in the centre, and Warren's on the left. General Meade, in his report, says it was "without success." And he adds these words : "Later in the day, attacks were made by the Fifth and Ninth Corps with no better results." The truth is that, despite the overwhelming odds against us, every Federal assault, on the 18th, was met with most signal defeat, "attended," says Mr. Swinton, the Federal Historian, "with another mournful loss of life." This was, in fact, very heavy, and exceeded ours in the proportion of nine to one. "Indeed, it amounted to more than the number of men we had in action." *

My welcome to General Lee was most cordial. He was at last where I had, for the past three days, so anxiously hoped to see him,—within the limits of Petersburg ! Two of his divisions had preceded him there ; and his whole army, or whatever of it was with him at the time, would be in by evening of the next day, namely, the 19th of June. I felt sure, therefore, that for the present at least, Petersburg and Richmond were safe ; not that our forces would be numerically equal to those of the enemy, even after the arrival of the last regiment of the Army of Northern Virginia. We were not accustomed to such advantages, which in act had very seldom, if ever, been ours during the entire war. But I was aware that our defensive line would now count more than one man per every four and a half yards of its length ; and I felt relieved to know that, at last, the whole of our line,—not portions of it only as heretofore,—would be guarded by veteran troops

* "Military Operations of General Beauregard," Vol. II., Chap. xxxvii., p. 249.

alike,—if not superior,—in mettle, to the veteran troops opposing them.

Scarcely two hours after General Lee's arrival, I rode with him to what was known as the "City Reservoir," on a commanding elevation, towards the right of our line. A good view of the surrounding country could be had from that point, and the whole field was there spread out before us like a map. I explained to General Lee and showed him the relative positions of our troops and of those of the enemy. I also pointed out to him the new and shorter line then occupied by us, and gave my reasons for its location there. They were these:

"First. That it kept the enemy's batteries at a greater distance from the besieged town.

"Second. That it would act as a covered way (as the phrase is in regular fortifications) should we deem it advisable to construct better works on the higher ground in the rear. In the meantime we could construct a series of batteries to protect our front line by flanking and over-shooting fires; and we could throw up infantry parapets for our reserves, whenever we should have additional troops.

"Third. That the new line gave a close infantry and artillery fire on the reverse slope of Taylor's Creek and ravine, which would prevent the construction of *boyaux* of approaches and parallels for a regular attack."*

General Lee, whose capacity as a military engineer was universally acknowledged,—and none appreciated it more than I did,—was entirely of my opinion. Thus the new defensive line selected by me, which my own troops had been holding for twelve hours before the arrival of General Lee, at Petersburg, and which his troops occupied as they came in, were maintained, unchanged as to location—though much strengthened and improved thereafter—until the end of the war.

After those explanations to General Lee, and while still examining the field, I proposed to him that, as soon as Hill's and Anderson's corps should arrive, our entire disposable force be thrown upon the left and rear of the Federal army before it began to fortify its position.† General Lee, after some hesitation, pronounced himself against this plan. He thought it was wiser, under the circumstances, to allow some rest to his troops after the long march all would have gone through

* "Military Operations of General Beauregard," Vol. II., Chap. xxxvii., p. 255-6.

† "Military Operations of Gen. G. Beauregard," Vol. II., Chap. xxxvii., p. 254.

with, those present as well as those still coming up; and he stated as a further reason for his objection, that our best policy—one, he said, which had thus far proved successful to him—would be to maintain the defensive as heretofore. I urged that the Federal troops were at least as much exhausted as ours, and that their ignorance of the locality would give us a marked advantage over them; that their spirits were jaded and ours brightened just then by the fact of the junction of his army with my forces; and that the enemy was not yet entrenched. But I was then only second in command, and my views did not prevail.

The evening of the 18th was quiet. There was no further attempt on the part of General Meade to assault our lines. He was "satisfied" there was "nothing more to be gained by direct attacks."* The spade took the place of the musket, and the regular siege of Petersburg was begun. It was only raised April 2d, 1865.

No event of our war was more remarkable than the almost incredible resistance of the handful of men who served under me at Petersburg, on the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th of June, before the arrival of General Lee. They knew they were fighting more than seven times their number. In fact, the disproportion of the first day had been much greater; and opposed to them were some of the finest and best disciplined Federal corps. They (my troops) had had no regular sleep, and had hardly had a scanty meal once in twenty-four hours. And yet the courage, the endurance, and spirit of these men never quailed. They fought unremittingly until the end—until their opponents ceased to fight. Not one of them had left his post, except, perhaps, to remove the dead body of a fallen comrade, or to have bandaged his own wound. I am proud to think that I was the leader of such troops. My only regret is that the name of each of them is not inscribed on the memorial tablets of history.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

* See his report.

ARE THE LOWER ANIMALS APPROACHING MAN?

THE remarkable advance in the mental evolution of the lower animals naturally gives rise to some propositions, viz.:

I. That many species of lower animals of to-day possess a higher mentality than primeval man; and that some species are endowed with a higher mentality to-day than the lower classes of men of to-day.

II. That the mental differences of man and the lower species are to some extent the result of training, experience, and tenacity of life.

III. That the mental future of the lower animal may become more equalized with that of man; that a method of conversing with lower animals is possible.

I.

Herodotus related 2,500 years ago that the priests of Egypt told him of the migration of the Egyptians from the East to the Nile country 10,000 years before their time. Le Plongeon, the archæological explorer, professes to have verified this story, and announces the existence of the Egyptians in Yucatan 15,000 years ago. Granted that the genesis of the history of mind must be located in Yucatan, 9,000 years before the stated time of Adam, then the 15,000 years of mysterious silence of the lower animals must be charged to man. In all that time no lower animal has arisen to tell his story and confront the human race with its annual havoc of butchery, persecution, and cruelty. In the awful silence which ever confronts him, the St. Bernard licks the hand of a master, groveling in the densest of Alpine ignorance in comparison with his own masterful intelligence; and the elephant, with a brain endowed with visible knowledge, kneels in the circus to an ignorant and contemptuous clown; and the horse, with the wonderful and highly sensitive intelligence of a Maud S., is beaten before a cart of coal by a man-shaped brute, who can neither write his name nor mention the common decencies of life. This is merely an intimation of the mentality of the lower animal. If we were to

briefly grade animals according to their mentality we would, perhaps, have a table as follows :

Lowest species mentally.	*Next higher.*	*Highest.*
Low and ignorant mankind.	Trained lower animals.	Educated man.
Aborigines.	Pets and some domesticated animals.	
Insects.		
Many lowest animals.		

In discussing the first proposition we must measure the truthfulness of the knowledge possessed by the lower animal as compared with that of primeval man. For instance, Aristotle, in discussing natural phenomena usually assigned a supernatural explanation. A child of to-day, then, who knows practically the breeding habits of the domestic animals about him, is possessed of a higher intelligence than was Aristotle, who maintained such ridiculous doctrines as that "the eel is born of worms produced by the mud." And so, the dog that carries one's mail and does errands, that pulls one out of bed when the house is in flames, possesses a higher intelligence than the aborigines, who, with all their powers of observation, had no sense of the utility of things, whose judgemnt was ever biased by the supernatural, and who lived like the wild beast of the field. The same dog is naturally familiar with all things about the home and place, and knows the utility of many objects of the household. He is, then, more intelligent in this respect, if in a wealthy and refined home, than all who enter there unfamiliar with the use of the same objects and who cannot be taught the use of them. A commodore of the Chicago Yacht Club once rescued a black Newfoundland dog in mid Lake Michigan and gave him a home on the yacht *Idler*. This animal was familiar with the orders issued on shipboard, and when a command was given concerning the sails would run to the particular rope connecting, look up at the sail, bark and wag his tail. Was not this dog more intelligent in this respect than any one unfamiliar with a ship ? "Bob," I think that was his name, had a habit of jumping in the lake to bathe and of barking when he desired to be helped on board the *Idler*. The sailors neglected him one day and his grand, great head was swept down in the storm. Could not the sailors of the *Idler* have better been spared ? They had their opportunity in life to advance the tremendous evolution of mind going on in man and mammal but preferred the destiny of the vast army of the commonplace who lift no

hand to unveil the mystery of the infinite unknown. "Bob," with his increasing knowledge, might have become the ancestor of some future dog who should in some way communicate to us the secrets of the lower animal world.

These comparisons of the amount of knowledge possessed by certain lower animals and certain classes of men might be multiplied indefinitely. I have numerous authentic animal instances illustrating the advanced intelligence of dogs, cats, birds, and species in general; and there are books filled with them. Having shown that any lower animal having knowledge not possessed by certain classes of men is more learned in that respect, the question naturally arises as to the extent of the intelligence of lower animals.

We must concede in the light of modern times that the term "instinct" is no more applicable to the lower animal than to man, since it implies action without the aid of reason. Any training a lower animal acquires, or any knowledge or experience, is just as much learning in his case as it is in the man who has to be similarly trained or experienced. The turkey and some other animals which have become domesticated, according to Judge John D. Caton, revert to their wild state when set free. Arctic explorers and sailors when deprived of food and the conveniences of civilization often revert to aboriginal cannibalism and the lowest forms of existence; and, beyond a doubt, if they continued to be deprived of such conveniences their descendants would be as wild, dirty, savage, and ignorant as an African Pigmy. These facts show simply that instinct is as dominant in the human race as among the lowest animals, and manifests itself under like circumstances.

The opposite must then be true in part, that the knowledge which is above and relieved from instinct is partially as dominant in the lower animal as in man. Dr. Thomas Brian Gunning, whose scientific discoveries, I believe, have given him alone among Americans a fellowship in the Royal Society of Surgeons of Great Britain, once owned one of the most learned cats known. In selecting instances* of this kind I prefer to relate only those which can be verified by any one, from the lips of men whose honesty and standing cannot be questioned. "Black"

* For selected instances of lofty animal intelligence, see article entitled "Cats" in *Harper's Bazar* of October 25th, 1884, by the author.

was the name of the cat. Of his many learned qualifications it is only necessary to mention a few. He always sat at the table with the family in his own chair, with his own crockery, and with his fore-paws delicately placed beside his plate. He used his paws and mouth much more deftly and politely than the masses of humanity. After an absence of several years, the family assembled at dinner one day and were surprised to see Black come forward and gravely demand, as only a cat can, his place and chair, which even they had forgotten. Black delivered the mail at the box on the corner lamp-post, and never forgot a face or friend, though years intervened between the meetings. The most remarkable of his acts occurred when a swelling appeared on his body, causing him great pain. Black was always present at surgical operations, and in this instance demonstrated that he had not been an unobservant student. His master examined his painful sore, and requested his boy to call in a young surgeon and "have the sore lanced, as he could not bear to do it."

Black heard the words, jumped on the bed, and lanced the sore with his teeth, so that the blood spurted over the coverlid. When the young surgeon came he pronounced the operation successful, and sewed up the skin. When he went away Black tore out the threads, and after that attended to the wound without interference. When the place healed there was no scar, and the surgeons agreed that they could not have performed the operation and cure without leaving one. Dr. Gunning resides at No. 21 West 21st street, New York, and will verify these incidents in person and by witnesses to those who desire.

The extent of the knowledge of lower animals must be measured by specific instances. Professional men often have cats which acquire knowledge of their professions. Alexander Hesler, of Chicago, and George C. Phelps, of New Haven, Conn., are photographers who have posing cats that are learned in most of the minutiæ of the gallery. Rockwood, of Union Square, and Alman, of Fifth avenue, New York, have photographed over 3,000 dogs and cats celebrated for special knowledge and attainments. Sir John Lubbock is highly educating his dog. The circus has produced innumerable highly educated and trained dogs, horses, elephants, and other animals.

It is evident that the animal which enjoys the most constant and intimate association with educated people is most learned.

Thus the pet dogs and cats, constantly with their owners, acquire the most intelligence. Many of these are taught to be epicures, dining in the choicest way, to show disdain for vulgar people, to have a fondness for jewelry, to cast off the indecent street manners of their kind, and in every way to show a sense of refinement. One must then be ignorant, unobserving, and obstinate who still uses the term instinct as applied to *all* acts of the lower animals and will not admit that some of them have a higher mentality than primeval man and the modern scum of mankind.

II.

The photographers who possess posing cats train them to sit on the camera and amuse babes. These cats invariably succeed in making the babes laugh, smile, cry, or look interested, according as the parent wishes the child to appear in the photograph. It is well known that neither the photographer nor his assistants can often accomplish these results with infants. The trained cat is, therefore, more learned in this particular than the human being. Puss enjoys a course of training which fits her for her occupation, just as the college trains the youth for his. The untrained cat, and an animal which does not reason cannot be trained, cannot do this work any more than the untrained man can practice law. In Central Park there is a zebra which has been trained to be loving, gentle, and human in many ways; yet it has ever been asserted that the zebra is an utterly untamable animal. In tracing the history of all domestic animals we find that no species was domesticated by nature. The life history of the domestic cat and dog is of immense duration and extent. No two naturalists arrive at identical conclusions in regard to their origin. I examined all the books and data back to the time of Herodotus with interest, yet with despair. The animals soon get lost in obscurity, but students generally agree that the ancestors were once wild, like man. As to the domestic cat, I found but one dominant instinct of the wild *Felidæ* that survives, and that is a love for fish, unless we include, incidentally, the peculiar odor exuded by all of this family, not, however, an instinct. Reading in the London *Nature* an account that a British investigator had, by persistent effort, discovered that the tapering tail of the domestic cat was originally prehensile, I put the two facts

together. Was there a wild species with a prehensile tail that suspended itself from trees and caught fish from a stream? Such a cat I found in Bengal and Hindoostan, known as the fishing cat, *Felix viverrina*. This animal, then, probably was the ancestor of the domestic cat. Its domestication, extending through three thousand years, has only advanced its mentality beyond the prehensile use of its tail, its fishing habits, and given it such use of its mind by training and association as has been stated above. As regards the dog, I found several wild ancestors clearly proved by naturalists. The American Indian dog I had photographed side by side with the coyote, or prairie wolf. As no one can detect a particle of physical difference, it is easy to assume that the Indians domesticated their dog from the coyote, as did the Esquimaux theirs from a wild animal. Prof. Edward D. Cope has recently shown, after the most extensive examination of skeletons, particularly craniums, that the ancestor of dogs belonged to the genus *Galecygnus* in the lower miocene times, and in the upper miocene to *Canis*. Strangely enough, between these two periods one section of the dog family degenerated and became the bear; that is, the dog genus *Amphicyon* changed during the middle miocene period to the bear genus *Hyœnarctus*. The mentality of the dog has therefore advanced under difficulties of a natural type; it has been delayed by his vast association with the savage in all climes; and civilized man has never eradicated his most serious instincts, although he has secured some marvelous results from training. It is now known that although the talk of a parrot is somewhat artificial, yet many birds learn to understand the meaning of the words they use, and their use of them then becomes apropos. Training has done marvels for the mentality of the parrot and other birds. The crow particularly, in special instances, has been trained somewhat to the standard of an apt human intelligence.

It is difficult to estimate how far training has advanced the mentality of the lower animals, because of the shorter duration of their lives as compared to man's life. Age is not permitted to the lower orders, because of their deliberate destruction by man. The dog, however intelligent and learned he may become, is ruthlessly shot at the first indication of a disease or of madness. The cow is sent to the slaughter-house early in her career. If Maud S. breaks her leg, poor horse, the surgeon is not thought

of; she is shot. Puss, because of her instinct to prowl, is a nightly victim; yet it is well to mention here that many celebrated cats have been trained to forget the instinct for association with their kind. The list might be continued with profit, but enough has been given to show that the mental differences of man and the lower animals are somewhat the result of training, experience, and tenacity of life.

III.

It has been clearly established by evolutionists that man, like the domestic animal, descended through geological periods in which he had no mentality above instinct. Before he showed mental activity, man, according to the best and now agreed authorities, led by Cope, was an anthropoid ape, and before that an anthropoid lemur. In those early stages of his history, he was not even endowed with a potential mentality. But what seems the most startling in modern times is, that the human child, left to himself, according to Edward S. Morse, President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, would be an idiot or a wild man. None of the overwhelming, vast knowledge, accumulated through ages, seems to become instinctive in the human race or is hereditarily bequeathed. The knowledge which the child acquires has to be taught him. After he learns the elementals from others he begins to use his organs of sight and hearing to add to his knowledge. What does this teach? Simply that the lower animals are yet children, and to become learned like man, must be taught as diligently as he and from their infancy. If man has required 15,000 years to accumulate the sum total of knowledge of to-day, certainly tireless years must be spent with the lower species to advance their mentality to a state somewhat equal to his own. It is obvious from the array of visible intelligence in the modern lower animal that he can be taught much more that is known by man, together with its utility.

How can the lower animal be taught? The best animals must first be separated from their kind, those showing the highest mentality mated with each other. Their offspring must be as carefully taught, as is the babe, such mere elements of knowledge as they are best enabled to acquire. The descendants through successive generations and through years, if necessary, must

receive the same diligent attention and teaching that has advanced the mentality of man. That the lower animal of himself has been unable to acquire knowledge by experience to such an extent as man is no reason why we should despair of his ultimate emancipation. Given the same training and advantages that man has ennobled himself with during the last several hundred years, and many lower animals would be endowed with much knowledge and its utility, and be able to converse with us.

Shall the lower animal talk? If I have shown conclusively that many lower animals have knowledge above instinct, greater in extent than those men who are unlearned, then it is proof presumptive that some method can be discovered by which they can communicate with us what they know. I have no method to offer. I shall be content to so present my data that those more familiar with the lower animals can effect the result. I will simply suggest that if some one of wealth will bequeath $100,000 to him who shall open communication with the lower animal world some dog, cat, or bird may, ere long, break the silence of ages, and teach his companions the method. In this article only simple facts, plainly obvious to all, have been advanced. The subject is so serious and humane in its import that a single psychological theory, or remark bordering on a hobby, or anything that reads like a new doctrine or "ism," or any attempt at philosophical deductions from the data advanced in connection with this, would ruin a good cause, and, perhaps, turn it to ridicule. Let those who have animals strive to advance their mental good, and eradicate their unconscious, indecent habits. A decent, well-bred lower animal is a far better citizen than an indecent, ill-mannered person.

WM. HOSEA BALLOU.

POSSIBLE PRESIDENTS.

SENATOR JOHN SHERMAN.

THE Ohio Republican Convention on the 28th of July last, composed of 723 delegates representing all parts of the State, unanimously resolved that they "have just pride in the record and career of John Sherman . . as a statesman of fidelity, large experience, and great ability," and that they respectfully present him "to the people of the United States as a candidate" for the Presidency, and will give him "our hearty and cordial support." The resolution does not present him because he was "born" in the State, nor merely as "a favorite son," but because "his career as a statesman began with the birth of the Republican party; his genius and patriotism are stamped on the records of the party and the statutes and constitution of the country," and because "his nomination would be wise and judicious."

Ohio has never failed in securing the nomination and election of any of her citizens upon whom she "heartily and cordially united," as she did upon Harrison, Hayes, and Garfield, and now does on Sherman.

Political sagacity points to Sherman as a candidate who will avoid antagonisms, and have in more than a united party that popularity born of great qualities and great achievements. He has the availability which results from great ability, long experience, practical conservative statesmanship, an intimate knowledge of all the interests of the country, a thorough acquaintance with the people and resources of every State, with the workings of our dual system of government in all departments, and in their relations to each other and to foreign nations. He is available because he has the highest order of executive ability, is efficient and profound in all that fits a man to be President, and has a record unblemished, and integrity unassailed and unassailable. His popularity has stood the test without one failure. Though never

a Democrat, he was four times elected a Representative in Congress in a district always previously strongly Democratic.

The result of Ohio elections has always been uncertain; even during the war, in 1862, the Democrats elected a majority of Representatives in Congress. In all of the five legislative elections with Mr. Sherman as a prospective candidate for Senator the Republican party carried the State, and he was elected. In other years Ohio went Democratic, and elected Thurman, Pendleton, and Payne as Senators. In 1883 many leading Republicans of Ohio insisted that Mr. Sherman should, as the most available citizen, leave his place in the Senate, to lead the Republican party to victory as a candidate for Governor; but other counsels prevailed, and Hoadly, the Democratic candidate, was elected.

Mr. Sherman is now urged as a candidate for the Presidency, not by disparaging other eminent and good men, but because his greater services give him stronger claims and better fit him for the great office; he can unite and solidify the Republican forces; he can attract outside support, and so is the leading and most popular candidate mentioned.

It is not possible to give all the reasons which prove this, but it will be shown that, with twelve different classes comprising all, he is an available candidate, and with most of them he is the most available. "He is the only man in the United States Government whose views on all questions of public affairs in extenso are obtainable in book form," or otherwise.

I. Mr. Sherman is available to secure the votes of laboring men.

Many of our citizens engaged in mechanical industry in factories, workshops, mines, in forests, and in labor in other forms have recently effected organizations, some of which seek to promote their interests by separate political party action. A Presidential candidate in other respects acceptable, who can save the Republican party from disintegration at their hands, will be elected. Mr. Sherman will satisfy their just demands. Like other intelligent citizens, they can see that their rights and interests must be intrusted to one of the two great parties. They want a public policy which will secure employment, just compensation, payment therefor in good money, and otherwise insure their well-being. No man in Congress has done more, and no candidate for the Presidency so much as Mr. Sherman to secure

the enactment of protective tariff laws, the chief object of which is to give employment to labor, and by making a demand therefor to insure it a just reward. He has done more than any other to secure an abundant and good currency, to develop industries, to make a demand for and reward labor. His life, utterances, and public acts prove his sympathy with laboring men and devotion to their interests. Left fatherless at the tender age of six years he was thrown upon his own resources ; at fourteen years of age he became junior rodman on the Muskingum River improvement, and in this and other employments became inured to toil.

He always speaks of the laboring man, "whose reasonable demands ought always to be heard and always to be heeded." In a recent speech he indorsed the policy which welcomes "to our shores the well-disposed and the industrious immigrant," yet urges Congress "to protect us from the inroad of the anarchist, the communist, the polygamist, the fugitive from justice, the insane, the dependent paupers, the criminal classes, contract labor in every form, and all others [Chinese] who seek our shores not to become a part of our citizenship, but to diminish the dignity and rewards of American workingmen."

He is earnestly in favor of the exclusion of Chinese laborers. He voted for the act of July 5th, 1884, for that purpose, and on April 29th, 1886, as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported to the Senate a bill amendatory of the Chinese acts, and made an able speech in favor of the exclusion. He voted for the act of July 1st, 1862, for Agricultural and Mechanical Colleges ; the eight-hour law of June 28th, 1868 ; the act of May 18th, 1872, to prevent its evasion; the act of June 27th, 1884, to create the Bureau of Labor, and the joint resolution of August 21st, 1886, as to prison labor.

His position will enable him to carry doubtful States like New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana, and Nevada.

II. Mr. Sherman can carry more votes of colored citizens than any other candidate.

His opposition to slavery extension antedates the organization of the Republican party. He has done as much if not more efficient service than any living statesman for human freedom, for equal civil and political rights, and for the intellectual and moral advancement of the colored race.

The Missouri compromise was repealed in 1854 for the pur-

pose of carrying slavery into Kansas. Election frauds, intimidation, violence, and murder were among the means employed to secure this object. At the age of 31, Mr. Sherman was elected in a strong Democratic district a Representative to Congress pledged to freedom. He presided on the 13th of July, 1855, over the first Ohio Republican convention, which nominated Salmon P. Chase for Governor, and his speeches in the canvass aroused the enthusiasm of the friends of freedom throughout the nation.

On the 20th of March, 1856, a committee was appointed by the House of Representatives to investigate the pro-slavery outrages in Kansas, and Mr. Sherman, though in his first term, was placed on it. He wrote the able report made to the House July 1st, 1856. This—the first great document on the subject in Congress—secured, in its varied results, freedom to Kansas, and gave to the Republican party success in the election of 1860. He gave his potential influence in favor of all the great measures for freedom, including the "Wilmot proviso," the act to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, the proclamation of emancipation, the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution, and the acts to carry them into effect. During the war he was among the first to advocate the enlistment of colored citizens as soldiers.

In 1865 President Johnson attempted to reconstruct State governments in the South under proclamations denying to colored citizens the right to vote. Congress denied his power; the House passed a bill to reorganize loyal State governments; Mr. Sherman offered a substitute which, over the President's veto, became the first reconstruction act of March 2d, 1867. Thus he became the author of the first act of Congress which gave colored citizens the right to vote. To this measure, its example and its fruits, and thus to Mr. Sherman, every colored citizen is indebted for his right to vote.

During the Ku Klux outrages on colored citizens, President Grant asked Congress to give him enlarged powers to protect them. For this purpose the "Force Bill" was introduced into Congress in 1871, but was defeated. The colored citizens have never ceased to feel that they were abandoned to a cruel fate by the Republicans who aided the Democrats in defeating the bill. Mr. Sherman was their friend.

He is now in advance of all others in demanding that "in

States where free orderly elections for representatives in Congress cannot be had, Congress should" enact laws for elections with protection to citizens.

He is "in favor of aiding the States in the education of illiterate children by liberal appropriations of public money" by Congress.

In March last, while stopping at a hotel in Alabama whose proprietor would not permit colored citizens to call on him, he immediately left it, and went to one where he received them with the utmost courtesy.

He can carry Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and other States, all of which a candidate not acceptable to the colored citizens might lose. Give them Sherman, and they "will preserve the jewel of liberty in the household of its friends."

III. Mr. Sherman will command the united support of the Republicans, and of many conservative Democrats in the Southern States.

A large body of men were in the Confederate service who accept the results of the war, demand a "free ballot and a fair count," desire the animosities of the war to cease, and that the resources and industries of the South shall be developed. Senator Mahone is one of these, and he has declared in favor of Sherman, who, more than any other candidate, is satisfactory to this conservative class. This results from his pacific utterances, from his prominence as an advocate of a protective tariff, and his conservative character.

In his recent Springfield (Illinois) speech he said:

"I do not wish to utter one word to revive the animosities of the war, that was fought out manfully and bravely by the two contending parties, with such courage as to inspire the respect of each side for the other, and to its logical conclusion of the complete success of the Union cause. All that I ask is that the defeated party will honorably fulfill the terms of their surrender, and that the results of the war may be respected and observed with honor by Confederates, and firmly, but with charity and kindness, by Union soldiers and citizens. For this I appeal alike to Confederate and Union soldiers, to the blue and the gray, so that when passion and prejudice disappear both sides will stand by each other in the improvement and development of our great and united country."

It was because Mr. Sherman had made a special study of the means of developing the resources of the New South, by the protection of industries, by opening new channels of trade and com-

merce with the American Republics and Brazil, by the protection of her citizens in all their rights, the education of her people, the growth of manufactories, and by peaceful relations among all the people, between all the States and with foreign nations, that the Legislature of Tennessee invited him to address that body, as he did March 24th, 1887, when he avowed all these purposes, alike beneficial to the South and to the great North, whose trade will be enlarged thereby. No such invitation has been extended by any State to any other candidate.

His nomination means an end to the Democratic "solid South," with Republican success in Virginia, West Virginia, and other Southern States.

IV. Mr. Sherman, as the author of currency, revenue, and public debt measures, and by their execution as Secretary of the Treasury, has rendered greater services on these subjects, and has more largely the confidence of business men, than any other candidate.

If it can be said that any one quality, more than any other, is required in a President for the next term, it is that he should be a great financier—not for one class, but for the benefit of all.

The history of nations is largely that of war and finances. With a conservative President for the next term, war will not disturb business; the great questions will be revenue and currency. The Government is collecting annually more than a hundred millions in excess of public needs. A Democratic House has been unable to agree on any reduction. The next administration must revise our revenue system, treat with other nations as to silver, legislate on the subject of greenbacks, national bank notes, gold and silver certificates, the public debt, etc. Mr. Blaine has said that Mr. Sherman has "established a financial reputation not second to any man in our history." This cannot be said of any other living statesman.

The Republican party came into power March 4th, 1861, with civil war imminent. The treasury was bankrupt, the credit of the Government so low that 6 per cent. 20 year bonds sold at $89.10 per $100. The total coin in the country was $214,000,000, total currency local bank paper $207,000,000, confessedly insecure and liable at all times to failure. The war came; it is officially shown it required an expenditure from July 1st, 1861, to June 30th, 1879, of $6,189,929,908. Our people

could give a million soldiers to save the Republic, but who among her great financiers could secure the legislation to raise this vast sum of money, and establish a new paper currency that could not fail? As member or chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, Mr. Sherman was, more than any other, the author of the acts of Congress which secured these results, by customs duties, internal taxes, greenbacks, by loans on government bonds, under which the largest indebtedness was January 7th, 1866, $2,739,491,745, and the highest rate of interest 7 3–10 per cent., and by national bank acts which supplied the best currency the world ever saw, and by levying a tax of 10 per cent. on irresponsible local bank issues wiped them out.

He was in like manner the author of the refunding acts by which three per cent. bonds have reached a premium; the acts from time to time reducing internal and other taxation; the acts relating to coinage, and those authorizing gold and silver certificates constituting a part of our currency.

Early in the war the local banks suspended specie payment. Mr. Sherman gave us the great resumption act of January 14th, 1875, which brought resumption January 1st, 1879, and as Secretary of the Treasury he achieved the crowning success of perfecting the work of resumption, and of refunding the bonds at a lower rate of interest than ever before in our history. What have been the fruits? Funds were raised to pay the vast expenditure mentioned, the war was prosecuted to a successful issue, the credit of the Government was improved in the very agonies of flagrant war almost without the aid of foreign capital and in spite of foreign hostility, and now is better than that of any nation on the globe. The national banking system is better than the bank of England —better than any ever devised since the first banco in 1171. In this respect the statesmanship of Mr. Sherman exceeds that of all nations through the seven centuries succeeding. All these measures were so wise, that our people grew in wealth even during the war as ever since, the only instance in the world's history where such a result has been achieved under similar circumstances. After her wars with Napoleon, England resumed specie payment May 1st, 1821, under Sir Robert Peel's act, after a suspension since 1797. Peel's resumption was accomplished by withdrawing nearly all the paper from circulation, resulting in the ruin of the debtor class and of most of the industries of the country. Mr. Sherman's

resumption did not reduce the volume of the currency, and it was followed by prosperity, advancing from the day of its consummation.

And now we have an aggregate of coin and currency of $1,747,331,525, with revenues too abundant, and our national debt, exclusive of greenbacks and less available cash in the Treasury, only $908,788,275. The chief struggle with other nations is to obtain sufficient revenue, ours is to reduce it to the limit of our wants. The reduction of the public debt in England and France has been merely nominal for many years, and ultimate payment if ever made is for the distant centuries; the reduction of our debt is so rapid the only danger is it may come before we can adapt ourselves to the transition.

In all the elements of great financial ability and achievements, Mr. Sherman has no superior in the world's history.

When financial questions present the great work of the next administration can any citizen doubt whether gratitude, duty, and interest do not require us to place at the helm the world's greatest living financier? Nominate him and every business man will feel secure. The Germans, distinguished for their advocacy of honest money, whether Republicans or Democrats, these and others will rally to his support. He can carry New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and other States which will make Republican success certain. Is it wise to hazard the result with any other candidate?

V. Mr. Sherman will command the support of those interested in the protection and increase of the American commercial marine.

"Agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and navigation constitute the four pillars of our prosperity."

Mr. Sherman is in full sympathy with the policy of commercial development, by legislation and treaty stipulations. As early as March 7th, 1871, he introduced into the Senate "a bill to facilitate commerce between the United States and China and Japan and the countries of Asia." On December 11th, 1883, he introduced a "bill for the encouragement of closer commercial relationship, and in the interest and perpetuation of peace between the United States and the Republics of Mexico, Central America, and the Empire of Brazil." February 8th, 1886, he introduced another bill on the same subject. He is now chairman

of a joint committee of the two houses in regard to an exposition proposed to be held in Washington for the purpose of more intimate relations with the South American States. He is also Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, having charge of similar questions.

The whole country is interested in the increase of our commercial marine to save the money we now pay to foreign shipowners, to give employment to sailors, to build new shipyards, and thus give employment to men, and make a market for our agricultural products and the timber of our forests.

VI. Mr. Sherman will command the cordial support of the soldiers.

He took his seat in the Senate March 23d, 1861. The attack on Fort Sumter in April precipitated the war. In April he tendered his services to General Patterson with two Ohio regiments at Harrisburg, with which he served as aide-de-camp without pay until the extra session of Congress in July, after the adjournment of which, under the authority of Governor Dennison, he recruited, largely at his own expense, two regiments of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and a battery of artillery comprising over two thousand three hundred men. When Congress met in December he intended to resign as Senator and offer his services in the army, but at the request of President Lincoln and Secretary Chase remained in the Senate to render greater services there. Without his financial achievements and those of his compeers the rebellion would never have been suppressed. Brave soldiers were the first great need, but without the "sinews of war"—money—even they could not have saved the Republic. His financial measures fed, and clad, and paid, so far as money could pay, for their services, and has since paid their well-earned pensions. Before, and during the war, he was in constant correspondence with his brother, Gen. W. T. Sherman, and fully shared in his devotion to the Union.

Mr. Sherman is in full accord with the soldiers in all they ask. Chief among their requests is that Congress will "repeal the restrictions limiting arrearages of pensions to applications made prior to July 1st, 1880, and allowing all persons to claim pensions from the date of disability, without respect to the time of filing their applications." He declared himself in favor of this in a speech at Mt. Gilead, O., August 22d, 1885, and made an earnest

speech for that purpose in the Senate, January 27th, 1887. He reiterated the same purpose in his Wilmington, O., speech, September 15th, 1887, and denounced the President's vetoes of pension bills. On January 5th, 1887, he introduced a bill in the Senate to grant arrearages of pensions from date of disability to soldiers who lost a limb. He voted for the "dependent pension bill," and others which Cleveland vetoed.

The soldiers have no truer friend, and but few with equal ability to render them effective service. He voted for the law which requires a preference to be given to them in making appointments to office; he faithfully executed it when Secretary of the Treasury, and, as President, would not permit its evasion, as under Cleveland's administration.

VII. Mr. Sherman has been longer in the public service, has larger experience in public affairs, and has rendered more valuable public services than any other candidate.

He was elected to Congress in October 1854, 1856, 1858, 1860, and served in the Thirty-fourth, Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses. Before he could enter on service in the Thirty-seventh Congress he was elected to the Senate in March, 1861, to which he was re-elected in 1866 and again in 1872. He resigned March 5th, 1877, when he became Secretary of the Treasury, in which capacity he served to March 3d, 1881, and having been in the meantime re-elected to the Senate, was again re-elected in 1886 for a term of six years commencing March 4th, 1887. He was elected December 7th, 1885, President of the Senate, thus becoming Vice-President; he resigned that office February 27th, 1887, and yet he remains a Senator.

In the 36th Congress he came within a few votes of being elected Speaker of the House, but having declined he was recognized as the leader, and so made chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, the most important committee of the House.

Here is a continuous service of over thirty-three years, so varied in character as to familiarize this illustrious statesman with the Government in all its departments and relations. This period covers greater questions, greater events, and more stupendous achievements, than have been crowded into any other equal period of time. On all these his great research, learning, and ability have made him profoundly versed. In his final conclusions he has never made a mistake on any public question.

In private employments the value of experience is recognized. He is the most popular applicant for such service who can perform it best. The "sober second thought" of the people demands that the best equipped man for public office shall fill it. He who has rendered most and best public service has claims to office as a reward for merit. To deny the justice of this claim, or the obligations to recognize it, is to give effect to the fallacy that "Republics are ungrateful."

VIII. Mr. Sherman will command the united support of all the Republican wool growers and draw a large support from Democrats.

A million voters are flock owners,—one-twelfth of all the voters,—a political power the Republican party will not ignore, a power which holds the fate of other industries in their hands. They have a national and state associations, and "mean business." A Republican candidate who has not been a pronounced friend of protection to this industry may lose enough votes in doubtful States to insure his defeat. Of the flock owners, Indiana has 54,069; Virginia, 32,498; West Virginia, 30,909; California and other States large numbers. The wool growers can turn the scale in these States. Mr. Sherman has said and done more than any other candidate to secure protection to this industry. It had no sufficient protection until the tariff of 1867, agreed upon by wool growers and manufacturers, and satisfactory to both. Under this, it prospered. It had the successful support of Mr. Sherman in the Senate.

And he condemned the ruling of the Treasury Department, which admitted at a duty of 2½ cents per pound scoured clothing and combing wool under the false name of "waste." On January 21st, 1884, the Senate passed a resolution introduced by him requiring a report on fradulent undervaluations on imported wool.

IX. Mr. Sherman will command the support of the "Civil Service Reformers."

In the Presidential election of 1884 there was a large class of intelligent citizens known as "Civil Service Reformers," sometimes called "Mugwumps," led by George William Curtis, Carl Schurz, and Henry Ward Beecher. They had been Republicans, and are yet, though they supported Mr. Cleveland, as Mr. Curtis has said, "because as Governor of New York his course in support of the reform movement was acceptable to the great body of the independent voters."

Civil service reform was recommended by President Grant. Congress passed the Civil Service act of March 3d, 1871, for which Mr. Sherman voted. Mr. Curtis was chairman of the Commission under it. President Hayes carried civil service reform farther than most of his predecessors. He was supported in this by Mr. Sherman, then in his Cabinet. As early as January 26th, 1869, he reported back to the Senate a bill to reorganize the Treasury Department, and offered a concurrent resolution, passed March 2d, 1869, providing for a joint committee "to examine and report upon the expediency of reorganizing the civil service in the several departments," and for "a more economical and efficient performance of the civil service." On January 4th, 1871, he advocated Trumbull's bill to prohibit members of Congress from interfering with appointments to office.

He has not encountered antagonism from the civil service reformers; their opposition never has been aimed at him. His nomination would secure a vote which will insure success in New York.

X. Mr. Sherman will command the solid support of the Republicans of the Pacific Coast and the mining regions.

The people of California, Oregon, and Nevada are opposed to the admission of Chinese laborers. For some time their coming was not opposed, it was rather encouraged, until its injurious tendency was ascertained. Some eminent statesmen, fearing the effect on commerce of violating treaty stipulations with China, did not approve measures in Congress to restrict immigration until our treaties could be modified. Accordingly, two treaties were made with China,—one in relation to immigration, one commercial, which had the support of Mr. Sherman. He is earnestly opposed to such immigration. He voted for the act of July 5th, 1884, to prevent it. He subsequently reported back to the Senate another bill for the same purpose.

Nevada and other States are largely interested in silver mining. The demonetization of silver, or a limitation in amount as to the legal tender quality of silver coin, would impair the value of silver mines, diminish labor therein, and so the market furnished thereby. The debtor class would suffer by it, because it would enhance gold, the only remaining coin with which to pay debts. The same interests which require bi-metallic money here insist on treaty arrangements with other nations to preserve it there.

Demonetization in Europe would destroy foreign demand for silver coin for which our people want a market. Mr. Sherman has always favored silver coinage and the preservation of its legal tender quality. His resumption act of January 14th, 1875, made it a legal tender. He made a speech in the Senate in favor of investigating the complaint that the Assistant Treasurer at New Orleans declined to receive silver dollars and issue certificates therefor as required by law. He favored silver coins with sufficient metal therein to make their commercial value equal to gold coins of the same denomination. He favored the several international monetary conferences with foreign nations to retain bi-metallic money, and on December 9th, 1867, introduced a resolution into the Senate directing the Secretary of State to furnish the correspondence in respect to the international monetary conference held in France in June and July, 1867.

England is one of the nations which limits the legal tender capacity of silver to forty shillings. The result is, our silver coins as such will not buy products in that country. With a view to secure an international ratio Mr. Sherman, on the seventh day of January, 1876, introduced a resolution into the Senate, adopted June 7th, "proposing a convention to secure uniformity in coins and money between the United States and Great Britain."

XI. Mr. Sherman has been and is the earnest and efficient advocate of all the great purposes and measures of the Republican party.

He gave his support to legislation declaring that "all naturalized citizens . . . while in foreign countries . . shall receive" the protection of our Government, thus asserting the right of expatriation, a right further protected by numerous treaties which he aided to ratify. His liberal opinions have drawn to him the confidence of Germans, and other naturalized citizens, whose right he has always upheld. He has been the earnest friend of the homestead policy, and will receive the cordial support of the pioneers who have secured homes thereby. While favoring the policy of land grant aid for railroads in new States at the time when most needed, and conservative of all vested rights, he has "voted for the repeal of every grant where there has not been a substantial compliance or an active and reasonable effort to comply with the grant," and he has long since favored the policy of making no further grants, but of reserving the lands for actual

settlers and of prohibiting sales for speculation. He has been the efficent advocate of internal improvements to build up our interior cities, and secure cheap transportation for farm products, for shippers of stock, of grain, and other commerce on all the great water-ways of the country. He has maintained that Congress should regulate railroad and water transportation of interstate commerce to secure the same great object.

XII. Mr. Sherman can command more votes of the agriculturists than any other candidate.

He has supported all measures in Congress for the advancement of agricultural interests.

He has favored all measures to make cheap transportation for stock and farm products.

He is in advance of all great statesmen on one subject requiring attention.

The Republican doctrine is, that those industries should be protected which by protection can be sufficiently developed to supply our wants. Such protection does not ultimately enhance the cost, because home competition has always secured products cheaper than imports. Protective duties on raw sugar have thus far failed to develop the cane sugar industry sufficiently to supply our wants, and the result is, that the duty on sugar is in some measure a tax on the consumer. The value of sugar and molasses imported in the fiscal year 1886 was $76,723,266, the duty collected $51,766,923; our annual consumption of foreign and domestic sugar is about 40 pounds per head of population. Thus we are paying large sums to other countries for sugar, and they buy but little of our products. The present duty on sugar, if continued, will for a time be an onerous tax on consumers, and yet it would be unjust to the Louisiana and other planters who have invested money on the faith of protection to abandon them to destruction. Free trade in sugar with no inducement to increase our sugar product, would prevent the further development of cane sugar, and destroy the sorghum sugar and beet sugar industries, and the production of glucose from corn. Recent experiments in the new "diffusion process" of extracting saccharine from sorghum, conducted at Fort Scott by Mr. Colman, the efficient Commissioner of Agriculture, show that 98 per cent of saccharine can now be extracted from sorghum and sugar cane, being 28 per cent. more than by former methods.

Mr. Sherman has said :

"There should be a decided reduction in the tariff on sugar, and then a bounty should be paid on American sugar sufficiently generous to procure the production of all the sugar in the United States that our people may consume We have the best soil in the world for the sugar beet and sorghum cane, covering almost limitless acres. We ought to produce all the sugar we consume, and we may reasonably do so by a judicious tariff and liberal bounties to producers."

Mr. Sherman is emphatically the farmer's candidate, a class of intelligent voters, comprising 54 per cent. of all, and whose industry is the basis of all others.

His nomination will insure success and restore the Government to the party which has a grander record than any that has lived since the adoption of the Constitution.

A CHESTNUT BUR.*

WHAT it was called eight and thirty years ago was the Andover Fuss, and that is just what it is to-day. It has sturdily outlived a generation, and it shows no sign of decadence. We shall see the last of earth before earth will see the last of the Andover Fuss.

It is lasting, because it is everlasting. Seeming only an ecclesiastical quarrel about an unpractical point, it is the successive bursting of burs that marks the ripening of successive kernels of truth. And while the kernel must ripen, or the fruit of the tree of life fails, it must not be forgotten that the bur does good work in holding fast the precious seed till moved by the internal and eternal force to loosen its life-long grasp.

But while there is the same old drama, the actors have changed parts. The villain of the last generation has become the hero of this. Professor Park was the Newman Smyth of 1849. Professor Park is gathering up the weeds and grass of 1849. He is now gathering up the weeds and grass and stones that were flung at him forty years ago, and shying them at Professor Smyth with as hearty a good will as if he did not know how they felt when they first hit, or how useless they were as an argument against the truth.

Even the foolish men who edit newspapers and Reviews and think people are not interested in theology; and the foolish public who give them reason to think so, to such a degree that every theological paper appearing from this pen may be considered as representing a fierce war and a bloody victory over an obstinate editorial foe, even they could not but be entertained and edified,

* "The Andover Fuss; or, Dr. Woods versus Dr. Dana, on the Imputation of Heresy against Professor Park, Respecting the Doctrine of Original Sin." Boston: Tappan & Whittlemore. 1853.

"A Review of Dr. Dana's Remonstrance of September, 1849." Boston: Press of Crocker & Brewster. 1853.

"The Associate Creed of Andover Theological Seminary." By Edwards A. Park. Boston: Rand, Avery & Co. 1883.

"The Andover Trial." Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. 1887.

by reading these time-stained pamphlets. Exhumed from boxes beneath the eaves, they are still glittering with the sarcasm, moist with the tears, and red hot with the wrath evoked by the derelictions of Professor Park when he presided over the Seminary whose head has just been cut off, although it refuses to roll into the basket. Every charge of breach of trust, logical inconsistency, dangerous error brought against Professor Smyth to-day was brought against Professor Park forty years ago. All that is not appalling is amusing in the spectacle of this heretic of the last generation, absolutely forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto the heretic of to-day with the same unwieldy old blunderbusses that fired their vain volleys at him. That it is a Holy War does not prevent the tactics from being grotesque.

In their time, the old formulas did good service, but the world moves—moves in the evolution of religious truth just as really and rapidly as in the evolution of material truth. Flint and steel marked a momentous invention. The doctrine of election, in politics and in theology, was a great advance over hereditary transmission of saving grace and sovereign power. But to take the doctrine of election out of history and present it to the world as a nugget of unrelated truth is just as absurd as it would be to declare flint and steel the one divinely appointed method of kindling the domestic hearth.

Then, as now, the piece of toughest resistance was the Westminster Catechism. "If there are words in the English language which can make anything plain," protested the remonstrants against Professor Park in 1849, "the Founders have made plain and undeniable their intention that the doctrines of the Assembly's Catechism, and no other, should be maintained, defended, and propagated through the instrumentality of their Seminary." But, under Professor Park's deft hand, original sin and other related doctrines prove to be an altogether different grist from that which came out of the Westminster hopper. Just as heretic Smyth is charged with the "stupendous crime" of breach of trust, the beloved Park aiding and abetting the charge, so did the world, the flesh, and the devil nag Professor Park in 1853. How can the Professor reconcile his position with the principles of moral integrity? On the one hand, distinct and explicit declarations of doctrinal belief, and pledges to teach in accord-

ance therewith, and, on the other hand, a course of teaching apparently contrary. There must rest a painful feeling of misgiving, lest in his ardent love and pursuit of philosophical speculations he may have forgotten what is due to those high principles of uprightness which ought so manifestly to govern all the professors in the Seminary that every question respecting it should be wholly precluded.

Professor Park is of too large a nature to lay to heart little grievances of this sort. Volunteers never resent the petulant cry of "foul" when Thistles lag astern. In his noble forgetfulness he now declares that if an official doubt of his allegiance to the Creed had ever been intimated, "I should have regarded the intimation as an insult to me and as an implied charge of prevarication!"

"I am afraid" said President Lincoln, to a friendly judge who was giving an account of his proceedings at the nominating convention, "I am afraid, there, you prevaricated a little."

"Prevaricate!" cried the too ardent judge, "I lied like —— !"

And beyond and above any crime charged upon Professor Smyth, this conservative of to-day but iconoclast of yesterday, was accused of having repeatedly stamped the articles that he rejected "with ridicule and exposed them to public scorn." And I am afraid he did! I am sure that when he saw the bur splitting it was not in him to press it together, but rather to join forces with the interior expanding truth and hasten its release by the keen thrusts of his playful and polished but powerful wit.

On the face of it, those theological Forty-niners had Professor Park on the hip exactly as Professor Park has President Smyth on the hip now. Each alike had to avow on the day of his inauguration, and, to prevent a subsequent breaking away, every five years thereafter, his faith in the Westminster Catechism.

To prove Professor Park's heresy, the remonstrants quoted from his sermons such words of wisdom and righteousness as make the yellow pages of my garret rubbish thrill with living fire. Why is Professor Park training in the old camp when his own words show that he belongs with the New Departure, falsely so called? Newman Smyth, Dean Stanley, never struck a truer note, never gave a clearer exposition of the proper method of Bible interpretation and the common errors of exegesis than does Professor Park in these heretical and Heaven-taught sermons. Every page is crowded with insight, discrimination, the all-com-

pelling eloquence of lucidity. It is inexplicable that his opponents did not give in to their truth at once. It is inexplicable that pulpits should still be found preaching the dead and petrified method of interpretation when, for these forty years and more, Professor Park has been so illuminating the living way. It is a freak of nature that Professor Park himself, in his vigorous and magnificent age, should turn upon Professor Smyth for following in the footsteps of his splendid and stirring prime.

Professor Park is the most brilliant as well as the most delightful man in the world. He is always brimming over with mischief —using the word "for true heart, and not for harm." It must be that as his work is well done he cannot help playing. Walking up and down the beautiful greenery wherein, like gems, are set his house and all the Saints' houses and haunts of the Andover School of the Prophets, he spies Professor Smyth, remote, unfriended, melancholy, gliding out from the shadows of Brechan Hall; and instantly grabs a wisp of "speculations" and handfuls of "moral integrity" and "German rationalism" and lets fly at him for pure fun, as who should say, "See here, young man, if you think it is a fine thing to step into my shoes and be a progressive theologian instead of a stationary one, take this—and this—and this, and see how you like it!"

The Hon. Chauncey Depew has, in the most charming, that is, in his usual manner, announced himself to be of his mother's faith. He could not do better, but if he will lay aside for a day the roar and bore of his trumpery railroads, and will read these four pamphlets, he will know more exactly what his mother was taught to believe, what she could not believe, what she did believe, and what it behooves him to believe, than, I suspect, he has yet discovered. He would then and thus certainly contribute more to our upbuilding in his holy faith, and there can be but one reason why he would not himself grow in grace—that he is already as graceful as theology can make him.

Just as unprogressive theology casts longing glances back from the aggressive incursions of present thought to the good old times when Professor Park held fast the form of sound doctrine, so did the stationary of the last generation bemoan themselves for the Golden Age of the good Dr. Woods, when the Westminster Catechism was in its glory of unquestioned supremacy. The doctrine of Original Sin, including the personal guilt of each and

every individual of the human race, in all successive ages to the end of time for its commission; and the just desert of and liability to everlasting punishment in hell, by one and all of the posterity of Adam, for their violation of the law of God, imputed to them as their own transgression, *done by them in him*, their antecedent representative and covenant head, this good old wholesale doctrine, not whittled down by reason, but officially guarded and transmitted by Professor Park's model predecessor, Dr. Woods, this doctrine the remonstrants of 1849 declared to be the touchstone of New England orthodoxy. No doubt a great host outside of New England orthodoxy will agree with them and gloat over it with unseemly mirth.

But I, who gather within myself the strictness of eight generations of New England orthodoxy, am justified therein by finding that Dr. Woods says nothing of the sort. Dr. Woods, so far from setting his hand and seal to such American irrationalism, left on record a theology worthy of his grandson, the late Rev. John Cotton Smith, beloved and lamented Rector of the Church of the Ascension in New York; worthy of the gracious presence and noble promise of his great-grandson, the youthful Rector of the Church of St. Peter in Beverly, Mass.; worthy even of his great-great-grandson, the most reverend of all, John Cotton Smith, of the Church of the Holy Innocents, whose theology is yet undefined, but was certified by the Redeemer of the world as entitling him to the Kingdom of Heaven.

Behold what Dr. Woods saith: "Every attempt which has been made to prove that God ever imputes to man any sinful disposition or act which is not strictly his own has failed of success. . . . I say, with the utmost frankness, that we *are not entirely satisfied with the language used on this subject in the Assembly's Catechism.* Though we hold that Catechism, taken as a whole, in the highest estimation, we could not with a good conscience subscribe to every expression it contains in relation to the doctrine of Original Sin. Hence *it is common* for us, when we declare our assent to the Catechism, *to do it with an express or implied restriction.* We receive the Catechism *generally* as containing a summary of the principles of Christianity. But that the sinfulness of our natural fallen state consists, in any measure, in the guilt of Adam's first sin is what *we cannot admit.*" And all the people said Amen!

Here, then, we have the striking spectacle of a group of solid New England Christians conscientiously striving to oust Professor Smyth because he cannot keep step on the Creed with Professor Park; and we go back thirty years and find another group of saintly men trying just as hard to oust Professor Park, because he could not keep step with Dr. Woods on the Catechism, and we go back thence twenty years, and find that Dr. Woods made no pretence of keeping step at all. He made the march right loyally, but he deliberately proclaimed from his mountain-top, the wide world over, that the Catechism was often out of time, and that he and his comrades made no scruple of marching to their own music.

Professor Park finds that Professor Smyth has softened down the everlasting penalty of the creed into everlasting possibility, and Dr. Dana mourned that Professor Park had softened down the Original Sin of the catechism into a "series of intense expressions." But Dr. Woods, to whom we are directed as the standard, made short work of both Creed and Catechism, and taught the common sense doctrine that Original Sin is the Sin that originates with every man. Why must Professor Smyth shut out all the light let in by Professor Park in the last generation, and by Dr. Woods in the preceding generation, and contract his pupils to the gray twilight of Westminster Abbey?

Professor Park says that it is because he only revolted against the "*summarily* expressed" doctrines of the Catechism, whereas Professor Smyth flies out from the traces on those doctrines as "*particularly* expressed" in the Creed. His statement is as convincing as William Lloyd Garrison's avowal of fatherly impartiality when he used to declare that he loved all his children alike, especially Fanny! The great Professor balancing himself a tiptoe on that slender adverb and calling aloud to Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy to behold on what

> "A narrow neck of land
> Twixt two unbounded seas *I* stand!"

seems a very Blondin of acrobatic theology. But we of the weak and wicked world—no Blondins, but craving Eternal Life—must have the solid rock beneath our feet. And that Rock is Christ. Presented to us under a thousand figures, he was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, the Divine Word, the Redeeming Reason, God manifest in the flesh, reconciling the world to himself.

GAIL HAMILTON.

"PRIMITIVE SIMPLICITY."

In the course of a conversation with one of the condemned Chicago anarchists, a gentleman who was induced by sympathy to visit their prison is said to have related the following little story:

Visitor: "An uncle of mine had a good-sized farm once, with a considerable amount of waste land attached. Being a kindly old man, and widely known throughout the country, he was constantly subjected to all sorts of demands on his charity. One day a party of tramps came along, who asked for shelter, and, after taking as many into his house as it would hold, he stowed the rest away in his barn."

Anarchist: "Ant charget 'em nuthin' for their lotgins?"

Visitor: "No, not a cent, and moreover he fed them with the best that he had."

Anarchist: (Shrewdly) "I guess it vasn't long before some more of their frents came smellin' along that same road, vas it?"

Visitor: "It was not; a fresh batch, strangely enough, arrived the very next day. As all the buildings were full, however, the old man told them they might go down to the waste land and build themselves shanties, and he would feed them all as well as he could."

Anarchist: "Mein Got, he was a ferry remarkable man. After that I guess he couldn't keep dem off mit a club."

Visitor: "He could scarcely have done so had he tried, for they continued to arrive in greater numbers every day. Because the best land, however, soon got taken up, and the sugar for the coffee would no longer go round, the last comers got very angry. They swore at the old man and abused him frightfully. They even proceeded to smash the windows in his house, and, not satisfied with that, they tried to burn down his barns, and would attack his hired men whenever they could catch them alone about the place."

Anarchist: "They vas a mean, dirty pack. If I had been dot old man I'd haf fired them all out."

Visitor: "That is just what the old man was at last compelled to do."

Anarchist: "Goot! But vot koint of peoples vos these, anyhow?"

Visitor: "Well, I don't wish to be personal, but it is supposed they were friends of *yours*."

Anarchist (Confusedly): "Got in Himmel, frents of mine! But hold on, vot did you say the name of dot uncle of yours vas?"

Visitor: "I didn't say, but down in the country where he lives he usually goes by the name of 'Uncle Sam.'"

The doctrines of the Anarchist would seem scarcely worthy of notice were it not that they are gradually superseding all other

forms of Communism, and are attracting, by their radical nature, large numbers of even educated people in Europe. These are the tenets of the Nihilist, and for this faith pure women, talented men, and even children mount the gallows in Russia, or willingly suffer exile to the frozen steppes of Siberia. The Russian, the Bohemian, and the Pole come to these shores, if not permeated, at least tainted with the poison of Nihilism, and we have seen the terrible effects of these teachings amongst the unfortunate seven with whom this little sketch opens.

Has the madness of these people any counterpart in history, or is it a rank growth special to our day? Amongst early Christians, and indeed in all primitive religions, we find the idea of a rejuvenation through destruction held as an article of faith:

> Dies iræ, dies illa,
> Solvet sæclum in favilla.

"The idea of palingenesis," says Laveleye, "arose from the problem of evil. The just suffer, the wicked triumph. The belief that the world, fundamentally bad, must perish in flames in order to make way for a new heaven, is found in all religions." "In Mazdeism, the successive cycles of the development of humanity on earth end in a general conflagration, followed by a universal renewal." "In the Wolospa of the Eddas, the palingenesis is conceived almost exactly as in our Gospels;" while in the deluge of Noah we find the same belief, though the purification is through another element.

"The revolutionists of our time," continues Laveleye, speaking of the anarchists, "reproduce the same train of reasoning." The only difference is that our Nihilists, for the most part denying the existence of a Deity, have to take the matter of destruction into their own hands.

Nevertheless, Anarchism has an intermediate stage in internationalism, and to understand the former we must take a glance at the last. Internationalism seems to owe its birth to trades unionism, and got its first start, if not its name, from the International Exhibition of London in 1862, while Poland, Italy, France, Germany, and England, we are told, raised the munificent sum of three pounds sterling to carry along the movement. By gradual stages Marx's theories of a laxity of federal ties came to mean a "collectivity" of the human family, like the *Hauscom-*

munionen, or groups of family communities in Servia and Croatia, where bands of men and women are seen working together in the fields to the music of the *guzla*. Surely a most charming picture, though what "the guzla" may mean I can only trust to my imagination.

Briefly, the aim and ultimate object of internationalism was to draw all nations into one vast trades union, but that the seeds of disruption were sown from the very start is shown by Hepworth Dixon in his secret "History of the Internationale," where he well describes the differences on the subject of nationality that sprang up.

"I want," says the Frenchman, "to lay down true principles and to found a society in which eternal justice shall reign." "As for me," replies the Englishman, with stolid obtuseness, "I care only for better wages and the nine-hour bill."

"What a sorry beast is this John Bull," mutters the Frenchman," raising his hands with a gesture of acute despair. "No ideas, no syntheses, no imagination. He will never light the torch and lead the world. *Sacre Dieu!*"

Now the transition of Internationalism into Nihilism is just here. The Nihilists, seeing the utter absurdity of having one state manage the conflicting interests of the world, thought to improve matters by having no management. Internationalism would have one state for all, the Anarchist would have no state for any, and if you look into it closely you will see that the last follows naturally from the first. For how could one government serve all the countries of the world, even as to the question of the location of its capital? There would have to be a head centre somewhere, and which capital city should have this privilege? A capital fixed immutably in England might cause jealousy to America, and if New Guinea agreed to enter any such federation it would probably be only on the terms that the seat of empire should occasionally be within her domains. Would Ireland, having at last gained her Parliament, suffer the seat of empire to be again transferred to London, or would France submit to having it in Berlin? Oh, says Marx, there would be government but no seat. This is equivalent to saying that the government would be on its legs; and most likely, in order not to give offense, it would have to make good use of its legs in its earnest efforts to suit all countries, all climates, all

religions, by timely visits. One great principle would be illustrated by such a government at all events; namely, the principle of perpetual motion. It would indeed bear a striking resemblance to the government of one of the South American Republics, to which I have heard my uncle, the late John L. Stephens, was accredited as Minister. After three years of energetic pursuit he could never catch up with that government, and was obliged to return with his credentials in his pocket.

But, says the Internationalist, again ready to meet this new difficulty, the government I propose would be an amorphous one, made up of amorphous or formless communes; that is, a government having no arms, no seat, and no legs. If it has no legs this certainly settles the question about its rapid progress. But it seems to me that a government without a seat, without arms, and without legs, would have a pretty hard time of it in enforcing its decrees, and would be only too likely to suffer the disrespectful treatment an india rubber humpty-dumpty meets that is kicked over the floor by the playful child.

Let me quote a few extracts from the pen of Jules Nostag, if only to show that the *reductio ad absurdum* is the best way to treat such absurdities: "Fatherland," says he, "is a phrase, a folly, that has only served for penning up human cattle in inclosures, where they may be shorn and bled." "Nations are brothers." "Nations, countries, are no longer more than words." "Nationality, the result of birth, is an evil."

Or let us look into the frenzied utterances of some of our own Anarchists. "The stars and stripes are only fit for prison suits for officials, much better the red flag of universal brotherhood." "Presidents are but unvarnished kings who keep alive the curse of nationality." "Open your eyes," "down with despots," "away with tyrants." Can there be any greater display of insanity than this? So far from national boundaries being a curse they have produced the very qualties we hold most dear in humanity. Rivalry between nations has been the spur that has urged all nations forward and has placed them to-day above where they were one thousand years ago. Would America be as great but for her former rivalry with England? Our victories first inspired us with a feeling of self-reliance, and on self-reliance our prosperity has been built. Would Germany, without France as a rival, be as great as she is? Without emulation mankind goes backward;

and so far from being pens for their people's slaughter, boundary lines of nations are the hedges of their sanctity, the bulwarks of their traditions, and inspire as they protect their art, their literature, their science, and their song.

Is there an American that does not take pride in his country? Is there any one so besotted as not to recognize what practical results have been attained by this very pride? To show the world what we could do, has made us what we are, and the plow, the printing press, and the steam engine have been more than the sword the instruments of our advance. Arbitration daily tends to fix the sword the firmer in the scabbard; but the same old emulation remains, nerving our horses on foreign race tracks to no less honorable efforts than in following the bugle call, and causing the mastership of the ocean to be contended for by *pleasure* boats instead of being bled and battled for by grim old Ironsides of war. This is the true internationalism; the internationalism of friendly contest with rivalry *minus* blood. God preserve me from any other sort of internationalism, particularly from that tasteless, spiceless, flabby, hodge-podge that would *merge* me with a Zulu and would reduce all distinctive flavor till you couldn't tell a Yankee from a Hottentot.

Bakunin's conception of internationalism has come to revolutionize the old. Bakunin would destroy government and civilization itself in order that a new condition of society might spring up on their ruins. In short, Bakunin is the political father of Mr. August Spies. Chaos, according to Mr. Spies, must be had recourse to before anything desirable can be obtained. All that modern civilization has taught us, all we hold most dear,—religion, science, family, marriage, and our laws,—must be destroyed in order that a return should be had to primitive simplicity as a basis for a new beginning. Rousseau had, indeed, the same idea, only it was confined to theory, and uttered rather as a lament than as an argument. "Science, art, and literature, are they not the agents of demoralization?" he asks, and what is "civilization but the source of all evils?" "In that case," replied Voltaire, "we must return to the woods and go down on all fours." This is exactly what Bakunin would have us do.

But suppose we did go back to the primitive simplicity of all fours, would our condition be improved? Primitive simplicity, by doing away with wealth, certainly diminishes inequality between

the rich and the poor, but leaves a harsher form of inequality, *i.e.*, that between the weak and the strong. In early times, in the sweet simplicity of primitive society, the weaker were not only driven to the wall, were not only made slaves of by the stronger, but were also, what is worse, very frequently *eaten*.

If Bakunin had really lived in the times he deems so perfect, unless he had been possessed of a stout arm, he would simply have been clubbed on the head by some brawnier savage, and served up for lunch. In primitive, or at least in barbaric society, the lines of caste are strictly drawn. There are cup-bearers, fly-catchers and ticklers, umbrella carriers, and any one familiar with Polynesian history will remember the *Kahili*-porters that walked before the chief. Instead of courtiers, these are slaves ; and to have a combination of strength and cunning is to be king. Indeed, the very word king is derived from "can." Unless the anarchist were king, he would have no liberty at all. For a word against the ruler he would suffer the extreme penalty of the law. And to that very civilization which he would destroy, he owes his immunity in vaporing as he does.

I once heard of a gentleman who had gained quite a reputation as a chess player by accidentally kicking the table when he found himself getting worsted, hoping that the next game would go more in his favor. This is the exact position of the anarchist as regards his desire to kick. But how, in the name of all the seven wonders, is he going to kick over the wide and strong table on which our civilization reposes ? We are not all pawns, nor are the supports on which we rely fragile or of wood. Blowing up a few policemen in Chicago, or even the carriage in which a Czar drives, won't destroy civilization.

Bakunin, in his Revolutionary Catechism, says the "revolutionist is a man under a vow ; he must be entirely absorbed in one single interest, one single thought, one single passion—destruction of society." That is all very well as far as it goes, but to succeed in destroying society you must have a vast organization—an organization compared with which your anarchist societies are as naught. Trained armies must be employed, equipped, and thoroughly disciplined. Would it not be hard to maintain this discipline when the object that called these armies into being was to destroy discipline ? Every country all over the world would have to be thoroughly overrun and subjugated by these bands, even to

those as inaccessible as Abyssinia; otherwise a new phase of the old civilization might radiate therefrom. Who would command these expeditions? How would they be fed, not so much during the devastation as afterwards, when all was destroyed? Not only houses, cathedrals, monuments, but knowledge also, would have to be extirpated. The knowledge of how to make machinery, that competitor, that rival of human labor; the knowledge of how to make arms and gunpowder, that, at present, keep labor in subjugation; the knowledge of how to run printing presses, that now lyingly teach men that whatever now is at least is necessary if not morally right. All this must be destroyed, with every evidence that it once existed. Indeed, Bakunin loudly declaims against all information. "Give no thought to this useless knowledge, in the name of which men try to tie your hands," he says in his "*Paroles addressées aux etudiants.*" Again, "Ignorance is holy and wholesome," "The student must leave the schools." Granted this knowledge were destroyed; however, memories of this knowledge would exist. Indeed, memories are germs that lie hid for generations to burst on the most unexpected occasion into life. With dead men alone would memories be safe? Therefore, to make a thorough extirpation we must destroy the workers themselves in all these various branches, and further submit to a long interregnum of chaos in order to allow time to bury in oblivion the memories of any chance survivor, and so to prevent his communicating to any one else the secrets of a tyrannical past.

But suppose that one of those distant communities should have refused to permit everything within its boundaries destroyed —some powerful, pig-headed, pig-tailed nation like the Chinese, for instance, that could rally some 350,000,000 people to its defense? France withstood the power of combined Europe in the last great revolution. Why might not China beat off all the hordes of anarchy in this second revolution? Then this nation, waiting till you had reduced yourselves through anarchy to the primitive conditions which you had craved, till you were luxuriating, as it were, in the sweet simplicity of ignorance, this nation, pig-tailed and pig-headed as they are, naturally resenting, as pig-headed people will, the good that you had intended doing them, would swoop down upon you. Having relaxed into barbarism, being metaphorically on "all fours," you would be unable to resist them;

and having voluntarily destroyed even the recollection of gunpowder, you would probably scamper off at the first discharge of their artillery on all fours into the woods. They would, however, in all likelihood, capture you and lead you off to be sold, your sons into slavery, your daughters into harems, and yourself to some enterprising showman, who would probably exhibit you for the poor old fool that you were.

Such is the whole course of history; the weaker nation goes to the wall, aboriginal peoples give place to others a little more advanced, and if civilization were destroyed your condition would infallibly be worse than it is at present. But allow me to reassure society; allow me to raise it from the depths of despair into which the horrors I have drawn will probably have plunged it. Society is not to be destroyed. It is not possible to destroy it, and its grand onward sweep will be no more affected by Bakunin and his company of anarchists than the waters of the Mississippi by a chorus of hysterical frogs croaking on the bank.

LLOYD S. BRYCE.

SOME WAR LETTERS.*

ADMIRAL PORTER TO GENERAL SHERMAN.

SOME insight into the "no quarter" given by the irregular bands that attacked the colored camp at Milliken's Bend is given in this private letter of Admiral Porter to Gen. Sherman. The "Cincinnati" referred to was one of our gunboats, sunk by the batteries in Vicksburg.

"FLAG SHIP 'BLACK HAWK,' *June* 10, 1863.

"DEAR GENERAL:

"I received yours in relation to the guard on board the 'Cincinnati,' and feel quite satisfied that no harm will happen to her. The officer in the tug did not report matters right that night. I had her examined night before last to see if I could stop the holes in her, but the stench was so great in her magazine that the carpenter could not get down there. There are likely some dead bodies in her. The ground about her is too muddy to work on in getting the guns out just now, but it will soon dry up, and when she is high and dry I think it better to throw up some earth around her to protect her, and with the addition of some cotton bales the rebels will not be able to hurt her. I will watch her closely, and when we take Vicksburg we can soon launch her.

"We had quite an affair here the other day. The excitement you saw was owing to a gang of about 4,500 rebels attacking Milliken's Bend. The few troops there behaved well until overpowered by numbers, when they retreated to the water side under the protection of the 'Choctaw' and 'Lexington,' when those two vessels set the rebels to scampering, with severe loss to them and without getting a thing.

"They did not know there was any gunboat about. The rebels attacked Young's Point, where there were no troops; the gunboats were ready for them, and shelled them away in short order. The rebels have no artillery and seem to be a miserable set of fellows, judging from the specimens of killed I saw. There were about eighty rebels laid out in the camps and trenches, and a number lying in the fields killed by our shells. There were no wounded of any account; no quarter seemed to be given by either side.

"Pemberton sent over some women and children yesterday. They report the rebel soldiers as coming into their houses or caves and taking the food from the

* Continued from the March and other preceding numbers. These letters have hitherto been unpublished. They were furnished by Gen. Wm. T. Sherman to his friend Captain Byers for publication in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

children. I sent word to the commanding officer at the picket station to let no more come. Half their deserters are spies ; one that came into us jumped overboard on the way up and attempted to escape to shore. He was retaken. I have ordered the captains to shoot all who attempt to escape after they are recaptured.

"I received a letter from Captain Palmer, of the 'Hartford,' he says that Banks received another severe repulse, and that he will not take Port Hudson the way he is going to work, though he has 30,000 men there. In his first repulse he lost 2,000 in killed and wounded, and the rebels made a sortie on his centre and drove him back. He left a hole for them to get out off, but they declined taking advantage of the occasion.

"Hoping this rain will not interfere with your operations,

"I remain very truly yours,

"DAVID D. PORTER.

"GENERAL SHERMAN."

THOSE WONDERFUL CIPHERS.

It is all the fashion nowadays to believe that something Shakespeare did or did not write contains a cipher. The literary man who has not his own pet Baconian cipher or Shakespearian cryptogram is a *rara avis*. As a rule, the more credulous the man is, the more his cipher will disclose to him. Thus, one "literary expert" finds in the epitaph on Shakespeare's tombstone a confession by Francis Bacon, in which that individual confesses to crimes which we know he never committed; and, by another investigator, the plays are made to yield a history of the reign of Elizabeth.

A cipher, then, is a modern improvement which every brain should be furnished with, and as there is quite a variety of ciphers to choose from, I will content myself with displaying the general feature of each—in the order in which they were discovered—leaving the reader to determine for himself which one he will add to his literary equipment.

Besides the four ciphers, which will be here presented, there are others which have been brought to public notice by the press; but these latter are evidently written in jest and serve only "to illustrate the vast capabilities of the human intellect, however vainly or preposterously employed." I have restricted this article to those ciphers which have actually found believers and proselytes.

But I may be pardoned if, before beginning the exposition of these literary curiosities, I call the attention of the reader to the earliest expression of doubt as to the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. It is found in "High Life Below Stairs," a farce written by the Rev. James Townley, and first acted in Drury Lane in 1759. The *dramatis personæ* in the dialogue are holding high carnival in the absence of the owners of the mansion, all,

except *Kitty*, assuming the titles of their respective masters and mistresses :

LADY BAB : "I never read but one book."
KITTY : "What is it that your ladyship is so fond of ?"
LADY BAB : "Shikspur. Did you never read Shikspur ?"
SIR HARRY : "I never heard of it."
KITTY : "Shikspur ! Shikspur ! Who wrote it ? No, I never read Shikspur."
LADY BAB : "Then you have an immense pleasure to come."
DUKE : "Shikspur ! Who wrote it ?"
SIR HARRY : "Who wrote it ? Why Ben Jonson."
DUKE : "Oh, I remember, it was Kolly Kibber."
KITTY : "Well, then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other."

The reader will readily perceive from this quotation that the origin of the doubt about the authorship is very ancient.

THE FIRST CIPHER.

Although Delia Bacon, in 1852, proclaimed her discovery that the works of Shakespeare and of Bacon contained hidden writings, yet she did not then explain to the world just how those hidden writings were to be read. Undoubtedly she intended—and, indeed, she partly promised—to furnish a method of deciphering those secret communications, but her insanity prevented. However, the work which she left uncompleted was undertaken by Mrs. C. F. A. Windle, who, in 1881 and 1882, gave her discoveries to the world in a book entitled, "The Discovery and Opening of the Cipher of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, alike in his prose writings and in the 'Shakespeare' dramas, proving him the author of the dramas."

That now famous passage about the art of ciphers in the "De Augmentis Scientiarum" did not, of course, pass unnoticed, and, adding to this the idea of allegory, Mrs. Windle obtained a cipher which is extremely ingenious, and, perhaps, hardly less interesting. It is cabalistic, it is biliteral, it has a Biblical aspect, it is prophetic, it is under a spell, it is commodious, it is adroit, and it is altogether the most extraordinary specimen of vagary that the curious could wish to puzzle over. The Astor Library possesses a copy of this work, but, as it is quite rare, I may be permitted to quote somewhat from it.

A specimen of Mrs. Windle's literary style is found in the dedication to the trustees of the British Museum, which is as follows :

"GENTLEMEN: It is mine—on behalf of the Annals of Great Britain and of the pride of the reign of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, as well as the glory of this

new era which it marks for all nations and for the whole civilized world—herewith most respectfully to tender to you, as guardians of the British special archives, this report of my discovery and opening of a Cipher in the works of your hitherto egregiously misconceived but still highly illustrious countryman Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. I have found that this cipher was employed by Lord Verulam for the purpose of his identification ultimately with the Supernal Volume of Dramas, which it was the whole object of his being, during the last twenty or more years of his life to perfect and transmit as his testimonial and memorial of all time—that 'Ariel'—as in the cipher he has designated its title—which now, in the fullness of to-day, springs on golden wings from the encrusting chrysalis of the mask of Shakespeare and mounts towards its infinite empyrean," etc., etc.

The Cipher which Mrs. Windle discovered she claims to have found in the "De Augmentis." It is "a writing in the received manner" which "no way obstructs the manner of pronunciation," but which, to the discerner, suggests something hidden. She took certain sentences from the "De Augmentis" and deciphered them as follows :

"A Conclusion on the true Deliberative.
"A. conclude you on the true; deliver A. to live.
"Corollary on an Exact Division.
"Carol Ariel; annex art to D.; visi on.
"A Prepossession against an Inveterate Opinion.
"I prepossess you on A.; gain is 't, and invite her to A. to 't; open you on."

From Bacon's letters she also takes sentences and deciphers them, even in the addresses : thus, one of them, To the Most Reverend and Learned William Rawley, D. D., becomes "Must reverence and learn it; William rawlie, dead he," and then, "Must revere end and lore in 't; William rare lie; deed ye."

The title to each play has a catch or refrain. These are meant, says Mrs. Windle, "to be suggestive of the spirit presence of the author, and they must necessarily be adopted to more or fewer changes, according to the measure of the mind and ear to which they address themselves. To attempt to limit them, either in sound or sense, would be to materialize them and entirely to lose the ideal and supersensuous effect which belongs to them." The catch to Othello is :

"A tale oh ! I tell, oh !
Oh, dell, oh ! What wail, oh !
Oh, hill, oh ! What willow !
What hell, oh ! What will, oh !
At will, oh ! At well, oh !
I dwell, oh !"

Titus Andronicus has this catch :

"Tie t'us, and drone accuse ;
Tie t'us, and drown a curse ;
Tie t'us, and drum the news."

The Merchant of Venice becomes :

"Marchant of Venus.
Merry chant of Vine use.
More chant to win us."

All the characters of the plays have their attendant meanings. Desdemona goes with "A Demon A." Cyprus means "Cipher us," "Sigh for us," and "gives the information of a cipher in the dramas, with appeal to unfold it, so as to elicit sympathy on the disclosure." Lavinia represents "Bacon's muse, and the loss of her arms and tongue signifies its crippling by the fact that in permitting the publication of the Venus and Adonis with the construction it must receive, he had rendered it impracticable for him, in consistency with his personal respect, to issue his future poetical compositions in his own name."

These may be called the tools or cues with which Mrs. Windle evidently expected to work out an elaborate history of Bacon's life ; but, unfortunately, too close application and study of the subject unbalanced her mind and she became insane. But to her belongs whatever credit is due to the first cipher discoverer.

It is curious to note that both Miss Delia Bacon and Mrs. Windle claimed to have been dominated by the spirit of Francis Bacon while engaged in their discoveries.

THE SECOND CIPHER.

Second in point of time is the cipher discovered by Ignatius Donnelly. We know only a very little of what this cipher is, and until the appearance of the book which Mr. Donnelly promises, our main sources of information about it are the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and the New York *World*. So far as their contributors have explained it to us, the cipher is read by multiplying the number of the page by the number of italicized words on that page, the product giving the number of the word on that or some other page. It is manifestly unfair to judge of this cipher from the very imperfect information we yet possess, but we should remember that Mr. Donnelly finds his cipher only in one

special edition of Shakespeare's plays—the Folio of 1623—and that the pagings of the copies of the Folio now in existence, and known to be authentic, differ in several cases very considerably one from another.

When a cipher is presented to us for examination, or that we may believe in it, we should not only examine into its construction, but we should also criticise the story which it unfolds, and see if this tells us anything that we do not already know, or is sufficiently important to justify its record in a complex cipher; and we should inquire, moreover, if the character of the disclosure is such as we should naturally expect of the reputed writer.

These rules we cannot now apply to the Donnelly cipher—we must wait till his book comes out—but we can apply them to the third and fourth ciphers, to which I now proceed.

THE THIRD CIPHER.

The third cipher is the invention of Mr. Herbert J. Browne. He is the first to have found a cryptogram in the epitaph on the stone of Shakespeare's grave. The cryptographic sentence which he finds is:

"Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays.
"SHAXPEARE;"

And the epitaph from which he extracts this is the one given by Halliwell and Richard Grant White, although Mr. Browne's more immediate authority is a tracing or rubbing of the stone. We shall have occasion to speak of this epitaph further on.

The method by which Mr. Browne extracts this cryptographic sentence is, so far as I can gather from his book, as follows: All the letters of the epitaph are numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., consecutively from the beginning, the double letters being taken both as one and as two letters. All the letters of the cryptographic sentence are similarly numbered, from the beginning, from the end, and from the letter s in the word Plays. Two alphabets are used in the solution, one beginning with A and the other with O. These letters and figures are Mr. Browne's tools. He has two sets of letters and at least three sets of figures, and by putting these in various combinations, adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing, "as the exigencies of the count may demand," he gets his sentence: "Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare's Plays.

Shaxpeare." There seems to be, however, no reason why substantially the same method would not produce from the epitaph the sentence: "Shaxpeare wrote Shakespeare's Plays. Francis Bacon;" nor why it should not also yield "Shaxpeare wrote Francis Bacon's Plays. Shakespeare." A cipher that can be read all ways is not, of course, the best evidence, but, at least, it may be taken for all that it is worth.

THE FOURTH CIPHER.

To Mr. Hugh Black belongs the credit of discovering the fourth cipher, found in the epitaph on Shakespeare's gravestone. And Mr. Edward Gordon Clarke must be credited with having extended and amplified the ideas of Mr. Black until a biography of the entire life of Shakespeare and some very curious information about Francis Bacon are discovered.

Some little while ago it became necessary for me to determine exactly what the inscription on Shakespeare's gravestone was. To my surprise I found that there was a very considerable difference in the fac-similes given by Shakespearian authorities. Thus Richard Grant White and James O. Halliwell give one form as fac-similes. George Russell French gives a fac-simile closely approximating those of White and Halliwell, yet differing in some particulars. In the various editions of Charles Knight's works the epitaph is variously given, but in one of these it is represented with a curious arrangement of big letters and hyphens—and this, though it is absolutely lacking of any proof of authenticity, is the one on which Messrs. Black and Clark have based their discoveries.

The readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW are already conversant with this fourth cipher, and its details need not now be specified. Like all the other ciphers, it was suggested by the now famous first chapter in the sixth book of the "De Augmentis," where Bacon gives a biliteral cipher which he claims to have invented in his youth in Paris.

In a letter dated June 30th, 1622, Bacon speaks of the "De Augmentis Scientiarum" as a work already in the hands of the translators, and likely to be finished by the end of the summer. It was not, however, published until the next year (1623), and the delay in publication has always been supposed to be owing to Bacon's age and infirmities and the fact that his income was barely sufficient

for him to live upon. In those days, it cost considerable money to publish a book. I have made this seeming digression because the first edition of the "De Augmentis" is, after all, the only authority from which we can learn exactly what Bacon had to say about ciphers; and because an examination of that edition, or any reproduction of it, will show that Bacon had not the slightest thought of basing any cipher whatsoever upon Roman letters, or italic letters, or big letters, or little letters. Big and little, Roman and italic types were in constant use in Bacon's day, yet Bacon, poor as he was, went to the expense of having special characters representing handwriting cut on wood, the only distinction between the letters being loops or flourishes. The idea of using types belonging to different founts to show the distinction between the two sets of characters originated long after Bacon's death, and was a device of translators and publishers to save the expense of reproducing the engravings of the original edition of 1623.

Mr. Donnelly, Mr. Browne, Mr. Black and Mr. Clark have all been putting into Bacon's book words that Bacon never wrote and ideas that he probably never entertained, but which originated with the "literary experts" of modern publishers. Upon these false premises they base their discoveries and theories.

When we look for a cipher revelation from Francis Bacon we should naturally expect to find something worthy of his genius and in literary merit equal, at least, to the works that bear his name; but all his pretended communications are (with the one exception of the claim to the authorship of Shakespeare's works) utterly unimportant, frivolous and trifling. Indeed, Mr. Clark makes Bacon confess to crimes that we know he never committed; that is, that he was an embracer. Now embracer is the legal term for one who commits embracery, and embracery is the crime of bribing, coercing or corrupting a jury. The bribery of a judge or a court officer is not embracery, and never was. The term always has been and is to this day restricted in its application to an offense against the freedom and purity of a jury and a jury only. From Thomas Littleton to Sir Edward Coke, and from him to the latest of law dictionary and digest makers, the term embracery has meant one and the same thing, and there never could be an embracer without a jury. Now, Bacon was an expert lawyer and it is utterly impossible that he would have used the term em-

bracer as applicable to himself. He was a judge, the highest judicial dignitary of the realm, and he took bribes, but he never tampered with a jury. Embracery is not and never was, as Mr. Clark states, "the old legal term for judicial corruption," nor has Lord Bacon ever "come down in history as an 'Embracor.'"

But Mr. Clark is not content with imputing the crime of embracery to Bacon; he goes further and makes him out to be a "radical" and "radical ladder." But the word radical had in Bacon's time no such meaning as it has now. Then it was purely a scientific word used in the arts and sciences. It did not acquire any political significance or use, such as Mr. Clark imputes to it, until Bacon—and also the great lexicographer, Dr. Samuel Johnson—had long been dead.

Mr. Clark calls himself a "literary expert," but his expertness leads him to find altogether too much; and those of us who have read Bacon and admired his writings may be pardoned if we think that such cipher discoveries as these which Mr. Clark makes are revelations of Mr. Clark's enthusiasm rather than of Bacon's criminality or prophetic power.

But Bacon was guilty—not of embracery, but of a literary plagiarism, which is of interest just at this time. He says in that famous first chapter of the sixth book of the "De Augmentis":

"Ut vero suspicio omnis absit, aliud inventum subjiciemus, quod certe cum adolescentuli essemus Parisiis excogitavimus; nec etiam adhuc visa nobis res digna est quæ pereat."

"But to prevent all suspicion, we shall here annex a cipher (or invention) of our own, which we devised in Paris in our youth; which still seems to me worthy of preservation."

The cheap edition relied on by Mr. Clark leaves out entirely the last clause; not an important omission indeed, but sufficient to show that cheap editions are not always trustworthy.

Now, in point of fact, this very cipher which Bacon claimed as original with himself, is found described in two books, the first written by Porta and first printed in 1563 (when Bacon was three years old) and reprinted in Strasbourg in 1606, and the second written by de Vigenere, and published in Paris in 1587. It is certainly amusing to know that the Baconian rebus-mongers are using a plagiarized cipher to steal away Shakespeare's reputation.

Such are the four ciphers from which the reader may make a choice.

ARTHUR DUDLEY VINTON.

ENGLISH TAXATION IN AMERICA.

A SPEAKER at one of the recent meetings held in New York City to collect money for the Irish Parliamentary Fund said that the tax which the fathers of the Republic denied to England when they threw the tea into Boston harbor she has been collecting ever since by the indirect taxes Irish landlordism has imposed on one of our most important industrial classes. The point he thus made is one that seems to escape the notice of most American sympathizers with the Irish cause. It is an economic truth that ought to arouse the attention of all patriotic Americans.

"Irish landlordism," says another writer dealing with this topic, "works like the darkey's coon trap, that 'cotched 'im a comin' and cotched 'im a goin'.' The Irish landlord first robs the old people of the fruits of their toil, by an impossible rent, and then forces the young people off to America, to make up, under our more favorable surroundings, what is necessary to meet the exactions the soil of Ireland refuses any longer to yield. They thus profit, in a double way, by emigration, and have the energies of the Irish race, on both sides of the Atlantic, employed for their behoof."

This is no rhetorical exaggeration, but a plain, everyday matter of fact; for which one late instance will serve as a sufficient example. In the New York *World* of August 25th, 1887, there appeared the following news item:

"During William O'Brien's tour through Canada he had no such harrowing tale of Lord Lansdowne's cruelty to tell as that related yesterday in the office of Father Riordan, in Castle Garden, by Timothy Sullivan, of Bonane, near Kenmare, County Kerry, Ireland. Sullivan called at the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary to request Father Riordan to send home $25, which represented Sullivan's earnings since he came to this country six weeks ago. His father, Daniel, was evicted some months ago by Lord Lansdowne's order. With his four little children he was compelled to sleep in the open air, and every penny he could scrape together was used in paying Tim's passage to this country with the hope that his labors here would be sufficiently remunerative to regain the farm. About six weeks ago Daniel, driven to desperation, entered the land from which he had been

evicted, for the purpose of taking with him enough vegetables to feed his hungry children. For this he was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment at hard labor. Tim is afraid that his brothers and sisters are now starving. He is working with a farmer at Flatlands, L. I., where he is earning only $18 a month."

It is often asked, Why do not the Irish settle down quietly and peacefully here, like their fellow-emigrants from Germany or Scandinavia, and not be a continual source of political and social trouble to their American-born fellow citizens, and of unrest and unsatisfied ambitions to themselves? The answer is contained in the pathetic story of the Kerry peasant.

From May, 1851, when the official figures of the great Irish exodus first began to be collected, to the end of July, 1887, according to the statistics of the English Registrar-General, there have emigrated from Ireland, in round numbers, 3,169,500 persons, the majority of whom came to the United States. The proportion can be judged from the figures of the first seven months of the present year, during which time, of the 55,338 persons who emigrated from Ireland 49,830 came here. The most of these were victims of Irish landlordism, and were the flower of the youth and vigor of an industrious, hard-working people—the most profitable and desirable class of citizens any country could have. But, though all admit that they have become one of the most important parts of our social fabric, yet the Republic has never been able to reap the full measure of their energies, because, unlike the men of other nationalities, they were never free from the annoyances, unrest, and direct loss that the reflex action of the rack-renting Irish land system imposes upon their industry and labor here.

A familiar taunt in the English press is the sneer that Irish agitation lives on the savings of American servant girls. There is a very judicious silence kept over the indisputable fact that it is the Irish landlords, not the agitators, who have been living on the money wrung from the servant girls and servant men of America. Thousands among the readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW can bear personal testimony how the toilers in their employment labor, month after month, and year after year, only to send across the Atlantic, like the Kerry peasant, the bulk of their earnings. One of the most common things in our brokers' offices and in many savings banks is the sign: "Sight drafts for £1 and upwards on the —— Bank of Ireland for sale here." How few stop

to think that those words—you never see them written of any other nation—are a eulogy as trumpet tongued of the fidelity and generosity of the Irish exiles to their kin beyond the sea, as they are unprofitable to American progress and industry. The figures of the tax Irish landlordism has thus wrung as tribute from American toilers are startling when considered in bulk. *One hundred millions of dollars* would scarcely cover the drain from 1848 to the present time. T. M. Healy, M. P., in his "Why there is an Irish Land Question," says :

"During the famine period, the exiled Irish in America sent over large sums to their friends at home, most of which, it may be presumed, went into the landlords' pockets to pay the rent. The following statement of sums remitted by emigrants in America to their families in Ireland, *through bankers alone*, *exclusive of money sent privately*, was printed by order of Parliament :

During 1848	£460,180
" 1849	540,619
" 1850	957,087
" 1851	990,811
Total	£2,948,697

"Between 1848 and 1864 the Irish emigrants had sent back to Ireland upwards of £13,000,000," says Lord Dufferin's "Irish Emigration and Tenure of Land in Ireland."

The Irish Emigrant Society of New York, since it was started in 1841, has transmitted to Ireland over three millions of pounds sterling, mostly in small drafts, more than the majority of its customers being Irish servant girls. This, though the principal agent for financial exchanges of this character, is only one of the many that exist in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, and other centres, where there is a large Irish American population. Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, who was chairman of the New York Irish Relief Committee in 1846–47, at a meeting for a similar purpose, held in the Astor House, in 1862, stated that he had traced, through the New York public and private agencies for the remission of money to Ireland, no less than five millions of dollars sent from this city up to that date, and of the remittances included in that sum not one exceeded five pounds in amount, the majority being for sums of two pounds and one pound, clearly showing this immense sum was drawn directly from the scanty earnings of the most hard-working and poorest paid class of our industrial masses. These cold statistical figures, always in arrear, much understate the love-tax that landlord greed has filched through the pressure it has exerted on the sore hearts

of the Irish exiles in America. A well-worn line in the press accounts of the recent harrowing evictions in Ireland is the statement that the rents were faithfully paid "until the remittances from America failed."

The hardest fact in all this sad story is the certainty that the heroic sacrifices of the Irish-American toilers fail to achieve the object for which they strive. The Irish tenants are as badly off as ever they were, and have benefited little by these great sums of money that were almost immediately devoured by the rapacious appetite of landlordism, to be spent, for the most part, in riot and pleasure by the absentees in England or on the Continent. No repugnance was ever felt by Irish landlords over accepting money coming from such a source, nor did their allies of the English press ever deride the tribute or the class whence it came. It is only when, exasperated at the continued injustice and cruelty of the age-old tyranny, the Irish exiles add the additional tax on their industries of a contribution to political organizations founded to put an end to the evil under which their brethren in Ireland have groaned so long, that the English landlord organs come forward with their sneers about the "money of the Irish servant girls of America."

The sums sent over to Ireland by patriotic political organizations are but trifles when compared to the amounts that year after year have been remitted privately by emigrants in America to their families in Ireland. At the conference in Dublin, on October 17th, 1882, Patrick Egan, in resigning his position as Treasurer of the Irish National League, stated that from October, 1879, up to that date, there had passed through his hands for the various Irish National funds the sum of $1,224,100.

At the last convention of the Irish National League of America, held at Chicago, in August, 1886, the General Treasurer of the organization acknowledged the receipt—in the two years from August 15th, 1884, to August 19th, 1886—of the sum of $363,508. At the previous convention of the same body, held in Boston in August, 1884, the financial statement showed the receipt, from May 1st, 1883, to August 11th, 1884, of $40,076. At the convention in Philadelphia, in April, 1883, the treasurer showed that his remittances to Ireland during a little over two years previously had been $210,531.76. During seven years therefore American industry had been taxed by Irish agitation in the vast

sum of $614,415, every penny of which was lost to American commercial interests.

This was only one leak, however. During the same period there had been contributions sent over through the New York Irish Parliamentary Fund (the "Hoffman House Committee") to the amount of $137,000; through the Brooklyn and other similar committees of the Irish Parliamentary Fund, say $40,000; the "Parnell Testimonial" $30,212; the "A. M. Sullivan Testimonial" $6,000, and various other items that would foot up another total of at least $300,000, and make a round million contributed in public Irish funds in the past seven years. This year, although there has been a comparative lull in the collection of money for Irish political agitation, about $100,000 has already been sent over to Ireland, and of this amount $65,000 was sent in two lump sums—$35,000 by the Hoffman House Committee and $30,000 by the Irish National League, within the past two months.

These few figures will show the thinking American the enormous proportions to which this continual drain on the resources of the country has grown. They should make him, if he does not already, from higher motives, sympathize with the cause, an ardent advocate of Home Rule and national autonomy for Ireland. He surely cannot view without an indignant remonstrance any impediment to the remedy that must put an end to the necessity of sending so many millions of hard-earned American money across the Atlantic. And, if impelled by this strictly commercial motive alone, he investigate the subject a little further, he will find that, with the stoppage of this drain on Irish-American industrial and financial progress, the loss of which, of course, the Republic is too rich to feel the immediate result, there will also have been removed a most irritating cause of disturbance from our social, political, and commercial life, in the repose and relief that shall have been brought to the people of Ireland.

The logic of figures is incontestable, and the arithmetical view of the Irish question, in its relations to American industrial progress, is one that seems to have occasioned too little consideration from the parties most interested financially. When it is laid bare to public criticism, it adds another to the many proofs that, taken no matter from what point, moral, social, or commercial, Irish feudal landlordism, in the language of one of its chiefest organs, the London *Times*, "stinks in the nostrils of Christendom."

THOS. F. MEEHAN.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

WANTED.—A REPRESENTATIVE THEATRE.

THE earnest efforts of Mrs. Thurber and the friends associated with her in the "National Opera Company" to foster and develop native musical talent will, it is to be hoped, be followed at no very distant date by a kindred organization devoted to the improvement of the American Stage. Extreme difficulties have attended the operatic enterprise—first, because the field was almost a new one, and there was comparatively little native talent to be obtained,—a fact due partly to the lack of previous opportunity and partly to the climatic influences, which are generally considered to be opposed to the production of the best singing voices,—and secondly, to apparently conflicting and inexperienced management, that has caused scandals, disputes, and final failure. A National Theatre need, however, have none of these dangers to contend with, and would necessarily appeal to a much larger audience. If we may judge from the number of theatres devoted respectively to drama and opera, the supporters of the former are at least ten times more numerous than those of the latter. And this is probably an exceedingly low estimate. Of able actors and actresses there is assuredly no lack, though the majority of these are to be found in the ranks of the veterans. The younger members do not as a rule shine, because the systems of "long runs" and "traveling combinations" have deprived them of the advantages in training which their elders enjoyed. But I believe there is more crude talent to be found to-day among actors than ever before. Certainly their number has vastly increased within the last few years, and the growing consideration in which the profession is held, has attracted to it recruits of superior intellectual and social qualifications. There would probably be little difficulty in inducing one of our ablest and most experienced managers to assume the direction of a National Theatre.

In all countries where the drama has been brought to the greatest perfection, liberal Court patronage or State aid in the form of subventions have been found necessary to that result. In the United States it is frequently contended that national aid to Art is opposed to the spirit of our institutions, and even if this opinion did not exist, the jealousy of other States would probably prevent the founding of a governmentally-assisted theatre in New York—the only place where it should be started. Nor is it probable that our State Legislature could be induced to vote an appropriation for such a purpose. The average rural member is impressed with the idea that, as things now are, New York City gets too much and pays too little. There is, however, no reason why private enterprise should not take the place of a Government grant. The public-spiritedness that is now so often displayed in the foundation and endowment of libraries, museums, and art galleries might, I believe, be also attracted towards a representative theatre, if

associated, as it certainly ought to be, with a conservatoire or training-school. Though such a donation should not be obtainable at the start, the foundation and proper carrying out of the enterprise by a stock company would undoubtedly be followed by many valuable legacies.

The great need of the American stage is a theatre, the policy of which shall not be guided solely by the desire of money-making ; where the manager shall not be debarred from engaging a valuable actor, because he can not feel sure of his availability for every play ; where the programme is frequently changed, a repertory gradually formed, and where alone, in the metropolis at least, its successes could be seen. (The modern system of hawking round plays at the cheap theatres, after they have obtained one run at the higher priced places, is responsible for the failure of several managers who, had they kept their property uncheapened, could have always reckoned upon successful revivals.) To this theatre should, as has before been stated, be attached a training school, with the principal actors and actresses as instructors ; and the most promising graduates should be absorbed, as rapidly as consistent with reasonable economy, into the regular company.

Several of our managers are frequently prevented from producing plays which their own tastes and inclinations prompt them to accept, because they fear that they are "over the heads" of the majority of their patrons. This dread has deprived us of adaptations of many of the best works of the contemporary foreign drama, and relegated us to more melodramatic and sensational plays. Yet the receptions accorded during the last two or three seasons to several high-class plays ought to be sufficient proof that our theatre-going public, in New York at least, is willing to accept the best, and not, as some pessimists have declared, averse to anything that will make it think.

In many respects no better basis could be chosen for the formation of a representative theatre than that of the *Comédie Française*. The selection of plays should rest with the manager, assisted by a limited number of the company. A financial interest should be given to certain members after a specified time of service, and retiring pensions should also be allotted. To gather a splendid company for a theatre so conducted would not be difficult. Many of our "stars," who are now compelled to travel, would gladly embrace the chance of once more having homes. It is an open secret that Mr. Booth and Mr. Jefferson are weary of their enforced nomadic life, and contemplate speedy and well-earned retirement. But, in all probability, both would be glad to act occasionally in such a theatre, where the frequent changes of programme would not necessitate their appearing every night. That they might also be relied on to assist the students by advice and illustration, I am confident, though they would probably shrink from the labors of regular tuition. Mr. Lawrence Barrett, who is excelled by none in his devotion to and study of his art, and who has done more than any tragedian of the last decade to introduce new and revive meritorious old plays, is known to be desirous of establishing himself in the metropolis, and would doubtless be willing to merge his individual aspirations into those of the founders and company of a representative theatre.

The prospect of retiring pensions would be held by many actors to quite compensate for the possibly greater profits that might accrue from "starring." Positions in this theatre would be the prizes of the profession, and would give to all a much needed stimulus for study and self-improvement. And they who might gain entrance, would feel their futures assured, and thus the public and the profession might be spared the humiliation of seeing a really great actor having at the end of his career to appeal, through a benefit, for the means to support his last years.

That such a theatre would also help to develop the art of play-writing in this country, I firmly believe. To have their plays interpreted by so great a company would attract to dramatic work writers who, while in sympathy with the stage, do not consider that it offers "a fair field and no favor." One of the most eminent of our managers once said to me, "give me an American and a French play of equal merit and I will take the French one." So unpatriotic a decision would not, I hope, be often arrived at, if the manager were assisted in his selection by a council of American actors. I would not urge that plays written here should be produced in preference to superior foreign work, but all things being equal, in a representative American theatre American plays should have precedence.

JULIAN MAGNUS.

II.

"THE CALIFORNIA HUNDRED FOOT LAW."

I HAVE read with great interest Mr. Redpath's note on Electoral Reform in the October number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in which Mr. Rice's electoral bill is given at length. In no way can this law, I think, be improved, unless by the insertion therein of the California statute known as the "Hundred foot law," being §§ 1,192 to 1,195 of the Political Code, which is as follows:

"§ 1,192. No ticket or ballot must on the day of election be given or delivered to or received by any person, except the inspector or a judge acting as inspector, within one hundred feet of the polling place.

"§ 1,193. No person must, on the day of election, fold any ticket or unfold any ballot which he intends to use in voting, within one hundred feet of the polling place.

"§ 1,194. No person must, on the day of election, within one hundred feet of the polling place, exhibit to another, in any manner by which the contents may become known, any ticket or ballot which he intends to use in voting.

"§ 1,195. No person must, on the day of election, within one hundred feet of the polling place, request another person to exhibit or disclose the contents of any ticket or ballot which such other person intends to use in voting."

Under the working of these provisions of the California law, the tickets are always printed and distributed several days in advance, and interested parties afford to every elector an opportunity to procure and fix his ticket days before the election, so that each elector may come to the polling place with a ballot already prepared. Then, if a ticket or ballot is delivered to him and coercion attempted, he is at least afforded some opportunity to vote his own choice, for no ticket can be delivered to him within one hundred feet of the polling place, and he has that distance within which to change a ballot delivered to him for one he has already prepared. Again, independent of the question of coercion, there is another consideration founded on the well-known fact that in cities clubs are formed for the avowed purpose of selling the votes of the members. If the seller has one hundred feet in which to change his ballot, and no mark can be used on it, he will have no means of establishing the fact that he has voted for any given person, and when the ability to prove this is taken away from him his occupation is gone—for the men who would sell their votes are not persons in whom any trust or faith are put.

GEOFFREY CHAMPLIN.

III.

MISTAKES OF CARDINAL GIBBONS.

THE amiable character and undoubted piety as well as the exalted rank of Cardinal Gibbons, are well calculated to protect him from the criticism to which any less distinguished writer would be subjected. But, as truth owes no allegiance

to rank, it is right that when a cardinal errs his mistakes should be pointed out as plainly as if he were an anonymous journalist.

Cardinal Gibbons instances the desecration of the Christian Sabbath as one of the dangers that threaten our civilization. But whoever has traveled in Catholic countries in Europe must admit that the tendency in America is neither more nor less than our gradual approximation to the continental or Catholic and our recoil from the English or Puritan method of observing the Sabbath. In Spain, Italy, France, and other Catholic countries,—or in the distinctive Catholic portions of them,—theatres and concerts and public gardens and public institutions are open as on week days and liberally patronized by all classes of Catholics. In Ireland—said to be the most loyal Catholic country on the globe—political meetings are regularly held on Sunday, and are attended by the people and clergy without distinction of creed. No visible deteriorating influence marks these customs, which are justified on the saying of the Master, that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.

It is against the rigid enforcement of gloomy rules founded in the narrow and ascetic faith of Calvin, which became the creed of Puritanism, not against an orderly and respectful observance of a Christian institution, that America is quietly rebelling. We are at war with the Calvinistic, not the Christian Sabbath. I see no cause of alarm in this tendency. Rome and Berlin are certainly more moral cities than Edinburgh or Glasgow, and yet in the Continental cities the ascetic observance of Sabbath that characterizes the Scotch cities is notable by its absence.

It is absurd to describe Divorce as a twin-sister of Polygamy. There can be no such thing as "successive polygamy." Monogamy is the marriage of one man to one woman; polygamy the marriage of one man to several women. Divorce dissolves the civil contract of marriage as absolutely as death. When a person is divorced, therefore, no moral nor religious, nor civil law is broken by a second marriage; and to describe a marriage after a divorce as successive polygamy is to confound the profoundest moral distinctions in the interests of a theological dogma. Divorce, as a rule, leads to purer marital relations, and well-guarded and honestly administered divorce laws, instead of being a source of danger to the Republic, are one of the minor causes of the higher home life that characterizes America over states where divorces are practically denied to all but the aristocratic classes. There are two American States where the dogma of the Catholic Church is also the law of divorce—where there is no divorce, save for adultery; but neither New York nor South Carolina would be selected by any honest investigator who has ever lived in them as the best examples of a pure American social life.

Polygamy is indefensible and should be rooted out of our body politic at any sacrifice. It is monstrous that this social cancer should have been inoculated into our system. Whenever the churches of America, Catholic and Protestant, stilling for a season their theological storms, unite to demand the extirpation of polygamy, it will be abolished; but not till then. The remedy is in the hands of the churches; for, thus united, they could compel any legislation that they should see fit to demand. Mormonism *has* the sanction of the civil law, the Cardinal to the contrary notwithstanding; for whatever the law tolerates, when it has the power to extinguish it, the law *does* practically sanction. I trust that the Cardinal will lead in this needed reform. With his genius, his prestige, and his power, he could destroy this "Goliath of the Philistines" single-handed. I appeal to him to begin the good work.

JOHN BALL, JR.

IV.

REPLY TO GEN. BEAUREGARD.

My attention has lately been called to the letters of General G. T. Beauregard and Rear-Admiral Wm. Rogers Taylor in the July and October (1886) and March (1887) numbers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

As my book, entitled "Recollections of a Naval Officer," is frequently mentioned in these letters, I feel myself called upon to make a few corrections.

Rear-Admiral Taylor in his first letter attemps to prove his statements by extracts from my book. That these extracts are garbled no fair man can deny after reading the book in question (1.) The Admiral says: "A book entitled 'Recollections of a Naval Officer' written by Captain Wm. Harwar Parker, who at the time in question was first-lieutenant of the 'Palmetto State' says that the statement accompanying the proclamation of General Beauregard and Commodore Ingraham, viz.: that 'the British Consul and the Commander of the British war steamer "Petrel" had previously gone five miles beyond the usual anchorage of the blockaders, and could see nothing of them with their glasses was a foolish statement.'"

What I *did* say was: "The Charleston papers said: 'The British Consul, with the Commander of the British war steamer 'Petrel,' had previously gone five miles beyond the usual anchorage of the blockaders, and could see nothing of them with their glasses.' I do not understand that General Beauregard and Flag-Officer Ingraham indorsed this foolish statement in their proclamation. *The 'Petrel' was not there.*"

(2) Again, the Admiral quotes: "As we entered the harbor the Federal vessels closed in and resumed the blockade."

This I said, but only after having shown that the Federal fleet was dispersed and driven off, as stated in the proclamation. I said "The enemy's ships went off to the southward and eastward, and there they remained hull-down for the remainder of the forenoon." The point of difference between what the proclamation said and what I remembered was as to whether the vessels went entirely out of sight, or hull down with their masts visible through the glasses! I presume the masts were not visible to the naked eye, and I do not know but that they were entirely out of sight at some time during the day. I *should* doubtless have written "*after* we entered the harbor the Federal fleet closed in," etc., but I was not paying much attention to the time when the blockade was renewed, but simply attempting to describe the events of the day. In any event, the fact that I said the "Federal vessels *closed in*" showed that they had gone outside their old anchorage, which fact Admiral Taylor denies.

(3) The Admiral quotes me as saying "as to the proclamation in regard to the blockade being broken, I looked upon it as *all bosh*. No vessels went out or came in during the day."

This I wrote; not that I disputed the fact that the blockade *was* broken, for I had already showed that it was. What I meant to say was that I considered it ill-advised, inasmuch as I did not believe the English Government would recognize it (as indeed it did not). This is clearly to be inferred from my previous remarks.

It is true no vessels went out or came in during the day; but any number of vessels could have done so, and that without any opposition on the part of the enemy. And this, too, clearly appears in my description of the battle.

The word "bosh" was certainly ill-chosen by me, as it might be construed as a want of respect to General Beauregard and Commodore Ingraham, which was very far from my intention.

(4) The Admiral further quotes me as saying: "I am constrained to say that

this was a badly managed affair on our part, and we did not make the best use of our opportunity."

This I said, but only after showing *why* I thought it badly managed, and this was that we should have remained near the "Mercedita," and in the dark captured the other vessels as they came up, for the reason that as soon as day broke they would discover the strength of our vessels and run away—which they promptly did.

Finally, if any one will take the trouble to read my account of this affair off Charleston ("Recollections," page 294), he will see that the only point on which I differ with General Beauregard is as to whether the enemy's vessels were driven entirely out of sight. I only assume to give my recollection. I distinctly remember to have viewed the enemy's vessels at some time during the forenoon. My attention was specially called to them by Lieutenant Shryock. I looked through a glass and they were hull down, with their masts barely visible.

That they were not at some time during the day entirely out of sight I cannot say; neither can I say at what time they took up their old anchorages, for I was at that time in Charleston Harbor and could not see.

General Beauregard asserts that the enemy's ships were driven entirely out of sight, and Commodore Ingraham said in a dispatch written while outside the bar and with the foreign consuls on board: "The blockading fleet has gone to the southward and eastward out of sight."

Admiral Taylor having so freely noticed my book, I may be allowed a few remarks bearing upon his letters:

(1) The Admiral (taking care to explain that "picking up" an anchor means hauling in and securing the cable and remaining in the same position as before slipping) says:

"The 'Housatonic' picked up her anchor in the course of the afternoon."

How is it then that her log shows she *did not* pick up her anchor, but remained under weigh certainly till 8 P. M.? [See Sec. Navy's Report, 1863.]

(2) The Admiral says: "The 'Quaker City' picked up her anchor in the course of the forenoon."

The "Quaker City" *weighed* her anchor and ran off with it to the southward and eastward, as her log will no doubt show.

(3) How many miles off must Colonel Leckler have been, when, on a bright, clear day, he required a glass to see Fort Sumter and to be told that it *was* Fort Sumter?

(4) Does not the log of the "Housatonic" show that she was outside her anchorage and had to *stand in* to look for it? [Sec. Navy's Report, 1863.]

(5) Why was it necessary to send Captains Turner and Godon "to investigate the whole matter?" and why, when the "indignant protest" was drawn up, (and which simply charged the foreign consuls, General Beauregard, Commodore Ingraham and Captain Tucker with wholesale lying), why, I repeat, was it found necessary to obtain the signatures of at least two, if not three, captains *who were not there*, and who could have had no personal knowledge of what transpired after, say, eight o'clock of the morning of that day?

WM. HARWAR PARKER.

V.

OLD YACHTS AND NEW.

THE recent races for the America's Cup have excited such universal interest that it may not be untimely to remind enthusiastic yachtsmen that we are at this

day working over an old field which elder, and now almost forgotten, nations once tilled for all it was worth.

When a grizzled and superannuated seaman first laid his eye upon the "America," he exclaimed: "Why she's a bow like an Arab dhow." The Phœnicians were great sailors, but we have no reliable information of their sea-going vessels. The Vikings at the North, and the Arabians in the South, were semi-piratical in character, and speed in their vessels was a consideration of the first importance. The Arab dhow still exists, and within comparatively recent years we have discovered vessels of the old Norsemen.

When a Viking died, they buried him in his favorite vessel and built a mound of earth and stones over the ship and her commander. The Viking went to the Vikings' Heaven, the ship stayed in the mound, and the most perfect specimen yet met with was discovered at Christiana Fjord, in Norway, in 1879. Its lines were as perfect and beautiful as anything we produce to-day, and in form of hull it was exceedingly well adapted for fast sailing and rowing combined. On the water line it was 73 feet 3 inches, in extreme breadth it was 16 feet 7 inches. The Marquis of Ailsa had a small pleasure boat constructed after the same pattern for Lady Brassey. One who examines the lines of these old ships and compares them with vessels of recent note must be amazed at the perfection attained by those ancient designers. Not that they ever constructed a "Volunteer," nor even a "Mayflower," but they teach us that there were new and fine forms of naval architecture centuries before a Burgess rose to receive the plaudits of a grateful nation.

ETIENNE AYRAULT.

VI.

A PLEA FOR FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

THE action of the U. S. Treasury in purchasing bonds and anticipating interest, in order to relieve the monetary stringency, is remarkable mainly because of the small amount of bonds offered for redemption. The amount of money put in circulation by this action of the Treasury is comparatively small, and the circulating medium has not yet been increased to the amount demanded by the needs of the industries of the nation.

A very easy way to place ten millions of additional money in circulation would be to resume the issue of fractional paper money in denominations of five, ten, twenty-five, and fifty cents, redeemable (in sums of one dollar and upward) in silver dollars at the Treasury or any of the sub-treasuries. It is not extravagant to say that ten millions of such money would be absorbed immediately by the people. It would be at once appreciated, for it would be a convenience which the nation now stands greatly in need of, viz., a species of small money capable of being circulated through the mails. I need hardly say that ninety-nine hundredths of our people use the mails to send money by. This would not be inflation, for the specie to redeem the paper at sight would be in the Treasury.

Public convenience is not the only argument in favor of such an issue of fractional currency. The loss to the Government by abrasion (the wear and tear of use) is far greater than one would at first expect. There are no reliable data of what it amounts to in the United States, but English statistics are more full (though by no means complete), and one joint stock bank in London lost $150,000 in one year, by receiving gold at its face value and paying it out at its weight value. I think it not improbable that the coin circulation in the United States deteriorates at least one million of dollars.

The great objection to the fractional currency of war times was that it became

exceedingly dirty. This could be easily prevented by requiring that all the currency deposited by customers in a national bank should be exchanged at the Treasury before reissue. This system is in vogue in England with bank-notes, where only clean, hitherto uncirculated notes are paid out over the bank counters. There is no reason why the system should not work as smoothly here as it does in England. I hope some Member of Congress, who wishes to benefit the public, will procure the reissue of the once very convenient and now very necessary "shin-plasters."

V. PERRY ATWELL.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

I.

RECENT WORKS ON PHILOSOPHICAL SUBJECTS.

STUDENTS of philosophy, and all who feel at home in the discussion of abstractions, will rejoice at the appearance of a good translation of an important part of the great history of Modern Philosophy, by Professor Kuno Fischer, of Heidelberg.* This volume contains the author's Introduction to the History, and three books on Descartes, namely, his life and writing, his doctrine, and the development and modification of the doctrine. The Introduction deals with ancient and mediæval, as well as modern philosophy, on the ground that the latter is conditioned in its origin by the other two. At the same time it is distinct from them, standing forth in direct contrast and on independent foundations. The author considers "that philosophy, like the human mind itself, is capable of and requires an historical development; that it participates in the life of systems of culture which ages and nations consummate, and therefore shares in their progress, and is subject to their destinies." Grecian philosophy, as the predominant philosophy of antiquity, is briefly epitomized, and is characterized as "an incomparable example of a profound and at the same time natural growth." "In its origin it was in contact with the cosmogonal fictions of the religion of nature; at its close it stood in the presence of Christianity; and it was not only an essential factor in its production, but is still an indispensable means in its education. The Jewish philosophy is defined as a species of religious Platonism, ante-dating Platonism, of course, but essentially the same as to its great principles. Of the Asiatic philosophies nothing is said, nor of the Egyptian school, though the relation of these to both Jewish and Grecian ideas has suggested itself to some of the most eminent philosophic historians. This we regard as an unfortunate omission. Perhaps the author would regard the Hindoo, Chinese, and Egyptian philosophic systems as among the crude cosmogonal fictions above mentioned, but we would like to have had his views of them, nevertheless.

From the development of Grecian philosophy the author passes on to Christianity and the Church. Primitive Christianity was not a system of thought, but later on it gave its impress to the philosophy of the age, and so we reach Augustinianism with its concept of original sin, predestination, and the Church as the kingdom of God. From this point the author shows the trend of philosophic thought in scholasticism, in the periods of the Renaissance and the Reformation, and in the course and development of modern philosophy, which dates from the first third of the seventeenth century. The main general feature of modern philosophy

*"History of Modern Philosophy." By Kuno Fischer. Descartes and his school. Translated from the third and revised German edition, by J. P. Gordy, Ph.D., Professor of Pedagogics in Ohio University. Edited by Noah Porter, D.D.—Charles Scribner's Sons.

is that "it seeks to know things by means of human reason" and has "complete trust in the power of human reason." Early in its development came the conflict between empiricism, represented by Bacon and Locke, and speculative rationalism, of which Descartes is regarded as the founder. The history of the development of the empirical philosophy, based on experience only, and culminating in materialism, is treated by our author in a separate work. We find in the book before us a full and exhaustive treatment of Descartes and the rationalistic school, which bases true knowledge not on the evidences of the senses, but on the understanding, knowing things as they are, by process of clear and distinct thought, independent of the senses.

The reader will hardly need to be reminded that while Descartes was the father of the rationalistic philosophy, he was no atheist. His reasonings led him onward and upward to the sublimest conceptions of truth, morality, and immortality, but he was not a believer in revelation as that word is understood by orthodox theologians. The starting point in his system is doubt, and his road to certainty lies through right reasoning. The great difficulty with the busy world is that few men can reason rightly, and still fewer will take the pains to do so. To thoroughly understand the philosophy of Descartes one must read closely. The majority of men must have their thinking done for them. And if the rationalist deny the claim of infallibility to a Church or a Bible, how can he expect other people to accept his own reasoning as infallible?

And, again, if reason is to be our guide, how is it that it leads men to such opposite conclusions? Reason led Descartes to the theory of a universal ether or fluid atmosphere, but other philosophers maintained the possibility of a void in nature. The intellectual world is under great obligations to men who think independently, although in their conclusions they may be entirely opposed to each other.

We should not put this volume into the hands of a person entirely ignorant of the Cartesian theories as an introduction to that system, but to one who is fairly at home with philosophic studies it will prove both interesting and instructive. It is decidedly a rich contribution to philosophic literature.

Another book which is deserving of a warm welcome is Professor Bowne's Introduction,* which deals not so much with the various details and theories of psychology as with its underlying principles. Perhaps of all subjects of investigation psychology presents most difficulties, since it concerns itself so largely with the unknowable. Starting from the basis of consciousness, it propounds and seeks to answer questions touching man's inner nature, on which the exact sciences are speechless; but there is no stifling the desire of men for certainty on these points. Psychology is opposed to materialism, and until the latter give a solution of the problem of mind as allied to matter, it will find a wide field for independent research. Our author, following the method usually in vogue, recognizes two schools in psychology—the empirical or associational, which claims that sensation and the laws of association produce and fashion the mental life, and the rational, which claims that there is a distinct thought-activity, which is independent of mere experience or association. Sometimes this is called the intuitive school. Like Descartes, our author belongs to the latter, and considerable space is given to a statement of the argument on both sides, in which the positions of Mill, Spencer, and other exponents of the associational theory are combatted. "Experience," he says, "could never decide as to the correctness of a logarithm or differential

* "Introduction to Psychological Theory." By Robert P. Bowne, Professor of Philosophy in Boston University.—Harper & Brothers.

formula. This can be done only by the mind itself reviewing its processes and scrutinizing their various steps." He also argues that sensationalism and materialism are mutually destructive of each other, and that as the evolution theory is based upon them it also disappears before sound reason. From this point the author proceeds to discuss the various mental states and activities, the feelings, the will, consciousness of self, etc. These he terms the elemental factors of the mental life, proving it to be a reality, and not a simple faculty or bundle of faculties dependent upon or emanating from material substance. The second part of the work treats of these factors in combination, dealing with perception; the forms of reproduction, such as memory, imagination, and the like; the thought process; the interaction of soul and body; and lastly, sleep and abnormal mental phenomena, such as dreams, insanity, etc. One passage we quote as showing the general tendency of the book: "The abstract possibility of our existing apart from the body admits of no dispute; but this is is far enough from proving that we shall so exist. Yet the fact that the soul cannot be identified with the body shows that the destruction of the body contains no assignable ground for the destruction of the soul. The indestructibility of substance, also, upon which physics is based, would suggest that every real thing must be assumed to continue in existence until its annihilation has been proved." Replying to the objection that this involves the continued existence of brute souls, he urges that brute souls have no absolute value, absolute worth being an attribute of moral goodness alone.

The style of the book is simple and clear, and the arguments logical, and, from the author's standpoint, convincing. Some portions are too abstruse for the general reader, but any intelligent person may consult it with profit as an introduction to a complex, but most attractive study.

Dr. McCosh, in his second volume on Psychology,* treats of the Motive Powers as distinct from the Cognitive Powers, which were discussed in the first volume of the series. He regards this division of the human faculties as better and more natural than the more common arrangement of Kant into the faculties of cognition, feeling, and will, the great objection to which is that it leaves out of sight the moral power or conscience. Not that Kant ignores the moral nature, but that he treats it as if it were a phase of the rational faculty—reason having the power to awaken moral susceptibility and to hold it, as it were, to the truth and right action through the will. The motive powers are arranged by Dr. McCosh under three heads,—emotions, conscience, will,—making conscience or the moral faculty one of the leading faculties. He combats the several theories which suppose that the moral sense in man is the product of certain things in combination, such as sensation and reflection, or of circumstances acting on the susceptibility to pain or pleasure, or of the association of ideas, or, as Herbert Spencer teaches, of heredity and evolution. Conscience, according to Dr. McCosh, is both a cognitive and a motive power, and so in a sense is superior to all the other faculties.

By far the greater part of this book is given to the consideration of the emotions, which are considered in various aspects, and classified and described with great minuteness. The appetences or inclinations, the ruling idea in them, and the causes which excite or repress them, are set forth in methodical order, as also their various complex divisions and characteristics. The last section is devoted to the Will under ten different aspects, and to brief statements with regard to

* "Psychology: The Motive Powers, Emotions, Conscience, Will." By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., President of Princeton College.—Charles Scribner's Sons.

the religious tendency. Dr. McCosh certainly presents us in this treatise with a very compact, lucid, and comprehensive view of the subject under discussion.

Another book of practical value, lately issued, is Dr. Noah Porter's critical exposition on "Kant's Ethics."* The criticisms are, of course, from the standpoint of the Christian system. For instance, where Kant insists on a sense of duty as the mainspring of right action, his critic suggests that this is far below the Christian standard of love. The natural theism of the Kantian philosophy is also contrasted with the divine fatherhood as revealed by Christ. The interpretation, however, of Kant's doctrines and theories is fair and bespeaks a careful study of his philosophy. We are not sure that a stranger to this philosophy can form an adequate idea of it from such a work as the present, but to one who has some acquaintance with the writings of Kant it cannot fail to be both instructive and suggestive.

II.

THE PROBLEM OF VICE AND SUFFERING.

THE taking of the census in Moscow in 1882 awakened serious questionings in the mind of a man whose writings have since then been read and criticised all over the world. Count Tolstoï is an original thinker, and he does not stop at thinking. He combines in his own person the man of thought and the man of action. In the book before us † he deals with the most painful and pitiful aspects of life. The census reveals certain facts interesting to the sociologist. "So many beggars, so many prostitutes, so many uncared for children." These and other data will be studied by a few scientific people, but what is the outcome of it all? The Count believes that something ought to be done to make human life better, happier, more equal, and he sets for himself the task of deciding what that something shall be. The reader will see from this preliminary view of the book that its scope is wide. The thoughtful world is ready to listen to any earnest man who has a theory on this subject, and is ready to put his theory into practice. It is one of the saddest comments that can be made on human life and effort, that the solution of the problem of vice and suffering has not been found, or, if found, that it has not yet been made generally available. Count Tolstoï is a Christian philosopher, and he takes the word of Christ literally. "If we encounter a man who is hungry and without clothes, it is of more moment to succor him than to make all possible investigations, than to discover all possible sciences." But this is a kind of thing that in the Count's opinion cannot be done by deputy, nor through great societies, nor by mere almsgiving. There will always be vice and suffering in the world till men learn to live as brethren—that seems to us to be the Count's main position. One has to read through the book almost to the end to discover this, but in so doing one follows, step by step, the gropings of an earnest man through the intricacies of social science and through practical difficulties suggested by his very efforts to do good, till at last the conclusion is reached.

The book is quaint and peculiar in style. There is an air of almost childlike simplicity in the questions he proposes for solution, and the statements of obstacles encountered. And when the conclusion is reached, there is no great flourish of

* "Kant's Ethics." A critical exposition. By Noah Porter, President of Yale College.—S. C. Griggs & Co.

† "What to do? Thoughts Evoked by the Census of Moscow" By Count Lyof N. Tolstoï. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood.—T. Y. Crowell & Co

trumpets—no proclamation of an approaching millenium. It is simply the statement of the manner of life into which, in the opinion of the author, all true philanthropists should come. That the world will accept the conclusion, and act up to it, is another matter. Probably not. But, none the less, the author believes this to be the only road out of the difficulty. Labor for everybody, and slavery for nobody—that is, in a word, the Count's theory. Man must come back to the old Bible *régime:* "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, and in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." But he adds pensively, speaking of the upper and cultured class in which he was born, "*Nous avons changé tout ça.* . . . . Men need not work in order to eat, and women need not bear children." He does not mean that life should be devoted wholly to physical work—that would be slavery; but that physical toil and simple living should be features in every life. Six or seven hours out of the twenty-four should be given to the "labor of the hands, feet, shoulders, back, from which you sweat," three or four to the employment of the fingers and wrists in some sort of artisan work, three or four to some kind of intellectual labor, and the rest to social intercourse, food, and sleep. The idea of one life being wholly intellectual, another mechanical, another physically laborious, and another wholly idle, and living on the labors of others, is false and pernicious. He claims that, having discovered this for himself, he has found immense contentment—he is brought into sympathy with man as man. It is in the rotation of labor that man finds rest and enjoyment.

III.

ESSAYS BY EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

In this collection of republished essays* the reader will not fail to find much pleasant and instructive criticism. The paper on American literature, which heads the series, reviews the literary history of the first century of our national life, and is, we have no hesitation in saying, notwithstanding its limitations and omissions, worthy of a position among the classics of our age. The limitations and omissions are such as may be pardoned when the wide range covered by the title of the essay is compared with the brevity essential to the performance. This essay is not, of course, an extended treatise, like the larger work on the same subject by Mr. Richardson, covering nearly three times the number of years and expanding into two large octavo volumes. Some important and familiar names are not mentioned, for instance, the Hodges, Bushnell, and Hickok in theology, Garrison and Choates in politics, E. P. Roe among popular and prolific novelists, but the author in a measure disarms this criticism by anticipating it, and acknowledging the necessary imperfectness of a magazine article. But as giving a bird's-eye view of the growth and leading characteristics of American authorship, the essay is admirable, and will repay a second and even third perusal. The death of Mr. Whipple, before the publication of this volume, gives to the introductory remarks of Mr. J. G. Whittier a sad tone. "It is the inevitable sorrow of age," he says, "that one's companions must drop away on the right hand and the left with increasing frequency, until we are compelled to ask with Wordsworth—

'Who next shall fall and disappear?'

"But in the case of him who has passed from us," he adds, "we have the satisfaction of knowing that his life-work has been well and faithfully done, and that he leaves behind him only friends."

Mr. Whittier's recognition of the critical insight and clear literary judgment

* "American Literature and other Papers." By Edwin Percy Whipple. With introductory note by John Greenleaf Whittier.—Ticknor & Co.

of the essayist will commend itself to the reader of these papers. Mr. Whipple errs, if anywhere, in the direction of over-appreciation and amiability. He appears to be most at home in favorable criticism, though doubtless not blind to faults. Possibly, in the hands of a sterner critic, many of the less fortunate literary traits of some of our living men and women of letters might have been discovered. One of the severest criticisms uttered is in reference to Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," of which he says that, in his opinion, this poem would be, *if thoroughly cleaned*, even now considered the ablest and most original work of the author.

In his remarks on the earlier portion of the period under notice, there are many just and discriminating reflections. He regards American literature as subsidiary to the grander movement of the American mind, the operation of which has hitherto been rather in the direction of practical and material progress than of literary effort. Still the land has given birth to giants in literature. He thinks that Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin represent the double aspect of the thought of the colonies at the time of the Revolution—Edwards as a man of the next world, Franklin as a man of this world. "Edwards represents, humanly speaking, the somewhat doleful doctrine that the best thing a good man can do is to get out of this world as soon as he decently can, into one which is immeasurably better. Franklin, on the contrary, seems perfectly content with this world, so long as he thinks he can better *it*." This is a very striking and apt contrast between the two philosophies, which are happily becoming more and more blended as the world grows older. Thomas Paine he regards as the most influential assailant of the orthodox faith in his time, but as owing his popularity to the importance to which he was lifted by his horrified theological adversaries, whose dogmas he submitted to the test of "a hard, almost animal, common-sense." But he judges that these dogmas have, in the main, been quietly repudiated by the clergy of later days. This may be true to some extent, but, possibly, there may be enough of dogma left to justify a little more of the winnowing process. Mr. Whipple draws a distinction between the dogmas of the church and the practical teachings of the clergy, which he thinks have been of inestimable value in the formation of the national character.

The essay on Daniel Webster is a masterpiece of discriminating criticism, and the same may be said, with, perhaps, slight reservations, of the papers on Emerson and Carlyle, and of the concluding article on the character and genius of Thomas Starr King.

IV.

CHURCH AND DISSENT IN RUSSIA.

THERE has been an increasing tendency of late years among thoughtful people in this country and in Europe to investigate the peculiar conditions and surroundings of religious life in those countries where the Greek Church is accounted orthodox. Various attempts have been made for centuries to heal the great schism which divided Greek from Latin Christianity, and Protestants as well as Catholics have endeavored to bring about some degree of mutual recognition and harmony, but in vain. Probably over eighty millions of professing Christians in Eastern Europe adhere to the Greek Church, regarding it as the Church of God, while they look upon the two hundred millions of Catholics and the almost equal number of nominal Protestants as alike heretics and wanderers from the fold. An interesting contribution* has recently been made to the published facts in reference to the

* "The Russian Church and Russian Dissent, comprising Orthodoxy, Dissent, and Erratic Sects." By Alfred F. Heard, formerly Consul-General for Russia at Shanghai.—Harper and Brothers.

Church in Russia, by Mr. Alfred F. Heard, who has had the advantage (for this purpose) of a long residence in the country, and who has also consulted all the available authorities on the subject. Those who are disposed to investigate may derive considerable instruction from this book, which professes to give "a consecutive account of the Orthodox Church of Russia," and of "the innumerable sects" which have sprung from the great schism of the seventeenth century or from the inherent devotional character of the people. The work bears evidence of very careful and conscientious labor, and it has the advantage for the general reader of brevity and conciseness. A work of greater elaborateness might have embraced more details, but would not have been so generally acceptable as this volume, which meets a very widespread demand for information upon this subject among intelligent people.

The early chapters are historical, and upon these we need not dwell. Most of our readers are acquainted with the main causes which, in the early centuries of our era, divided Eastern from Western Christianity. The schism was complete in the beginning of the eleventh century, when the Pope's delegates deposited the written declaration of anathema on the altar of the cathedral of St. Sophia, having utterly failed to bring about any adjustment of differences. There was evidently a great deal of human nature among the holy and eminent ecclesiastics of those days. The patriarchs of Constantinople chafed at the assumption of superiority by their brethren at Rome, and felt quite equal to setting up in ecclesiastical business for themselves. The disputes about leavened or unleavened bread in the sacrament, the right way of computing Easter, the use of milk food in Lent, and even the graver matters of doctrine and practice involved in the use of "filioque" in the creed, and the celibacy of the clergy, though very real and intense among good men, seem, to our modern idea, very poor reasons for so serious a result as the creation of two hostile factions in the Church, mutually excommunicating each other. And our author seems to take this view when he says that the divergence of the two Churches "was based on essential variations in the character and disposition of the people in the East and West, on the nature of their civilization, and on the different, almost antagonistic, development of the Christian idea in one Church and in the other." Some aspects of these essential variations are sketched forth in this treatise.

Russia was at this time (1004) included in the patriarchate of Constantinople, from which it was separated in the fifteenth century. The government of the Orthodox Church in Russia is now synodical, and its connection with the state complete. The clergy are distinguished as black and white; the former being the monks, who are always attired in a black habit, and the latter, called popes, being the parochial clergy; these latter adopt some other color for their vestments than black, but not necessarily white. The monks are celibates, but the popes must marry before they have charge of a parish. Should a pope's wife die, a second marriage is not permitted. On the other hand, a clergyman may return to secular life by permission of the Holy Synod, which is the supreme authority in the church. The influence of religion over the masses of the people in Russia is supreme; but since the days of Peter the Great the spirit of doubt and skepticism has pervaded the upper classes, not, however, to the extent of making them leave the Church. The piety of the Russian peasant is characterized by intense superstition. He believes in gnomes and sprites. "When hunting, he offers to the Lyeshi, or wood demons, the first game he kills; if he be sick, he leaves in the forest a bit of bread or salt, with an invocation to the sylvan deity."

Of the dissenting sects in Russia, Mr. Heard gives us an interesting account. As a rule, dissenters are found among the peasant class, and instead of being

frowned upon or ostracised by their orthodox neighbors, are generally looked up to as worthy of special respect. There are many instances, however, in which these people have acquired wealth in commercial and manufacturing enterprises, and then it often happens that there is a considerable relaxing of ascetic practices and habits. Some of the Russian sects hold opinions as to the relation of the sexes repugnant to morality; others make vows of perpetual continency; and, with some the rites and ceremonies enjoined have a hideous character. Singularly enough, the people holding these extravagant and revolting beliefs are usually in outward conduct the most respectable and honest of men. There are also many communities somewhat similar to the Friends or Quakers among us, rejecting the sacraments and all ritualistic observances, and meeting for worship in private houses, because "the Almighty dwells not in temples made by hands." As in other countries, dissenting sects have from time to time undergone persecution by the civil power, but at the present time enjoy freedom and toleration under certain restrictions, amongst which is the prohibition to proselytize from the orthodox communion. This is a crime against Russian law, and applies to all denominations.

V.

TOPICAL TREATMENT OF HISTORY.

AMONG the many modern methods for teaching history the topical possesses some points of superiority to all others. The student who would become familiar with the tendency of thought, the political constitution, and the social conditions of France in the eighteenth century has only to study the events of the French Revolution. The burning of Troy, the fall of Babylon, the siege of Jerusalem, the retreat of the Ten Thousand, when surveyed from all possible standpoints, and with the best possible aids, furnish the learner with all that he can appropriate of the history of these times. Such topical inquiry accomplishes far more of the desirable results of historical research than the confused massing of incidents and dates so commonly insisted on in the class-room.

The Institutes of General History,* prepared by a practical professor at Brown University, is a remarkably concise historical work in this line. It discusses, in forms suitable for the student or the general reader, ten of the more important periods and events in the world's history, exclusive of English affairs, except as they are closely connected with those of the Continent. The topics noted include The Old East, The Classical Period, The Dissolution of Rome, The Mediæval Roman Empire of the West, Feudalism, and the French Monarchy, Islam and the Crusades, The Renaissance and The Reformation, The Thirty Years' War, The French Revolution, and Prussia and the New Empire. The subject matter is widely suggestive rather than final, and while clearly presenting the more important facts connected with a given topic, it encourages the reader to diligent research. The work "blazes through the jungle of the ages a course along which the instructor can guide his class as much as he lists."

The general preparation and careful condensation of these important and fruitful themes is worthy of especial praise. But no feature of the work will be more valued by those who would thoroughly acquaint themselves with the philosophy of great events in the history of the world than the select bibliographies which precede each section, and which are sufficiently exhaustive to stimulate the ambition of all lovers of history. The authorities to whom reference is made are so

* "Brief Institutes of History." Being a companion to the author's "Brief Institutes of Our Constitutional History, English and American." By E. Benjamin Andrews, D D., LL.D., Professor of History in Brown University.—Silver, Rogers & Co.

numerous, and so diverse in their sympathies and deductions, that a broad and comprehensive idea may be gained of the theme under consideration. For example, the bibliography of the chapter on The Classical Period contains particular and exact reference to Grote, Duncker, Zeller, Ranke, Cox, Mulford and Thirlwall, Mommsen, Duruy, Curteis, Thierry, Nitzsch, Arnold, and as many more. So that a course of collateral reading may be extended to almost any limit.

VI.

THACKERAY'S LETTERS.

THOSE who have, as well as those who have not, read the series of Thackeray's Letters which has just been brought to a close in *Scribner's Magazine*, will alike be interested by their republication in book form in the very handsome volume just issued.* They reveal the man Thackeray as none of his books can do. Written in the warmth of personal friendship, and without a thought of their being preserved and published, they constitute a perfect photograph of character. Quaintly and deliciously humorous as most of them are, there are very many glimpses in them of the more serious and reflective side of Thackeray's nature, and, after reading them, one ceases to wonder at the strength of personal attachment so many different kinds of people felt towards him. It would be unfair to search through them for profundities, and happily there is no pedantry, but here and, there the philosopher as well as the humorist is revealed. Here is a touch of nature: "What a history that is in the Thomas à Kempis book! The scheme of that book would make the world the most wretched, useless, dreary, doting place of sojourn—there would be no manhood, no love, no tender ties of mother and child, no use of intellect, no trade or science, a set of beings crawling about, avoiding one another, and howling a perpetual *miserere*." Again, "I am sure it is partly because he is a lord that I like that man; but it is his lovingness, manliness, and simplicity which I like best." Of letter writing in general Thackeray complains that "most people in composing letters translate their thoughts into a pompous, unfamiliar language, as necessary and proper under the circumstances." Certainly he himself is free from this formality. At one time he begins a letter with the question, "Do you see how mad everybody is in the world? Or is it not my own insanity?" But it must be remembered that it is not only the person writing, but the person written to, that helps to make the letter. Moreover, if Thackeray had had the least suspicion that one day the world would read this correspondence with familiar friends, could he have written in so *negligé* a form? We think not. And perhaps there is such a thing as overdoing this species of triviality, if so it may be called. There will be many imitators of Thackeray, we fear, whose correspondents happily will be the only people likely ever to feel bored by their attempts at drollery. That Thackeray found time amidst his literary work to write so often and at such a length to his intimate friends shows the loyalty of his heart, and also perhaps suggests a touch of "homesickness" which found relief in just this way.

There is only one thing wanted to make this collection complete, and that is the appearance in it of at least some of the letters from Thackeray's correspondents. One gets such charming glimpses of these good people, particularly of Mrs. Brookfield, through Thackeray's spectacles, that it seems a pity not to know more about them and hear them talk for themselves.

* "A Collection of Letters of Thackeray, 1847-1855." With portraits and reproductions of Letters and Drawings.—Charles Scribner's Sons.

VII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"BODYKE is a pleasant little village of a score or two houses and half a dozen shops, all in one wide street a couple of a hundred yards long, and it lies upon the slope of a picturesque green valley." So begins the thrilling story of a series of Irish evictions, originally published for the most part in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, and other English journals, and collected in the little book before us.* Mr. Norman was the correspondent of the *Gazette*, and these articles as they appeared in print in England created a great deal of attention, and were the subject of a warm debate in the House of Commons. They tell a very pitiable tale in a matter of fact way which bears the impress of truth. They show the grasping character of some of the Irish landlords, increased in a measure by their pecuniary embarrassments, the elaborate and expensive machinery employed to oust the tenantry from their holdings, the violence necessary to accomplish this, and the sad condition and prospects of the Irish tenant farmer. It appears from a supplementary chapter that no fewer than 555,341 persons—men, women, and children —were evicted from their homes between 1849 and 1885. These evictions at Bodyke were twenty-eight in number, and besides the misery inflicted on many people and the list of persons maimed and otherwise injured in the process, they cost the British Government in the services of police and military, and in other ways, no less than five thousand pounds sterling—a sum sufficient to pay the rents demanded ten times over. And to this must be added the pauper relief to the homeless families, the loss of rents to the landlord, and, worse than all, the sowing of a large and promising crop of wrongs and outrages.

Of Longfellow and Hawthorne, of Whittier and Bryant, and other authors whose names are cherished as a part of the national life, Americans do not weary of hearing. And a biographical work having for its subject any of these must of necessity attract some measure of attention, and inspire a certain degree of interest by reason of its subject, whatever the manner of presentation. Following so soon the complete and carefully prepared life of Longfellow by his younger brother, another study of his life and works from the hand of a friend almost challenges comparison. It is difficult to imagine the *raison d'être* of Mr. Austin's book,† since nothing is added to what has already been written, unless we except a possibly fuller account of his ancestry (which the average reader is liable to skip altogether), while much of interest is omitted. The familiar incidents of Mr. Longfellow's uneventful life, the unfolding of his creative powers and the analysis of his not very subtle compositions, are again spread out to our view; and numerous quotations, many of them familiar as household words, fill out the pages. The author intends, as his preface explains, to present a popular biography, and, having condensed his work into a single volume, he will undoubtedly attract readers who may prefer the briefer view of the poet's life. Among several minor discrepancies, we notice that, in the chapter on "Evangeline," reference is made to the "temple" of the Acadian peasants. A somewhat ambitious word, as it seems to us, for the modest meeting place of these poor people. An admirable lithotype of Mr. Longfellow and fac-simile pages from the manuscripts of three of his poems add much to the interest of the work.

* "Questions of the Day" series. "Bodyke; a Chapter in the History of Irish Landlordism." By Henry Norman.—G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: His Life, His Works, His Friendships." By George Lowell Austin.—Lee & Shepard.

The study of the French language is now so nearly universal in polite society that a really effective method of teaching it is sure to command attention. We have before us a little book* designed for primary classes, which is in many respects the best we have ever seen for that purpose. M. J. D. Gaillard and his wife are both remarkably successful as instructors, and they have in this primer disclosed the secret of their success. The system is easily understood, and in practice it works admirably. Instead of the old parrot-like process of mere imitation and memorizing, the pupil finds here a series of tableaux or outline sketches of pleasant tales which he soon learns to fill up, and which indelibly stamp themselves upon the mind and memory. Every tableau has in it a distinct French lesson. The vowel sounds, the consonants, the accents, the various peculiarities of inflection and grammatical construction, are correctly learned almost without effort. We cordially commend this book to teachers of French, and for general use in schools. M. Gaillard's method is indorsed by the highest educational authorities.

The second volume of "Medical and Surgical Memoirs,"† by Dr. Joseph Jones, of New Orleans, is a treatise on fevers, and is complete in itself, the purchaser not being obliged to commit himself to take any of the past or succeeding volumes. Dr. Jones is exceedingly well qualified to write such a work, having practiced medicine in New Orleans for the past thirty years, and having been President of the Louisiana State Board of Health during four years of that time (1880 to 1884). He has himself suffered from a severe attack of yellow fever, and should, therefore, be able to write feelingly on that subject.

The arrangement of matter is a little confusing, as the author's idea seems to have been more to draw comparisons between the symptoms and pathology of the different fevers than to give descriptions of them. It would, consequently, not come into everyday use with the general practitioner; but, as a book of reference and study in obscure and doubtful cases, it would certainly be a most valuable addition to any medical library. There are many plates, showing the gross and microscopic changes of the different organs and tissues in disease.

The history and description of leprosy in Louisiana is intensely interesting, not only to the physician, but also to the laity. There are also very entertaining articles on Albinism and Elephantiasis. Altogether the book shows an enormous amount of research and labor, and is most comprehensive, containing much that is of value and interest to every practicing physician. It might, however, with advantage have been somewhat smaller, as it contains a great deal of detail, and many digressions from the subjects treated of, which are not of any special use to the busy practitioner, but are, on the contrary, in the way of a rapid understanding of that which is useful and valuable.

The story told by Mark Rutherford and edited by his friend‡ reminds us of the parson who said that he always felt safe when he had a whole chapter or a psalm for a text, because, if he was persecuted in one verse he could then flee to

*"French for Young Folks." Comprising a phonic treatise on pronunciation; graphic, pictorial and progressive outlines, with questions, to be used as materials for reading, vocabulary, conversation, and composition. Fully illustrated. By J. D. Gaillard, officer d'Académie, etc., and Madame Emilia Gaillard.—Edgar Werner.

† "Medical and Surgical Memoirs." Vol. 2. Fevers. By Joseph Jones, M. D., New Orleans. Author's edition.

‡ "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane." By Mark Rutherford. Edited by his friend Reuben Shapcott.—G. P. Putnam's Sons.

another. The story begins in the year 1814 and ends somewhere in the forties. At least half a dozen heroes and heroines appear and disappear, and there is not even the suspicion of a plot. Where Tanner's Lane is and what the revolution was we do not discover till the story is almost ended, and instead of a thrilling political episode, as the first chapters seem to promise, the reader finds himself interested in the affairs of an obscure dissenting congregation in an English country town. But in spite of all these drawbacks "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane" is an interesting book. It gives in a rambling sort of way a very good idea of certain phases of English life during the first half of the century, when radicalism was a crime and the masses of the people were slowly working out their independence and political rights. The sketch of the dissenting minister and his congregation in Cowfold, and of their local surroundings, is very good, and could not be drawn from the imagination only. The times, however, are changing, and the particular types of men and women here pictured are growing scarcer every year as civilization blends classes together.

Dr. W. A. Hammond's last novel, "On the Susquehanna," * is a well written story of American life in the iron districts. A young woman of twenty-five becomes, by the death of her father, the proprietor of some extensive iron works, and also the possessor of a painful family secret, which reflects upon her parentage. She considers it her duty to endeavor to unravel a certain mystery which accompanies this secret, though by so doing she expects to bring a species of humiliation and disgrace upon herself. In the meantime, she finds herself in constant communication with the superintendent of the works, a manly fellow, well educated, and of great executive ability. They love each other, but each is careful not to allow the other to suspect the attachment. The interest of the story lies in the gradual unfolding of the family mystery, as well as of the love affair, in the course of which we are introduced to a variety of characters, including some designing rascals, who work upon the susceptibilities of the lady for their selfish interests. There are opportunities here for sketches of mountain scenery, and for narratives of contests with desperate people in lonesome regions, and of fine amateur detective work, which give zest and excitement to the book, and illustrate the old adage about the course of true love. The single criticism we would make is that the position of this young lady at the iron works, surrounded by a society almost exclusively of men, and with apparently so light an acquaintance with the outside world, is rather anomalous. An American girl of wealth and culture, without a galaxy of companions of her own sex, is a rarity. We miss the silver laughter and innocent mirth of maidens, and find everything unusually prim and serious in the household of this young iron queen. At least one or two companions of her own age and sex would have given a naturalness to the book, which we think is lacking in this respect.

Under the title of "The Van Gelder Papers," † a number of quaint, old-fashioned stories have been strung together, having all the appearance of genuineness, the scenes of which are laid either on Long Island or on the banks of the Hudson. The compiler, in a prefatory note, states that these stories are a portion of the papers of a deceased friend, who spent his time in hunting up information about past events and traditions of the earlier settlers on Long Island. They have the flavor of antiquity about them, and will serve as a reminder of the old worthies who helped, by their industrious toil, to lay a good foundation for our modern improvement and cultivation.

* "On the Susquehanna." A novel. By William A. Hammond.—D. Appleton & Co.

† "The Van Gelder Papers, and other sketches." Edited by J. T. I.—G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Lee & Shepard.

The Song of Roland. Translated into English verse by John O'Hagan, M.D.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; his Life, his Works, his Friendships. George Lowell Austin. Illustrated. New edition.

Life Notes, or Fifty Years' Outlook. William Hague, D.D.

Ready About, or Sailing the Boat. Oliver Optic.

The Century Co.

Parish Problems. Hints and Helps for the People of the Churches. Edited by Washington Gladden.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Making of the Great West. 1512–1883. Samuel Adams Drake. Illustrations and maps.

The Science of Thought. 2 vols. F. Max Muller.

A Collection of Letters of Thackeray. 1847–1855. With portraits and reproductions of letters and drawings.

Christian Facts and Forces. Newman Smyth.

Living Lights. A Popular Account of Phosphorescent Animals and Vegetables. Charles Frederick Holder.

A Short History of Architecture. Arthur Lyman Tuckerman. With illustrations by the author.

Recollections of a Minister to France. 1869–1877. E. B. Washburne, LL.D. 2 vols. With illustrations.

The Ethical Import of Darwinism. Jacob Gould Schurman.

A. S. Barnes & Co.

Lights of Two Centuries. Edited by Rev. E. E. Hale. Illustrated with fifty portraits.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Revolution in Tanner's Lane. Mark Rutherford. Reprinted by his friend Reuben Shapcott.

Bodyke. A Chapter in the History of Irish Landlordism. Henry Norman.

Decisive Battles since Waterloo. The most important military events from 1815 to 1887. Thomas W. Knox.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

The Invaders, and other Stories. Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole.

Silver, Rogers & Co.

Brief Institutes of General History. E. Benjamin Andrews, D.D., LL.D.

Edgar Werner.

French for Young Folks, comprising a phonic treatise on pronunciation, graphic, pictorial and progressive outlines, with questions, etc., etc. Fully illustrated. J. D. Gaillard, and Madame Emilia Gaillard.

E. W. Allen, London.

The Vaccination Inquirer and Health Review. Also papers of the London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination.

#9, 8/23/88

SOUTH BOSTON.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CCCLXXIII.

DECEMBER, 1887.

UNIVERSITAS HOMINUM; OR, THE UNITY OF HISTORY.

For those who must shortly quit the scene of life, it is an allowable desire to suggest what may be of use to persons who have in prospect a longer tenure; what may promote thrift and obviate waste in the matter of mental effort; what may help to invest thought with unity and method, to bring the various and separated movements of growing minds into relation with one another, and to give them their places as portions of the general scheme of life. The old are but too conscious, in retrospect, that their own path of life is a path strewn all along with waste material, and it can hardly be otherwise than seemly and appropriate for them to wish that those who follow them in the long procession of the human race may make fuller profit of their means and opportunities. Like the divine ideal of the human form, ever present to the mind of the Greek artist, the vocation of man is one greater than he can fulfill; but the unattainable is itself a means of attaining, if it leads and empowers us, as it did him, to reach a point in the scale of progress of which we must otherwise have fallen short.

And it will tend to give this subjective unity to study, in its largest sense, if there be a corresponding objective unity in that

field where study finds its highest and most fruitful employment, namely, in man and in the world considered with respect to man; for the plan of the world, material and moral, seen and unseen, is adjusted and subordinated to man and to the fulfillment of his destinies, girt about, it is true, with speculative problems, which none ever have solved and perhaps none ever will, but yet in itself large, stirring, profound, and fruitful, so that we can in some degree understand why it is said that this little earth, and what passes upon it, may form a spectacle to men and angels; a lesson of wonder, of sympathy, and it may be of warning, to orders of being besides and beyond our own.

Torn and defaced as is the ideal of our race, yet have there not been, and are there not, things in man, in his frame, and in his soul and intellect, which, taken at their height, are so beautiful, so good, so great, as to suggest an inward questioning, how far creative power itself can go beyond what, in these elect specimens, it has exhibited? Not that such a questioning is to be answered; it is only warrantable as expansion, not as limitation, as a mode of conveying that what has been actually shown us, what our eyes have seen and our hands have handled, would, but for experience, have been far beyond the powers of our poor conception to reach; that humanity itself, deeply considered, touches the bounds of the superhuman.

And if this chequered picture may be designed to give instruction beyond our borders, then we may safely believe that, both in its parts and as a whole, it is so designed for ourselves; for ourselves in the first instance, and perhaps in the first degree. Whatever be the place of actual man, the place of potential man in the hierarchy of creation is a very high one.

In a survey, necessarily brief and slight, as well as wide, much must be left without notice, and those materials only can be touched which are associated with the highest recorded evolution of man in history; with what is sometimes termed the Caucasian family, or with that portion of the human race which is now within the precinct of the Christian civilization. Among attempts to exhibit the known universe and its great inhabitant, collective man, as an unity, the attempt of Homer, in the Shield of Achilles,* made familiar to the British eye through the elab-

* Il., XVIII., 478-608.

orate work of Flaxman, is perhaps the oldest. Perhaps, also, it remains unsurpassed in simplicity, in splendor, or in its approach, not indeed to exactitude, but to completeness within its own limits. It comprises all the chief of what the eye beheld, earth and heaven, land and sea, and the great bounding Ocean-River, and all the chief of what experience arrayed upon the stage of life. We have there Peace and War; both, as things then stood, alike requisite, alike normal. Peace, alternating between joy, exhibited in the festivity of marriage, and contention in the suit before the judges; or again, marriage, the provision for individual life; judgment, as the bond of political association. Then we have War in its three great Homeric forms of the siege, the ambush, and the battle. Next are presented to us seed time and harvest; the vintage brings in song with measured movement, the herd at pasture introduces the hunt, and the flocks the milder cares of the shepherd. Finally, art and the bard are glorified by a picture, "such as Daidelos made for Ariadne," of a brilliant dance, with music to which tumblers also adapt their feats. Gods are present in the battle, and the Homeric poems exhibit largely what Dr. Caird calls "the religion of common life;" but there is no separate or professional representation of any sacred function.

This picture of the human and mundane unity, exhibited in simultaneous, not successive, presentment, stands, I think, apart from all others in the frame of its conception. With it, however, may be compared, but only in one point of view, the great work of Dante. The *Divina Commedia* presents to us again the human unity, not under the burden of the flesh, but after its release, and only as summed up in the cardinal determining fact of its relation to God in Christ. This also may be termed a simultaneous presentment, since it exhibits the whole Providential order, outside the boundaries of this life, as conceived to exist at a given point of time and place, though the journey of the Poet in a specified number of days is the thread on which it hangs, and though its plan allows by way of incident the introduction of history no less than theology and metaphysics. The change of scene from the one world to the other corresponds with the transplantation since the Advent of the chief concern and interest of man: "for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."*

* Col. iii. 3.

In the world of action the human unity has variously figured as an idea in the eyes of towering ambition. The wars of those great empires, which have been termed prehistoric, appear to have been inspired by the design of universal dominion. This becomes more distinct when Persia has obtained the general possession of the Asiatic field. The same idea is stirred by way of reaction in the mind of Greece when she moves against the Great King. It buds in the expeditions of the Ten Thousand and of King Agesilaos; it blossoms in the vast conquests of Alexander, prepared by the initiatory operations of his father Philip upon the Greek race and territory. It becomes a law of existence to the matured Roman State and Empire, where the conflicts of the most daring personal aims are inextricably mingled with the establishment of the world-wide dominion. After the foundation of Constantinople, it is partly divided, partly transferred. With the establishment of the German Empire, it undergoes, for the West, revival and development. It is relatively strengthened at one epoch, when positively it is about to lose ground by the disastrous fall of Constantinople. The shadow of this aspiring grandeur hangs round Vienna until the title is finally quenched in 1804, through the disastrous wars with France.

In a more vulgar and less historic form, the notion is recalled in Louis XIV., named, but probably misnamed, the great; and once more by the colossal figure and performance of Napoleon. The more recent course of history does not favor the notion of its reappearance. But while the possibilities of a political unity have receded into the distance, there have been fragmentary manifestations, mixed and often questionable in their character, of an initiatory substitute for it in the collective action of the great European powers; and some real progress, favored by the new facilities of trade and communication, has been made toward a great unity of human consent, by the formation of a common judgment among civilized mankind under the name of the Law of Nations, upon many matters that touch the liberty, morality, and well being of man. And there also lies in the far distance a prospect, attractive to all Americans and Englishmen, the prospect of a powerful and perhaps paramount moral influence which may accrue, unsought, to the great English-speaking race, before another century has passed, through the ever growing preponderance of its numbers, joined with its penetrating and unresting

energies, both in mental and in material things. The English speakers of the world have multiplied perhaps sevenfold in the last hundred years. They now exceed one hundred millions. Continuing to multiply at the same rate they would after another century pass seven hundred millions.*

By the side of this current of political endeavor and device there have been some parallel manifestations in the world of thought. The character of Achilles represents the effort of the sire of poets to project into form the ideal man; and the motherhood of a goddess, which brings him into the world, is probably referable to the same impulsion as that which prompted the artists of classical Greece to travel

Along the line of limitless desires,†

and to aspire in the human after the divine. When the great Christian literature of the middle ages dawned upon the world, this search for the ideal, as a typical and all-embracing unity, became a standing law. It is nowhere, perhaps, so boldly set up as in the single line of Pulci:‡

Un Dio, ed una Fede, ed uno Orlando.

The noblest developments of the conception are in Orlando and in Arthur; and we have to observe that the aim distinctly is, not the mere exhibition of a hero, but the presentation of the typical and ideal man, the man who collects and integrates within himself all of our nature that is glorious and noble. I suppose that, upon a somewhat lower level, the principle of construction is the same in the character of the Cid, and even in the Siegfried of the Nibelungenlied. This luminous erection cast its backward rays upon antiquity, where it sought for an analogue. Refracted through the discoloring medium of the Roman tradition, it illuminated the figure of Hector, lifted him into a place "a world too wide" for him, and glorified him as the ideal man.

While the Christian literature was thus essaying to fulfill the aspirations of the world for a type of unity and perfection, Dante, in the *De Monarchia*, compacted a framework in which human affairs

* Mr. Barham Zinche has estimated them for that date at a thousand millions.
† Wordsworth, Excursion.
‡ Morgante Maggiore.

were to be adjusted in one normal order. Denying to the Church the right or capacity of property, he gave spiritual power to the Pope, and temporal power to the Emperor, each in theory independent of the other, each universal, and each established once for all to fulfill a charge co-extensive with the estimated doctrines of the species. But this succinct statement is only a safe one, especially as regards the Popedom, if taken to illustrate the poet's view of the naked or theoretic basis upon which, in the affairs of both worlds, an unity was provided for the human race.

I think we cannot doubt that this distinctive tendency of the Christian literature was due to the Advent of our Saviour; and that from the exhibition in the world of the one absolute Perfection, there resulted a legitimate desire and tendency to embody, on the same basis of oneness, imitated forms, adapted to the conditions of common life, and modified according to the specific qualities of the various portions of the human family.

These, then, were tendencies, in idea or in act, to find or make an unity of man; of man individual and of man associated. But we have yet to trace the links of a more comprehensive design pervading history, from its first beginnings, which bore the promise of a larger provision for the same end. Yet this provision was, in its inception, so modest, so like the flowers that are "born to blush unseen," and the gems of the "dark, unfathomed cave," that through thousands of years, while human genius, intellect, and statecraft rose to their climax in the grander theatres of life, it made no mark whatever upon the great central tissue of human history. For even the conquests of David, and the opulence and splendor of Solomon, failed to lift into any wide notoriety the annals of the Jewish race. Yet there, and there only, was the guardianship of a seed that would one day burst its husk; would expand into forces which were to gather up around themselves, and to array in their service all other elements of power; and would integrate, if not the world so far as present experience has advanced, yet the most choice, capable, and dominant races of the world.

It is obvious that outside that course of human history which has culminated in modern Christendom, there have lain at all times great masses of humanity, most of them having but few points of contact with it. That Mahometanism at one time contended with the Gospel for a real sovereignty of the world;

that the Buddhists, taken at four hundred millions, may roughly be stated to be as numerous as Christians; that the Olympian religion was a marvelous phenomenon, transitory, indeed, but with a lease, so to speak, of fifteen centuries; that there are other cults and systems of high interest and importance; that missionary progress has been slow and intermittent; all these facts in no way detract from the main proposition.

Let me not, however, be supposed to imply that these great outlying tracts of human life were excluded from the care of the Almighty Father. What treasures of true piety, what devotion to duty, what negation of self may have been reared within the field of religions less favored than our own, is a question which may well wait for final elucidation from the All-just and All-wise. My proposition does not go beyond affirming that these extraneous masses, weighty as they are, lie apart from the central thread which runs through the entire tissue of the destinies of the race.

There is one scheme, and one only, which tends and has tended for eighteen hundred years to centrality and universality, which carries on its forehead the notes of an imperial power; which is now felt at every point where human breath is drawn; which is far indeed from having accomplished its work, and which has within it partial and sometimes formidable signs of disintegration; but which holds the field, holds it with ever growing hope and effort, and holds it without a rival. That is the Christian scheme.

Let us now look to the Hebrew traditions, known to us as the Sacred Scriptures. I forbear to lay stress for the present purpose upon the fragmentary, but strong, support which they derive from ancient religion and history, especially through the results of archæological research. In these precious records, we, the Adamic race, are assured of the unity of our origin, of our special relation to the Creator, of the entrance into the world, by disobedience, of a widespread moral ruin, and of a great remedial Power, promised from the very date of the downfall, which was to deal a deadly blow at the source of our sorrow and our sin. Discipline and development in, with, and through evil seemed thus to be set upon us from the first as the distinctive note of our destiny.

The patriarchal period was the childhood of man. It was marked, as childhood is, by the absence of self-consciousness, by simplicity of life, by directness of guidance. Life was realistic and without abstract conceptions. It passed on, with the arrival

of the Mosaic period, from the nursery to the schoolroom. The precepts of a moral law, covering the main lines of individual conduct, were laid down. The claims of the Almighty on His creature were stated in their utmost breadth; and it seems difficult to deny that, through the institution of an elaborate sacrificial and sacerdotal system, there was planted in the Hebrew race a conception of sin, of the great and terrible curse of the world, which was probably an absolute precondition of any adequate conception of the corresponding redemption. This idea of sin and of the virulence of its poison was brought home with such force and depth and clearness to the general mind that while it was gradually effaced from the circle of ideas which prevailed* among the most cultivated nations of the earth; yet with the Hebrews, amid all the frightful aberrations of conduct and terrible vicissitudes of destiny, it subsisted, without abatement of vital force, down to the manifestation of our Lord. Of His teachings, wonderful to say, it needed not to be a portion, since it formed, jointly with monotheism, their ready made point of departure.

These great ideas, once established, were alike sustained, repaired, and refreshed by the perpetual voices of the Psalms, and by the intermittent, but most powerful, trumpet calls of the Prophets. Through all the stages of the dispensation, and all the utterances of the Divine oracles, there ran an unbroken thread of Messianic promise.† There was for the journey of generations through the ages, as well as for the momentary exodus from Egypt, a pillar of fire by night, and a pillar of cloud by day, leading up to the birth of Him in whom before and after were to unite, and the whole human race, one in its affliction, was to be made one in its deliverance. And when Dante built his material universe on Jerusalem as its centre, the physical error was the signification of the deepest of all truths, that the Life and Death of Christ were the one and only centre for the destinies of the world.

But this secret of the Lord, so marvelously kept, under a

*I leave apart the movement of the Stoics in the direction of a return to that idea, which would require a separate argument, especially upon the question whether it originally drew its inspiration from the translated Scriptures of the Hebrews.

† On the pervading and multiform character of this promise see a recent, as well as valuable authority, in the volume of Dr. Briggs, of the New York Theological Seminary, on "Messianic Prophecy."

guardianship so wayward, and seemingly so ineffective, was wholly a spiritual secret. There was at one time a habit of pointing to the Old Testament and the Jewish nation as the *matrix* of all human greatness, all mental excellence. There is still a tendency to glorify the Jewish Scriptures under the poor and narrow name of the Hebrew literature. Now, to my mind, it is a literature absolutely incommensurable with the literature of other lands. As compared with these, both its source and its aim were far higher, but they were also far more limited. Its mission was to touch humanity at its centre, but at its centre only. It was to work out, for its time and place, the highest part of the Providential design for the education of man. But other parts were left to other hands, and those other hands were, in the Divine Counsels, shaped and fitted for them. Under the coming Christian civilization, the whole nature of man in all its parts was for the first time to be trained, and the internal harmony and balance of those parts was to be restored and consolidated. It was a complex organization, of which the spiritual and ruling factor was made ready in Judea for use in the Christian Church, the Kingdom of God upon earth. What may be called in the widest sense the intellectual factor was matured elsewhere; it had its training chiefly among the Greeks. In preparation for the preaching of the Gospel, it was given to that unique race to establish an intellectual mastery, and an intellectual unity, by their literature and language, throughout the vast range of the Roman sway. It was through a concurrence surely not fortuitous that, at the time when our Saviour came into the world, the language of the Greeks had become its ruling language. I suppose it to be a question still open among the learned whether, and in what degree, the Saviour himself employed it in His ministry. But there is no doubt that it was the first and general channel for the propagation of his teaching, and that by those supple and elastic properties, which even now appear to be inseparable from its undying genius, it furnished admirably the form in which a Christian terminology was framed, and the new teaching was adapted, through the early creeds, to the apprehension and belief of man.

But the office of Greece in making ready the Gospel feast was not confined to supplying a form of language. She had also to supply a form of mind. Greece prepared the mold in which at the time, and down to our time, and as some may hope, for all

time, the mental culture of man was to take shape, and its principal conditions were to be determined.

There was one important particular of the new or Christian training, to which Greek religion and Greek art had a special affinity. It is not easy, perhaps, to trace with precision in the Old Testament the law of "graven images," of the corporal representation of living, and especially of human forms. I suppose there can be little doubt, first, that this law was originally adverse, and next, that it was, in whatever measure, modified by the Incarnation, which presented to our eyes Deity in human shape, and which hardly allows of the supposition that that shape was never to be reproduced.

Now, there was one country in the world where, for centuries before the Advent, it had been the prime pursuit of Art to associate deity with the human form; and, moreover, where this practice spontaneously grew out of the prevailing and fundamental idea of the established religion. This aim led the artist ever upward to surmount imperfection and to reach upward after perfection. And though the finite could not incorporate the infinite, yet, under this inspiration, actual performance was advanced to a point in the presentation of form, such as to supply a model for every country and every age.

With the three first objects of human quest, the good, the true, the great, there is associated a fourth, the beautiful, which is also indispensable in the full training of our nature. For the good, as such, the good in connection with God, its origin and basis; that is, the holy, the supreme grade in this fourfold scale, we have seen that the "evangelical preparation" (to use the phrase of Eusebius) was exhibited by the Scriptures of the Old Testament, which were the treasure and the glory of the Hebrew race. In the pursuit of the great and the true, and in establishing the laws of that pursuit, the principal share was given to Greece. With respect to the beautiful, her office was supreme, almost exclusive. Or, if we contemplate the process only as twofold, the Providential order was, that on the spiritual side we should draw from Hebrew sources, but that on the human or earthly side of mind and life, taken at large, the type was fashioned among the Greeks.

This was for the individual. But neither was the share of Greece a small one in the collective or political education of the

race. Not to speak of the scientific treatises of Aristotle and Plato, we have the earliest political ideas and practices of the Greeks recorded in the poems of Homer. The forms of those ideas and practices are only, so to speak, in the gristle. They had not hardened by use into shapes sufficiently defined for exact description. But, so far as spirit and essence are concerned, I know not where else in all antiquity to find a living exhibition so much in harmony with the fundamental conceptions, and even institutions, of the English-speaking races of the world.

At the same time it is clear that, so far as direct and actual preparation was concerned, this office, in the political sphere, was specially committed to the Romans. With them alone do we find organization both large and firm. Those ancient roads, so strong and well compacted, which bound mother earth much as she is now bound by the iron rail, which still defy the gnawing tooth of Time, and which furnished for the civilized world continuity of dwelling space, and unity of communications, were also an emblem of that higher unity, of which Rome laid the foundations in the well-knit system of its law, diffused throughout the world, and destined to remain an imperishable portion of the human patrimony.

This in the world of action. But there was a bond also in the world of thought between the Hellenic and the Latin. From Greece and the Grecian East, the sacred torch, so to speak, was handed over to Italy, and by a process which began with the rise of Roman literature, and ended with the *Renaissance*, the sister peninsula became, in due course, the mother of European letters. This great fact seems to have been forgotten, at least in England, by modern fashion; and there has, during our time, been a deplorable decline in the study of that illustrious literature which forms a link in the central chain of civilization and of history.

History, then, complex and diversified as it is, and presenting to our view many a ganglion of unpenetrated and perhaps impenetrable enigmas, is not a mere congeries of disjointed occurrences, but is the evolution of a purpose steadfastly maintained, and advancing towards some consummation, greater probably than what the world has yet beheld, along with the advancing numbers, power, knowledge, and responsibilities of the race. That purpose is not always and everywhere alike conspicuous; but is it not like the river in the limestone tract, which vanishes from the surface,

and works its way beneath, only to reappear with renovated force? or like the sun, which returns to warm us after the appointed space of night,

> And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
> Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.*

Its parts are related to one another. The great lines of human destiny have every appearance of converging upon a point. As the Mosiac writer at the outset of Genesis declares the unity of the world, and as Doctor Whewell, in a passage of extraordinary magnificence, countersigns this testimony by predicting its catastrophe in the name of cosmic science; as again the mind of an individual, by the use of reflection, often traces one pervading scheme of education in the experiences of his life; so, probably for the race, certainly for its great central web of design, which runs unbroken from Adam to our day, there has been and is a profound unity of scheme well described by the poet Tennyson:

> "Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."†

"At sundry times and in divers manners," sometimes by conscious and sometimes by unconscious agency, this purpose is wrought out. Persons and nations who have not seen or known one another, nevertheless co-operate and contribute to a common fund, available for their descendants and themselves.

That, together with powers and resources, responsibilities must increase, is almost a truism. That there is such an increase in the sum total of powers and resources extraneous to ourselves appears also undeniable. It seems then, as if the Almighty Ruler were now raising His claims upon His creatures and demanding at least the larger usury which these larger gifts should earn. Whether there is a corresponding increase in the available brain forces of the world, and in its moral energies, is a question perhaps only to be answered with some qualification, even some misgiving. But it will have been usefully put, if it lead us to bow ourselves down as in dust and ashes before the one Source of Strength, and if it remind us that the humblest man should also,

* Milton's Lycidas.
† Locksley Hall.

under the Christian dispensation, be the strongest man, though it is in a strength not his own.

When, indeed, we speak of the Christian dispensation, there starts up first of all the remembrance of its woful shortcomings in act, as compared with its glorious design. Yet does it offer a mass of net results, which can nowhere else be equaled, of which I will select two, the most comprehensive in their character. First, that in the precinct of Christendom is found the actual mastery of the world, where all that exists, exists in the main by its permission, or under its control. Secondly, that whereas other ruling powers and paramount forms of civilization have had, following upon their maturity, their "decline and fall," the question now seems at least an open one, whether the Advent and the Gospel have, for collective as well as individual man, "brought life and immortality to light;" in this sense, that the great Christian civilization presents many and perhaps conclusive signs of a progressive, though a chequered growth, without any decree set forth against it of a boundary or an end.

It may be said that the Christian testimony, on which that civilization is based, is now divided against itself. Supposing we allow that the Church for nine centuries spoke with the authority which attaches to a consent so wide, visible, and permanent that all discordant voices were either transitory or inaudible, and passed out of the reckoning. That form of authority no longer exists; it has been supplanted by divisions and subdivisions of communion and of tenet. But has not authority of another kind taken its place, the moral weight, namely, which attaches to the testimony of a number of witnesses having mutual feuds and conflicting interests, and yet speaking with one voice on the highest, broadest, and most profound of the matters which made up the great message of God to man ?*

Turning now to the title of this paper, I remind the reader that the history of which it speaks is not the limited and fragmentary record commonly known under the name, but is nothing less than the sum total of human life and human experience, as lived and as gathered on the surface of the globe, within the lines already laid down. And here arises my concluding ques-

* Dr. Möhler, in the Symbolik, has, by his explanation of the grand difference between the earlier and the later Christian controversies, made a valuable contribution to the examination of this important subject.

tion. If in history, thus understood, there is an unity, should there not be a reflection of that unity in study? As every straw and ear in the cornfield promotes the design of the husbandman, should we not, each in our several sphere, however humbly, strive to promote in our studies the design of the Master and Maker of the world? To every man, obviously, this is open in the sphere of action. Nay, there is none who can avoid either promoting or obstructing it; for every one must of necessity, by his own doings, add to, or take away from, the sum total of goodness and of happiness, of evil and of sorrow, in the world. It seems to me that what we *must* do in the world of action, we at least *may* do in the world of thought; those of us, I mean, whose field of labor belongs to or includes that world. Take any branch of mental effort, be it what it may, educative, creative, inquisitive, or materially productive, none should be pursued without a purpose, and all real purpose, though it may be atomic, is permanent and indestructible. All bear upon human relations and the conditions of life, and each, unless unnaturally bound down to the merest inanity, should have its place in the great design. The farmer, said Mr. Emerson, is man upon the farm. Each writer is bettering (if he be not worsening) the thought, the frame, or the experience of man, upon the subject on which he writes, works, or teaches; he is enlarging the text; he is extending the bounds of the common inheritance. A fire of aspiration should prompt him in his labor, and its warmth will be part of his reward. That Shield of Achilles, to which I return once more, was a collection of compartments. To some one of those compartments was assorted each part of human life and action. Even so there is now a place, perhaps a larger place than ever, in the grand Providential order for all we seek or find, think or do. For all of it there will be, if only such be our desire, a compartment ready to receive it, in the framework made ready by the Eternal Workman; and it will contribute truly, though it may be infinitesimally, to the accomplishment of His all-comprehending plan.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

CONCERNING SHAKESPEARE.

In this age of ingenuity and invention the domains of discovery and research are the hunting grounds of the scientist and the explorer. In the interest of science and the pursuit of truth, no ground is too sacred for exploration, no theory too venerable or cherished for the detention of the evolutionist. The age of reason is restored, but with method, this time, in its madness. The true is sought in the concrete, and new beliefs are substituted for older faiths. History is being rewritten by a race of writers brilliant in style and fearless in the pursuit of truth as supported by knowledge. The geologist has called the great globe itself to testify to the truth of his theories, the naturalist has compelled the dryad and the naiad, from their evasive existences, to yield up their secrets to the evidences of their physical construction, and, deep down in the atom and the protoplasm, man searches for the cause which shall unsettle forever his hitherto unquestioned belief. The arc of this theory embraces the five senses, and is perfect within that radius;—beyond, all that we feel but cannot prove, is false and untrustworthy; analyze, prove, and believe; theorize, with the soul's uplifted, inexpressible aspiration of faith, and you are lost. The pioneers in this new movement were great, earnest, wise men, who, loving nature with a child's love, sought to fathom her great secrets with a reverent curiosity. Tolerant and indulgent themselves, they undermined the veneration for old doctrines without advocating universal ruin or entire unbelief. Pursuing the path of their research with determined steps, applying the torch to every cranny of the tortuous path, they have yet held by that cord of tradition and memory to which inheritance attached them, and thus into the bowels of the earth they drag at each remove a lengthening chain.

In seeking for Nature's source through all its physical structure they have yet looked reverently upward unto Nature's God.

The value of their labors who shall calculate? The glory of their discoveries who will decry? But light is not always clearness: it is only to the eye of the crowned one that the full orb of day is bearable. The same heat which sustains and revives will as easily destroy, and the torch which, in skillful hands, may lead a Darwin or a Tyndall into safety, may prove only an *ignis fatuus* to the ignorant follower. Reverence and Wisdom are not unworthy guides, and he who seeks for truth in Nature will never wisely abandon his awe for the Creator. Fools only rush in where angels fear to tread. Literature has partaken of the analytical spirit of the age. Ingenuity is substituted for fancy. That which was once deemed not the less true for being, like our existence itself, awful and inexpressible, save in symbols, must have its lawful credentials or fall in contempt as useless fable. The poet whose supersensitive ear was once held to have caught the warmest pulsations of the great heart of Nature, is now discredited, and he must bring us the ocular proof, or else be, like Iago, damned. By this rule Browning is abstract and Tennyson a word painter. "The Psalm of Life," the "Building of the Ship," and the "Song of the Blacksmith," are Longfellow's best gifts to man, while rhythm is only a pleasing echo to the sense. The result is obvious. It is easier to destroy than to create. The writer has educated his reader, and a whole book full of fact-seekers has produced a world full of fact-lovers. It is so much easier for common minds to measure a fact than to entertain a fancy, that it is no wonder to see Pegasus toiling before a baggage wagon. Thus, the scientist who found sacred devotion and old faith in the way of his discovery, and yet pushed on regardless of their destruction, has unintentionally been the forerunner of the iconoclast in all the cathedrals of our lives. Omar has outstripped the Christian. The *first* destroyer of a text burnt only those volumes which ran counter to his faith; the Mahomedans applied the torch to the very source and citadel of all knowledge; Huxley, Darwin, and Tyndall have proved forerunners of a literature which has all imaginative and spiritual nature for its field and blind irreverence for its guide. To pursue an original and ingenious theory to its logical conclusion, to refine analysis to a needless point, to be euphemistic in idea as well as in speech, is a fine art. Let the evolutionist overturn faith in the pursuit of a First Cause, his followers will gratify the spirit of the age in the ingenious undermining

of a reputation long established, or the destruction of a belief too sweet and sacred to be idly questioned. The pioneer is outstripped by his disciple. The betrayer of the Saviour becomes a patriot and dies a martyr to a sincere belief. The songs of Homer, too great to be the work of one, become the easy pastime of many.

Belisarius is no longer an unkinged beggar, exciting our pity and teaching a wise truth; and the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind becomes the author of the immortal works of a ci-devant William Shakespeare. The force of reason could no further go.

This is what seems to be the truth, or has seemed so, for over two centuries and a half. In the year 1564, in the town of Stratford-on-Avon, England, was born a child who was named William Shakespeare. His place of birth, parentage, and many incidents of the domestic life of his family, are well attested. Many incidents of his early boyhood, favorable and otherwise, are also well proven. His early marriage with a lady older than himself, his departure for London, and his arrival there, are not to be gainsaid. We know positively that he became an actor in London; a companion and partner in theatrical enterprises with other men, and whose labors are not denied by contemporaries as of a value increasing year by year. Of his usefulness to the corporation to which he belonged, there is ample proof in the substantial fortune which he accumulated, and in the enlargement of the circle of his enterprises. Contemporary writers extol his genius as a play-writer while living; and, in the maturity of his years and powers, he retires to his native town; becomes the largest landed proprietor in the place; dies there in the full possession of his faculties in 1616; is buried in the picturesque church of his native town, under its very altar—the most honorable and conspicuous place in that temple; and over his grave his widow surviving him causes to be placed a copy of his features, and some touching allusions to his worth. In 1623, two of his surviving partners, fellow actors and managers, venerating his genius, and wishing that his labor should not be lost, collected from the acting copies in the theatre library, from quarters stolen or badly printed, his works, edited them in their poor way, and commended these "trifles" to posterity, in the timid hope that the applause of contemporary audiences might find an echo in the enduring admiration of other ages. A contemporary poet, who was

also a fellow actor, "rare old Ben" Jonson, in lines immortal, bequeathed the portrait of his rival to posterity, and seemed to entertain no doubt that even his small Latin and less Greek would not invalidate the poetical claims of his friend William Shakespeare. These are things that we know, and can lay our hands upon as proofs. Other confirming facts concur in testimony, as well in the sonnets as in the plays, and in the words of rivals and contemporaries. To sum up all, we may declare that we know of a man, William Shakespeare by name, born as above, moving to London as above, and writing and working there; dying as above, and being so spoken of and written about; and whose surviving works were collected, edited, and published by his fellow-actors, and given in type to the public which had known and applauded their author. What follows? For two centuries these works have been the study of the wise, the resource and delight of the scholar, and the growing solace of the people. Whole libraries have been written to clear up doubtful meanings in the text.

Annotators and commentators have reached enduring fame in companionship with this "nature's child," and criticism has halted with reverence at the door which bears that immortal name. All nations have striven to make the plays of Shakespeare the text book of their scholars, and all the boundaries of nationality have been obliterated to naturalize this universal genius. His characters have passed into realities, as life-like and true as if they had indeed lived, breathed, and had their being. He has created symbols and characterized traits. He has so dealt with the great passions of human nature that his men and woman are emblems. A whole gallery of his portraits would be the fac-similes of our world, and a catalogue of his passions would begin and end with all that the heart has ever felt. With small Latin and less Greek he has created a vocabulary by whose side only one volume may be placed—the Bible. Confined within the watery band which clasps green England, his far-reaching vision overlooked her boundaries and saw his fellow-man as he lived in all lands. Ignorant of mere geographical outlines, his knowledge and measurement of the human heart and its wide range of emotions, was perfect and true. Untaught, perhaps, in that technical learning which makes more pedants than scholars, his marvelous vision penetrated deep into life's mystery, and his feeling heart

did the rest. Clear-minded and sane himself, he saw into the half disturbed soul of the Royal Dane; into the "overturned vase of the mind of the fair Ophelia," and scaled the heights where uncrowned Lear forsook his reason and foreswore his kind. History in his hands becomes personified narrative, and the Kings and Queens, the noble and churl, the peasant and the dame of his own land, passed by his clear sight, and moved life-like into the field of his recording fancy, there to exist forever. His creations stand breast-high with those of the Old and New Testaments, and when we have torn from the writers of the Bible their Moses, Isaiah, and Ecclesiastes, their evangelists and teachings of the sacred text, we may then, and then only, be ready to deny his Hamlet and his Lear, his tender Imogen and moralizing Jaques, his gallery of Romans and the star-eyed Egyptian, to the "poor player" who lived and died, was buried, and who has come down to us as William Shakespeare.

Now, after two centuries and a half of this belief, we are called upon to reject, not the estimate which time has only deepened as to the works themselves, but the authenticity of their authorship. The poems, sonnets, and plays, now passing as the works of Shakespeare, were not his work at all!

In support of this theory, which is the seed-ground of many others, born of and growing out of it, we are offered conjectural negatives and distorted facts. It is necessary, in the first place, to declare that the plays and poems in question could not have been the work of Shakespeare, because of his place of birth, his condition in life, and of his scanty learning. The necessity of sustaining this point precedes the search for the true author of the works. How are we to believe that a lad born in an obscure village of England, of poor parentage, and with scanty opportunities of obtaining an education, could ever have written these sublime works? Could a person so born and educated, a poor player, have given us the only true glimpse of the early days of the Roman Republic, as well as those of its highest glory, and by his marvelous reproduction of the very men themselves, moving, speaking, and eating, have dwarfed all so-called history of those eras? Could a man who had small Latin and less Greek traverse the fields of legend and story in the Greek and Italian biography, and present us with a gallery of their portraits, as true and accurate as if he were a Phidias or a Raphael, and had truly

copied features which he bodily saw? Could a poor lad who had been detected in deer killing in his little village, and been banished from the place when his condition was so poor, ever have looked into the homes of the high-placed and lived for us the lives of kings and queens as if he were one of their order? Illustrations which were taken from the older classics, metaphors with local application borrowed from the records of dead empires; technicalities of arts and callings, learned and scientific terms, definitions in dead and living tongues—these the appliances only of the graduate or the pedant, could never have been the heritage of the actor at the Globe. Whoever was the author of the plays, it was certainly not he.

> "He might have been a Rooshan,
> A German, French, or Prooshan,
> But not a Stratford man."

When it can be proved that it is only the scholar and the antiquarian who give us our works of Shakespeare and kindred blessings, we shall not only have corrected history, but we shall have acquired a new debt which ought to be repaid. It might almost be maintained, however, that in the domain of literature in which we are now traveling, in the region of creative literature, simple learning and technical attainments have never yet laid us under any obligation whatever. If the author or authors of the first great epic, and the greatest (for the Shakespearean myth has a counterpart here at the dawn of learning) were a university graduate, or a man of place or parts, we have no record of it, no note of the college which claimed him, of the nobility of which he was a member. The creator and founder of the Greek language was a minnesinger, whose blindness of sight did not dim the glories of that inward vision, which penetrated the hearts of men and spoke the history and romance of the land whence Delos rose and Phœbus sprung.

Was it a scholar and noble who, from a cart's tail, before a multitude of listeners, dramatized the belief of a nation, and by his own creative genius gave vitality and clearness to the story of Prometheus? When Solon stood in simple amazement amidst the audience of Thespis did he recognize in the founder of the Greek drama one of his own august order? History is strangely silent here. Coming into the era when biography and history are au-

thentic one may ask, did Socrates and Plato ever seek to claim the honors of the drama from the hands of less philosophic writers? We are not curious as to the literary acquirements or the social standing of Eschylus, Sophocles, or Euripides, the fathers of tragedy, but certainly Plato never claimed the authorship of their plays on the score of his philosophical wisdom, nor has that honor been awarded him. The tragedies of the Greeks were written by men who were actors or managers, and no fragments of a tragedy, no contemporary note of any lost work, disproves this fact. The Roman drama being only a faint copy or theft of the Greek, need not be mentioned here. Terence was only a half menander. The works of the French dramatists in the golden age of Louis, which have a hold on posterity, are those which a poor actor and dramatist created while building the walls of the only temple which stands to-day unharmed by time in France,—the House of Moliere; while the plays of the scholarly Racine and Corneille remain monuments of the beauty of language, indeed, before which, as such, all scholars will reverently bend on their way to the temple where the human beings of Moliere live, move, and have their being. In fine, if this hypothesis must be taken as argument, scarcely a reputation of the contemporaries of Shakespeare may hope to escape. The language of Chaucer and of Spenser was the armory of Marlowe, and of Jonson, as well as of the woolen-draper's son; and while the brightest Latin and Greek scholar of his day—and an actor, too—gave us the Alchemist and other learned dialogues, the drunken youth who died in a brawl on the confines of manhood left us, in Marlowe's mighty line, a foretaste of what was coming soon in the native wood notes wild of Nature's child. We are told that in one of the chronicles of the time, which carries down the names of worthies of the Elizabethan era, Shakespeare is not even mentioned, and that such an omission is as significant as if a biography of the writers of the Victorian era were published with Alfred Tennyson's name omitted. When it can be shown that contemporary writers of any era are quick to recognize the higher genius of a fellow-worker, we may accept this statement as argument, but in fact it is no proof at all. It is not necessary to show that Shakespeare held, as an author, among the non-theatre goers of his time, the secure place which he now holds, although it could easily be done. His works were unpublished, save over the lights of the stage. His calling was

degraded in the eyes of many of the literary class, and it would be curious indeed to have his claims allowed by such contemporaries as Sir Thomas Browne or Robert Greene. The case of Tennyson is no parallel, the age of Victoria no counterpart to those environments which surrounded the actor-dramatist in the age of Elizabeth at the seething time of Puritanism. Contemporary mention is abundant, but the authors of the new theory must cast discredit upon it wherever found. The praises of Jonson and of Spenser, the slurs of Greene, the love of Southampton, and the not too remote mention of Milton are cast aside as either specious aids to the fraud which was being practiced, or as ignorant testimonies to a fame built upon lies. The genius of invention, however, is exhausted in the elaborate theories as to identity, which the sonnets are forced to contribute, and here the Baconian theory reaches its last ground of proof. It is declared that Bacon is proved to be the author of the Shakespeare plays by the evidence which lies in these sonnets, and line by line the patient theorist seeks out new aids to his argument. Lines which seem quite innocent and impersonal become, under this minute inspection and original application, clear evidences of Baconian craft. It is shown that at one time he held that his life was in danger, and the lament of a lover for the loss of his mistress's love is the warning cry which the endangered statesman utters in the tender folds of a sonnet. Without pursuing this theme to a tedious limit, it may be said of it, that its authors claim that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays, or many of them, and the sonnets, and was ashamed to own them.

We are asked to believe that this great man not only allowed his greatest works to pass before the audiences of his time, of which they were the delight and pride, unclaimed, but that, when the alleged author was dead, he quietly looked on while an edition of those plays was given to the world by the fellow-actors of the dead Shakespeare, and made no sign; nor did he leave any record or claim in his papers at his death. It would seem that the answer of Macaulay to this Baconian theory had already been overlooked or forgotten. He declared that, even if there were any excuse when he upheld the empire in the exercise of his great office, why he should disown the dramatic works of his creation, there came a time, not far off, when, disgraced from office, mulcted in a heavy fine, driven from the Court, and only allowed to live by the

clemency of a nation which had not forgotten his great gifts, the declaration that he was the true author of the great plays already the popular delight of the English nation, would have raised him again in popular favor, and regained for him some of the glory which he had forever lost. He died and made no sign. Finally, he bequeathed to his own generation his ephemeral dramatic works, under a fraudulent paternity in the vulgar language of his own countrymen—the language of Chaucer and of Spenser, of Raleigh and of Marlowe, consigning his moral treatise to a certain immortality in the studied garb of a dead language. In this regard, at least, he seems not the wisest or greatest of mankind.

To conclude, if it be true that Poets are born, not made, it may as truly be said that Dramatists are born and grow. In that glorious age of Elizabeth, many royal Poets were born whose lines will remain imperishable in our literature. Shakespeare, the Poet, was one of these. The heart of England gave him birth; the Valley of the Avon, with its surpassing loveliness of field, hill, and shade, was the natural cradle of a poet. He drank in, with his earliest inspiration, all the influences of that beautiful land; the mysterious deep shadows of an English forest quickened his fervid imagination to people its depths; the placid stream along whose flowery banks his childish footsteps strayed gave calm and peace to the tempest in his fiery soul, while the glorious records of his country's splendor lay unfolded to him at one of its brightest pages, in neighboring Kenilworth and Warwick. The internecine wars of a century were giving way to a season of prosperity and calm. A new world was opening to the enterprise of man, a vast field of novel experiences enlarging and expanding the area of knowledge. That hour had come in a nation's life which contained the seeds of genius in the arts and sciences over the earth, an interval of awakening to all that is vast and noble, in thought and deed. An effete language was giving way before a living tongue. And again, as out of many jargons grew the polished Greek, the rude utterances of a semi-barbarian nation fashioned its own imperishable language, and, through the drama, forced the channel of poetic aspiration. Into this new spirit many gifted Poets poured their cherished thoughts. But it was given to but one in that age to melt the jewels of the mind in the crucible of the dramatist. His early experience at Stratford, whence many of his fellow

players also came; the fact that the stage was the one open and lucrative road to fame and wealth for the poet as well as the playwright in that day, and the instinct which led the young Stratford friend of Burbage and Greene to their theatre on his arrival in London to seek his fortune—all these facts lead us up to the time when his own first play was produced. It must have been after he had gained a practical knowledge of the stage requirements by the duties of an actor, and the sequence of the plays themselves denotes the growth of this mechanical handicraft which was soon to fashion the immortal dramas bearing his name. The plays, by contract, passed out of the author's hands into those of the company which managed the theatre, and were no longer his own personal property. Hence, when his will was made, he had no such property to devise. All the published copies of the plays in his lifetime, and even until the Folio of 1623 appeared, were either pirated from the parts of the actors for a small sum, or taken down in shorthand during performances. The same indifference, if such it may be called, may be laid to the charge of Lord Bacon, who in his will devised his papers to Constable without specifying these plays, and no such precious manuscripts have yet emerged from that source.

He thus addresses the Bishop of Lincoln: "I find that the ancients, as Cicero, Demosthenes, Plinus and others, have presented both their orations and epistles. I have done the like to my own, which I will not publish while I live, but I have been bold to bequeath them to your Lordship and Mr. Chancellor of the Duchy." In accepting the trust, the Reverend Bishop, while doing justice to Bacon's oratorical powers, plainly intimates that his fame would not be raised by the publication of his letters, a criticism in which Lord Campbell, who quotes the above in his "Lives of the Chancellors," published in 1849, entirely concurs, and still further says: "They are written in a stiff, formal, ungraceful style, and when the writer tries to be light and airy, we have such a botch as might have been expected if Horace Walpole had been condemned to write the Novum Organum." Lord Campbell further says: "He wrote some religious tracts, and he employed himself in a metrical translation into English of the Psalms of David, showing by this effort, it must be confessed, more piety than poetry; his ear had not been formed, nor his fancy fed, by a perusal of the divine productions of Surrey, Walls,

Spenser, and Shakespeare, or he could not have produced rhymes so rugged, and turns of expression so mean. Few poets deal in finer imagery than is to be found in the writings of Bacon, but if his prose is sometimes poetical his poetry is always prosaic."

The sonnets and many of the plays were republished after the death of Shakespeare with his name unusually prominent, as an indication that the value of the work had been enhanced by the repute of the author; and while this so-called imposture was being practiced, Bacon was silently enduring the ignominy of his recent punishment for crimes which a whole nation would have condoned could he have proclaimed his authorship of these remarkable plays.

It is necessary, in order to sustain this Baconian theory, to prove not only that Shakespeare was an impostor, but that all about him were knaves or fools. Ben Jonson becomes a lying panegyrist, and in vile collusion with a poor player, to shield the virtuous Bacon from immortality and wealth, and he plays his part so ill that his posterity refuses to believe that the author of the dedication of the print in the Folio of 1623 was other than what he seemed to be. The friendship of Southampton for Shakespeare is denied in the face of the early dedication of the Venus and Adonis, in face of the pretty well authenticated gift of one thousand pounds to his friend upon the building of the Globe Theatre, and of the absolutely proved interest which he and Lord Rutland took in all matters relating to the theatre. The attempt to unite Bacon with Lord Southampton in friendship is a violation of decency, especially at any time of his life subsequent to the death of his friend and relative, Essex, whose trial and condemnation were the infamy of that Bacon who owed his public advancement to his bounty, and whose conduct, both at the trial and after the grave had closed upon the unfortunate Earl, has drawn down upon the Philosopher's head that withering denunciation of Lord Macaulay which will cling to Bacon when the Shakespeare myth shall have been forgotten. There is no ingenuity of reasoning by which the life work and career of Bacon is associated with these plays which cannot be more sensibly and clearly used in favor of the reputed author. Scholarships do not make Dramatists. Colleges do not create Poets. They have so often burst the environments of poverty, seclusion, ignorance, low birth, that we are tempted to believe that only such surroundings

can suffice to release the sublime spirit of creation. The very defects of the Shakespearean verse would be the dishonor of the accurate collegians. Mixed metaphors, false quantities, strained geographical and ethical allusions, anachronisms of all kinds, which would disgrace a merely well read or educated man, abound in all the pages of the text. Shakespeare was a dramatist, making plays. He was consciously doing this with the greatest gift for his work the world has any note of. He was, at the same time, it may be unconsciously, fashioning a literature by which his claim to the originality of his dramatic work would one day be invalidated. He not only fashioned the statue; he was called upon at once, also, to make the tools with which he labored. But, like all unconscious laborers, he did this with so little effort, he used the language in which he wrote with such indifferent facility, that to an age of mere word users, to whom the style is more important than the thing, he seems an anomaly. When God had given us such a Dramatist, it was an easy task to make him speak. The soul which could contain the image of Lear in the storm, or Hamlet on the rack, would soon find a voice to utter its sublime conceptions.

Finally, while it is not necessary that one must be a good or a sober man to have done great work for mankind, even here the comparison between Bacon and Shakespeare is in favor of the actor. No such infamous life has been lived in the world's history as that of Bacon, when one considers his gifts and his surroundings. The son of the most learned woman of her day, in an age when learning was uncommon among her sex, and of a Lord-keeper who stood high in the favor of the wise Elizabeth; connected by blood with Burleigh and by rank and genius with all the ruling spirits of his time, educated beyond denial above any scholar of that age of scholars, it is yet proved that his whole public career was infamous. False to Essex, false to his great office as Chancellor, the last English jurist who favored torture, who took bribes from plaintiff and defendant alike, and whose character was not redeemed by the excuse that he was amiably weak enough to have any but colossal vices, a lover of fame and money, the "meanest of mankind," he yet, when disgraced and outlawed, poor and friendless, saw, undisturbed, the great fame of his conceded works, the profit of them also, pass into the hands of a despised play actor, and made no sign. Nothing but his immortal writings could redeem such a character from immortal

contempt. No need now to picture to this age the portrait of that Shakespeare whose frailties, even, are forgiven in the effulgent light of his royal gifts to mankind. His life was so lived that it gave no sign. We may catch a glimpse of a heavenly smile when playfully recreating at the Mermaid with Raleigh and Jonson and that immortal Table Round, or we may see him in his native place, the wise husbandman, the good citizen, taking care of the few years between himself and the grave. That is all. For his enduring likeness, find it in the plays themselves, in the beneficence of that gift which lays the world under contribution, and yet claims no reward.

One other such life we know of. Across the channel, in the days of the fourteenth Louis, a poor player comes to the barrier of Paris with his country company. He begs his way into the fair metropolis, is denied to practice his calling there, while royal patronage fosters a more aristocratic association. Like another Thespis, he presents his portraits under despised surroundings. But the fame of them penetrates where their author cannot go. At last, by royal request, he not only enters the forbidden capitol, he has taken it by right of conquest. He exchanges the rage of Edgar for the robes of a king; he founds the most enduring Temple in France, becomes the author of a gallery of works imperishable while the language endures, is refused admission to the then infant Academy of Immortals, unless he will resign his vagabond calling; and, upon his refusal to make this sacrifice, for fear his poor boys and girls would starve, he is shunned by fashion, but favored by the Grand Monarch, who has a lien upon immortality for that act at least; and in the fullness of years, in harness upon the stage, in the pursuit of his duty, Moliere dies, leaving his fame as a dramatist to mankind, his name to the great House of Moliere which he founded, and his bust to the Academy of Immortals which rejected him when living. If not equal in achievement, there is at least great similarity in the lives of the two great actor-dramatists.

LAWRENCE BARRETT.

A LAST WORD TO ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

My Dear Colonel Ingersoll :

I have read your Reply to my Open Letter half a dozen times, and each time with new appreciation of your skill as an advocate. It is written with great ingenuity, and furnishes probably as complete an argument as you are able to give for the faith (or want of faith) that is in you. Doubtless you think it unanswerable, and so it will seem to those who are predisposed to your way of thinking. To quote a homely saying of Mr. Lincoln, in which there is as much of wisdom as of wit, "For those who like that sort of thing, no doubt that is the sort of thing they do like." You may answer that we, who cling to the faith of our fathers, are equally prejudiced, and that it is for that reason that we are not more impressed by the force of your pleading. I do not deny a strong leaning that way, and yet our real interest is the same—to get at the truth ; and, therefore, I have tried to give due weight to whatever of argument there is in the midst of so much eloquence ; but must confess that, in spite of all, I remain in the same obdurate frame of mind as before. With all the candor that I can bring to bear upon the question, I find on reviewing my Open Letter scarcely a sentence to change and nothing to withdraw ; and am quite willing to leave it as my Declaration of Faith, to stand side by side with your Reply, for intelligent and candid men to judge between us. I need only to add a few words in taking leave of the subject.

You seem a little disturbed that "some of my brethren" should look upon you as "a monster" because of your unbelief. I certainly do not approve of such language, although they would tell me that it is the only word which is a fit response to your ferocious attacks upon what they hold most sacred. You are a born gladiator, and when you descend into the arena, you strike heavy blows, which provoke blows in return. In this very Reply

you manifest a particular animosity against Presbyterians. Is it because you were brought up in that Church, of which your father, whom you regard with filial respect and affection, was an honored minister? You even speak of "the Presbyterian God!" as if we assumed to appropriate the Supreme Being, claiming to be the special objects of His favor. Is there any ground for this imputation of narrowness? On the contrary, when we bow our knees before our Maker, it is as the God and Father of all mankind; and the expression you permit yourself to use, can only be regarded as grossly offensive. Was it necessary to offer this rudeness to the religious denomination in which you were born?

And this may explain, what you do not seem fully to understand, why it is that you are sometimes treated to sharp epithets by the religious press and public. You think yourself persecuted for your opinions. But others hold the same opinions without offense. Nor is it because you express your opinions. Nobody would deny you the same freedom which is accorded to Huxley or Herbert Spencer. It is not because you exercise your liberty of judgment or of speech, but because of the way in which you attack others, holding up their faith to all manner of ridicule, and speaking of those who profess it as if they must be either knaves or fools. It is not in human nature not to resent such imputations on that which, however incredible to you, is very precious to them. Hence it is that they think you a rough antagonist; and when you shock them by such expressions as I have quoted, you must expect some pretty strong language in return. I do not join them in this, because I know you, and appreciate that other side of you which is manly and kindly and chivalrous. But while I recognize these better qualities, I must add in all frankness that I am compelled to look upon you as a man so embittered against religion that you cannot think of it except as associated with cant, bigotry, and hypocrisy. In such a state of mind it is hardly possible for you to judge fairly of the arguments for its truth.

I believe, with you, that reason was given us to be exercised, and that when man seeks after truth, his mind should be, as you say Darwin's was, "as free from prejudice as the mariner's compass." But if he is warped by passion so that he cannot see things truly, then is he responsible. It is the moral element which alone makes the responsibility. Nor do I believe that any

man will be judged in this world or the next for what does not involve a moral wrong. Hence your appalling statement, "The God you worship will, according to your creed, torture (!) through all the endless years the man who entertains an honest doubt," does not produce the effect intended, simply because I do not affirm nor believe any such thing. I believe that, in the future world, every man will be judged according to the deeds done in the body, and that the judgment, whatever it may be, will be transparently just. God is more merciful than man. He desireth not the death of the wicked. Christ forgave where men would condemn, and whatever be the fate of any human soul, it can never be said that the Supreme Ruler was wanting either in justice or mercy. This I emphasize because you dwell so much upon the subject of future retribution, giving it an attention so constant as to be almost exclusive. Whatever else you touch upon you soon come back to this as the black thunder-cloud that darkens all the horizon, casting its mighty shadows over the life that now is and that which is to come. Your denunciations of this "inhuman" belief are so reiterated that one would be left to infer that there is nothing else in Religion; that it is all wrath and terror. But this is putting a part for the whole. Religion is a vast system, of which this is but a single feature: it is but one doctrine of many; and indeed some whom no one will deny to be devout Christians, do not hold it at all, or only in a modified form, while with all their hearts they accept and profess the Religion that Christ came to bring into the world.

Archdeacon Farrar, of Westminster Abbey, the most eloquent preacher in the Church of England, has written a book entitled "Eternal Hope," in which he argues from reason and the Bible, that this life is not "the be-all and end-all" of human probation; but that in the world to come there will be another opportunity, when countless millions, made wiser by unhappy experience, will turn again to the paths of life; and that so in the end the whole human race, with the exception of perhaps a few who remain irreclaimable, will be recovered and made happy forever. Others look upon "eternal death" as merely the extinction of being, while immortality is the reward of pre-eminent virtue, interpreting in that sense the words, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." The latter view might recommend itself to you as the application of "the survival of

the fittest" to another world, the worthless, the incurably bad, of the human race being allowed to drop out of existence (an end which can have no terrors for you, since you look upon it as the common lot of all men), while the good are continued in being forever. The acceptance of either of these theories would relieve your mind of that "horror of great darkness" which seems to come over it whenever you look forward to retribution beyond the grave.

But while conceding all liberty to others I cannot so easily relieve myself of this stern and rugged truth. To me moral evil in the universe is a tremendous reality, and I do not see how to limit it within the bounds of time. Retribution is to me a necessary part of the Divine law. A law without a penalty for its violation is no law. But I rest the argument for it, not on the Bible, but *on principles which you yourself acknowledge.* You say, "There are no punishments, no rewards: there are consequences." Very well, take the "consequences," and see where they lead you. When a man by his vices has reduced his body to a wreck and his mind to idiocy, you say this is the "consequence" of his vicious life. Is it a great stretch of language to say that it is his "punishment," and none the less punishment because self-inflicted? To the poor sufferer raving in a mad-house it matters little what it is called, so long as he is experiencing the agonies of hell. And here your theory of "consequences," if followed up, will lead you very far. For if man lives after death, and keeps his personal identity, do not the "consequences" of his past life follow him into the future? And if his existence is immortal, are not the consequences immortal also? And what is this but endless retribution?

But you tell me that the moral effect of retribution is destroyed by the easy way in which a man escapes the penalty. He has but to repent, and he is restored to the same condition before the law as if he had not sinned. Not so do I understand it. "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," but forgiveness does not reverse the course of nature; it does not prevent the operation of natural law. A drunkard may repent as he is nearing his end, but that does not undo the wrong that he has done, nor avert the consequences. In spite of his tears he dies in an agony of shame and remorse. The inexorable law must be fulfilled.

And so in the future world. Even though a man be forgiven, he

does not wholly escape the evil of his past life. A retribution follows him even within the heavenly gates; for if he does not *suffer*, still that bad life has so shriveled up his moral nature as to diminish his power of enjoyment. There are degrees of happiness, as one star differeth from another star in glory; and he who begins wrong, will find that it is not as well to sin and repent of it as not to sin at all. He enters the other world in a state of spiritual infancy, and will have to begin at the bottom, and climb slowly upward.

We might go a step farther, and say that perhaps heaven itself has not only its lights but its shadows, in the reflections that must come even there. We read of "the book of God's remembrance," but is there not another book of remembrance in the mind itself—a book which any man may well fear to open and to look thereon? When that book is opened, and we read its awful pages, shall we not all think "what might have been?" And will those thoughts be wholly free from sadness? The drunken brute who breaks the heart that loved him may weep bitterly, and his poor wife may forgive him with her dying lips; but *he cannot forgive himself*, and *never* can he recall without grief that bowed head and that broken heart. This preserves the element of retribution, while it does not shut the door to forgiveness and mercy.

But we need not travel over again the round of Christian doctrines. My faith is very simple; it revolves around two words: GOD and CHRIST. These are the two centres, or, as an astronomer might say, the double-star, or double-sun, of the great orbit of religious truth.

As to the first of these, you say "There can be no evidence to my mind of the existence of such a being, and my mind is so that it is incapable of even thinking of an infinite personality;" and you gravely put to me this question: "Do you really believe that this world is governed by an infinitely wise and good God? Have you convinced even yourself of this?" Here are two questions—one as to the existence of God, and the other as to His benevolence. I will answer both in language as plain as it is possible for me to use.

First, Do I believe in the existence of God? I answer that it is impossible for me *not* to believe it. I could not disbelieve it if I would. You insist that belief or unbelief is not a matter of

choice or of the will, but of evidence. You say "the brain thinks as the heart beats, as the eyes see." Then let us stand aside with all our prepossessions, and open our eyes to what we can see.

When Robinson Crusoe in his desert island came down one day to the seashore, and saw in the sand the print of a human foot, could he help the instantaneous conviction that a man had been there? You might have tried to persuade him that it was all chance,—that the sand had been washed up by the waves or blown by the winds, and taken this form, or that some marine insect had traced a figure like a human foot,—you would not have moved him a particle. The imprint was there, and the conclusion was irresistible: he did not believe—he *knew* that some human being, whether friend or foe, civilized or savage, had set his foot upon that desolate shore. So when I discover in the world (as I think I do) mysterious footprints that are certainly not human, it is not a question whether I shall believe or not: I cannot help believing that some Power greater than man has set foot upon the earth.

It is a fashion among atheistic philosophers to make light of the argument from design; but "my mind is so that it is incapable" of resisting the conclusion to which it leads me. And (since personal questions are in order) I beg to ask if it is possible for *you* to take in your hand a watch, and believe that there was no "design" in its construction; that it was not made to keep time, but only "happened" so; that it is the product of some freak of nature, which brought together its parts and set it going? Do you not *know* with as much positiveness as can belong to any conviction of your mind, that it was *not* the work of accident, but of design; and that if there was a design, there was a designer? And if the watch was made to keep time, was not the eye made to see and the ear to hear? Skeptics may fight against this argument as much as they please, and try to evade the inevitable conclusion, and yet it remains forever entwined in the living frame of man, as well as embedded in the solid foundations of the globe. Wherefore I repeat, it is not a question with me whether I *will* believe or not—I cannot help believing; and I am not only surprised, but amazed, that you or any thoughtful man can come to any other conclusion. In wonder and astonishment I ask, "Do you really believe" that in all the wide universe there is no Higher Intelligence than that of the poor human creatures that creep on

this earthly ball? For myself, it is with the profoundest conviction as well as the deepest reverence that I repeat the first sentence of my faith: "I believe in God the Father Almighty."

And not the Almighty only, but the Wise and the Good. Again I ask, How can I help believing what I see every day of my life? Every morning, as the sun rises in the East, sending light and life over the world, I behold a glorious image of the beneficent Creator. The exquisite beauty of the dawn, the dewy freshness of the air, the fleecy clouds floating in the sky—all speak of Him. And when the sun goes down, sending shafts of light through the dense masses that would hide his setting, and casting a glory over the earth and sky, this wondrous illumination is to me but the reflection of Him who "spreadeth out the heavens like a curtain; who maketh the clouds His chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind."

How much more do we find the evidences of goodness in man himself: in the power of thought; of acquiring knowledge; of penetrating the mysteries of nature and climbing among the stars. Can a being endowed with such transcendent gifts doubt the goodness of his Creator?

Yes, I believe with all my heart and soul in One who is not only Infinitely Great, but Infinitely Good; who loves all the creatures He has made; bending over them as the bow in the cloud spans the arch of heaven, stretching from horizon to horizon; looking down upon them with a tenderness compared to which all human love is faint and cold. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him; for He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust."

On the question of immortality you are equally "at sea." You know nothing and believe nothing; or, rather, you know only that you do *not* know, and believe that you do *not* believe. You confess indeed to a faint hope, and admit a bare possibility, that there may be another life, though you are in an uncertainty about it that is altogether bewildering and desperate. But your mind is so poetical that you give a certain attractiveness even to the prospect of annihilation. You strew the sepulchre with such flowers as these:

"I have said a thousand times, and I say again, that the idea of immortality, that like a sea has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was not

born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion. It was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death.

"I have said a thousand times, and I say again, that we do not know, we cannot say, whether death is a wall or a door; the beginning or end of a day; the spreading of pinions to soar, or the folding forever of wings; the rise or the set of a sun, or an endless life that brings rapture and love to every one."

Beautiful words! but inexpressibly sad! It is a silver lining to the cloud, and yet the cloud is there, dark and impenetrable. But perhaps we ought not to expect anything clearer and brighter from one who recognizes no light but that of nature. That light is very dim. If it were all we had, we should be just where Cicero was, and say with him, and with you, that a future life was "to be hoped for rather than believed." But does not that very uncertainty show the need of a something above Nature, which is furnished in Him who "was crucified, dead and buried, and the third day rose again from the dead?" It is the Conqueror of Death who calls to the faint-hearted: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Since He has gone before us, lighting up the dark passage of the grave, we need not fear to follow, resting on the word of our Leader: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

This faith in another life is a precious inheritance, which cannot be torn from the agonized bosom without a wrench that tears every heartstring; and it was to this I referred as the last refuge of a poor, suffering, despairing soul, when I asked: "Does it never occur to you that there is something very cruel in this treatment of the belief of your fellow-creatures, on whose hope of another life hangs all that relieves the darkness of their present existence?" The imputation of cruelty you repel with some warmth, saying (with a slight variation of my language): "*When I deny the existence of perdition,* you reply that there is something very cruel in this treatment of the belief of my fellow-creatures." Of course, this change of words, putting *perdition* in the place of immortal life and hope, was a mere inadvertence. But it was enough to change the whole character of what I wrote. As I described "the treatment of the belief of my fellow-creatures," I did think it "very cruel," and I think so still.

While correcting this slight misquotation, I must remove from your mind a misapprehension, which is so very absurd as to be absolutely comical. In my Letter referring to your disbelief of immortality, I had said: "With an air of modesty and diffidence

that would carry an audience by storm, you confess your ignorance of what perhaps others are better acquainted with, when you say, 'This world is all that *I* know anything about, *so far as I recollect.*'" Of course "what perhaps others are better acquainted with" was a part of what you said, or at least implied by your manner, (for you do not convey your meaning merely by words, but by a tone of voice, by arched eyebrows, or a curled lip); and yet, instead of taking the sentence in its plain and obvious sense, you affect to understand it as an assumption on my part to have some private and mysterious knowledge of another world (!), and gravely ask me, "Did you by this intend to say that you know anything of any other state of existence; that you have inhabited some other planet; that you lived before you were born; and that you recollect something of that other world or of that other state?" No, my dear Colonel! I have been a good deal of a traveler, and have seen all parts of this world, but I have never visited any other. In reading your sober question, if I did not know you to be one of the brightest wits of the day, I should be tempted to quote what Sidney Smith says of a Scotchman, that "you cannot get a joke into his head except by a surgical operation!"

But to return to what is serious: you make light of our faith and our hopes, because you know not the infinite solace they bring to the troubled human heart. You sneer at the idea that religion can be "a consolation." Indeed! Is it not a consolation to have an Almighty Friend? Was it a light matter for the poor slave mother, who sat alone in her cabin, having been robbed of her children, to sing in her wild, wailing accents:

> "Nobody knows the sorrows I've seen:
> Nobody knows but Jesus"?

Would you rob her of that Unseen Friend—the only Friend she had on earth or in heaven?

But I will do you the justice to say that your want of religious faith comes in part from your very sensibility and tenderness of heart. You cannot recognize an overruling Providence, because your mind is so harassed by scenes that you witness. Why, you ask, do men suffer so? You draw frightful pictures of the misery which exists in the world, as a proof of the incapacity of its Ruler and Governor, and do not hesitate to say that "any

honest man of average intelligence could do vastly better." If you could have your way, you would make everybody happy ; there should be no more poverty, and no more sickness or pain.

This is a pleasant picture to look at, and yet you must excuse me for saying that it is rather a child's picture than that of a stalwart man. The world is not a playground in which men are to be petted and indulged like children : spoiled children they would soon become. It is an arena of conflict, in which we are to develop the manhood that is in us. We all have to take the "rough-and-tumble" of life, and are the better for it—physically, intellectually, and morally. If there be any true manliness within us, we come out of the struggle stronger and better ; with larger minds and kinder hearts ; a broader wisdom and a gentler charity.

Perhaps we should not differ on this point if we could agree as to the true end of life. But here I fear the difference is irreconcilable. You think that end is happiness : I think it is CHARACTER. I do not believe that the highest end of life upon earth is to "have a good time ;" to get from it the utmost amount of enjoyment ; but to be truly and greatly GOOD ; and that to that end no discipline can be too severe which leads us "to suffer and be strong." That discipline answers its end when it raises the spirit to the highest pitch of courage and endurance. The splendor of virtue never appears so bright as when set against a dark background. It was in prisons and dungeons that the martyrs showed the greatest degree of moral heroism, the power of

"Man's unconquerable mind."

But I know well that these illustrations do not cover the whole case. There is another picture to be added to those of heroic struggle and martyrdom—that of silent suffering, which makes of life one long agony, and which often comes upon the good, so that it seems as if the best suffered the most. And yet when you sit by a sick bed, and look into a face whiter than the pillow on which it rests, do you not sometimes mark how that very suffering refines the nature that bears it so meekly ? This is the Christian theory : that suffering patiently borne is a means of the greatest elevation of character, and in the end of the highest enjoyment. Looking at it in this light, we can understand how it should be that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared [or even to be named] with the glory which shall be re-

vealed." When the heavenly morning breaks, brighter than any dawn that "blushes o'er the world," there will be "a restitution of all things": the poor will be made rich, and the most suffering the most serenely happy; as in the vision of the Apocalypse, when it is asked "What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" the answer is, "These are they which came out of great tribulation."

In this conclusion, which is not adopted lightly, but after innumerable struggles with doubt, after the experience and the reflection of years, I feel "a great peace." It is the glow of sunset that gilds the approach of evening. For (we must confess it) it is towards that you and I are advancing. The sun has passed the meridian, and hastens to his going down. Whatever of good this life has for us (and I am far from being one of those who look upon it as a vale of tears) will soon be behind us. I see the shadows creeping on; yet I welcome the twilight that will soon darken into night, for I know that it will be a night all glorious with stars. As I look upward, the feeling of awe is blended with a strange, overpowering sense of the Infinite Goodness, which surrounds me like an atmosphere:

"And so beside the Silent Sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

"I know not where His Islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Would that you could share with me this confidence and this hope! But you seem to be receding farther from any kind of faith. In one of your closing paragraphs, you give what is to you "the conclusion of the whole matter." After repudiating religion with scorn, you ask "Is there not room for a better, for a higher philosophy?" and thus indicate the true answer to be given, to which no words can do justice but your own:

"After all, is it not possible that we may find that everything has been necessarily produced; that all religions and superstitions, all mistakes and all crimes, were simply necessities? Is it not possible that out of this perception may come not only love and pity for others, but absolute justification for the individual? May we not find that every soul has, like Mazeppa, been lashed to the wild horse of passion, or, like Prometheus, to the rocks of fate?"

If this be the end of all philosophy, it is equally the end of "all things." Not only does it make an end of us and of our hopes of futurity, but of all that makes the present life worth living—of all freedom, and hence of all virtue. There are no more any moral distinctions in the world—no good and no evil, no right and no wrong; nothing but grim necessity. With such a creed, I wonder how you can ever stand at the bar, and argue for the conviction of a criminal. Why should he be convicted and punished for what he could not help? Indeed he is not a criminal, since there is no such thing as crime. He is not to blame. Was he not "lashed to the wild horse of passion," carried away by a power beyond his control? What cruelty to thrust him behind iron bars! Poor fellow! he deserves our pity. Let us hasten to relieve him from a position which must be so painful, and make our humble apology for having presumed to punish him for an act in which he only obeyed an impulse which he could not resist. This will be "absolute justification for the individual." But what will become of society, you do not tell us.

Are you aware that in this last attainment of "a better, a higher philosophy," (which is simply absolute fatalism), you have swung round to the side of John Calvin, and gone far beyond him? That you, who have exhausted all the resources of the English language in denouncing his creed as the most horrible of human beliefs—brainless, soulless, heartless; who have held it up to scorn and derision; now hold to the blackest Calvinism that was ever taught by man? You cannot find words sufficient to express your horror of the doctrine of Divine decrees; and yet here you have decrees with a vengeance—predestination and damnation, both in one. Under such a creed, man is a thousand times worse off than under ours: for he has absolutely no hope. You may say that at any rate he cannot suffer forever. You do not know even that; but at any rate *he suffers as long as he exists*. There is no God above to show him pity, and grant him release; but as long as the ages roll, he is "lashed to the rocks of fate," with the insatiate vulture tearing at his heart!

In reading your glittering phrases, I seem to be losing hold of everything, and to be sinking, sinking, till I touch the lowest depths of an abyss; while from the blackness above me a sound like a death-knell tolls the midnight of the soul. If I believed this I should cry, God help us all! Or no—for there would be

no God, and even this last consolation would be denied us: for why should we offer a prayer which can neither be heard nor answered? As well might we ask mercy from "the rocks of fate" to which we are chained forever!

Recoiling from this Gospel of Despair, I turn to One in whose face there is something at once human and divine—an indescribable majesty, united with more than human tenderness and pity; One who was born among the poor, and had not where to lay His head, and yet went about doing good; poor, yet making many rich; who trod the world in deepest loneliness, and yet whose presence lighted up every dwelling into which He came; who took up little children in His arms, and blessed them; a giver of joy to others, and yet a sufferer himself; who tasted every human sorrow, and yet was always ready to minister to others' grief; weeping with them that wept; coming to Bethany to comfort Mary and Martha concerning their brother; rebuking the proud, but gentle and pitiful to the most abject of human creatures; stopping amid the throng at the cry of a blind beggar by the wayside; willing to be known as "the friend of sinners," if He might recall them into the way of peace; who did not scorn even the fallen woman who sank at His feet, but by His gentle word, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more," lifted her up, and set her in the path of a virtuous womanhood; and who, when dying on the cross, prayed: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." In this Friend of the friendless, Comforter of the comfortless, Forgiver of the penitent, and Guide of the erring, I find a greatness that I had not found in any of the philosophers or teachers of the world. No voice in all the ages thrills me like that which whispers close to my heart, "Come unto me and I will give you rest," to which I answer: THIS IS MY MASTER, AND I WILL FOLLOW HIM.

HENRY M. FIELD.

POSSIBLE PRESIDENTS.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

THE career of President Cleveland is unique in our history. Save for a single day, he had never been in Washington until he went there to assume the duties of his great office. Just past forty-seven years of age, he was the youngest of all our Presidents, except President Grant. No presidential candidate had been so little known to the people, knew so little of the official life of the country, or was acquainted with so few of the great men of his party. He had never met a member of his cabinet except those from his own State. He had never been in New England, nor further south than Washington, nor further west than Ohio. He had been neither a popular orator, an editor, nor a public writer on any question. He had had no part in military affairs or in any popular movement. He had not been a party leader, or the head of a faction, nor had he rendered any party services which in the view of politicians is a claim for office. He had no personal followers. No candidate, ever so dependent upon his own personality, ever so utterly destitute of adventitious aid, ever made President for reasons so original, personal, and peculiar. Never a partisan, he was a sturdy Democrat always. His official experience, when made President, had been far less than that of any one of his predecessors. Until November, 1881, when he was elected Mayor of Buffalo—but thirty-six months before his election as President—Mr. Cleveland had held no other offices than those of Assistant District-Attorney for a few months and Sheriff for three years. Beyond his own section of his State, even his name was unknown. He had served as Mayor less than eleven months when he was nominated for Governor of New York, and as Governor less than twenty months when he was nominated for the Presidency. Nothing in our history so extraor-

dinary, or, upon the theory of the politicians, so inexplicable as this. No national crisis, no military glory, no chance of fortune raised him, as some of his predecessors, to the highest place. Lincoln had been in Congress, and had been nominated for the Vice-Presidency nearly three years before the uprising for freedom and his rare genius raised him to the highest place.

Mr. Cleveland suffered not a little, in his own party, from a feeling that he had not earned his nomination, that it had done injustice to old leaders—Tilden, Thurman, McDonald, Carlisle, Hoadley, Randall—and that he could not be relied on to give its managers the universal patronage which they craved; and, in addition, he was heavily handicapped by the natural feeling that a party which, in the crisis of a war for liberty and the union, had declared that war "a failure"—that a party, a large proportion of whose adherents had lately stood in arms against their country—could not be safely trusted to pay pensions to Union soldiers, and yet refuse to pay Confederate pensions, debts, or losses.

No Presidential candidate, in this generation, made less effort than Governor Cleveland to elect himself, or had so little aid from office-holders or political assessment. His most distinctly avowed principles, on the other hand, damped the zeal of the working politicians of his party; their belief that they could force him to abandon them being their main inducement to exertion.

The Republican party had been twenty years in power, with the vast prestige of continuous victory in a noble cause. Its achievements in a general way had been honorable and brilliant beyond all precedent in the party history of the world. Patriotism itself, gratitude for a Union restored, the pride and joy of the nation by reason of slavery destroyed, were associated with the very name of the party. The thrilling memories of the battle-fields, the grandest triumphs of peace, the prestige of the nation exalted the world over, crowned its heroes and statesmen, and gave immortal glory to its policy.

Its adherents—a large portion of them selected and disciplined for efficient party service—filled more than 100,000 offices and the whole labor service of the nation. No party was ever more highly organized or had managers more thoroughly trained for victory, at least on the partisan's theory, than the Republican party in 1884. It had for its leader and candidate a gentleman of the highest natural aptitude and the most thorough training

for partisan politics, but, strange enough, without identification with any event of war or any great measure of peace, upon which the glory of his party rested. He was the ideal politician and statesman, according to that theory,—the impersonation of strength and the pledge of victory. Long experience as an editor and member of Congress, six years as Speaker of the House, repeated preparations, thorough beyond precedent, for his candidacy, made his acquaintance with party methods and party leaders nearly universal. Twenty skillful personal followers labored devotedly for him for every one who thus served his opponent. According to every theory accepted by politicians,—or which does not sound the deeper forces of politics,—a victory for the Democratic party, under such circumstances and with such a leader, was improbable, if not inconceivable.

Nevertheless, Mr. Cleveland was elected. It is by far the most important election since that of Lincoln. Better than any other, it deserves careful study at this moment, for without understanding it no man can understand the strength of President Cleveland or the greatest force in the next election. He was nominated and elected on a new and single issue—his opinions on all the old subjects being unknown to his party—and that an issue which his opponent despised. It is plain there was a new force, if not the opening of a new era, in politics. The claim lately made by Senator Sherman that the Republican party has always been right, and its administration always honest and pure, is simply an impeachment of the people for overturning it. It is not wise to attempt to conceal the true cause of that defeat, nor possible to do so. Why had the Republican party been growing weaker and the Democrats stronger for several years? Is that fact evidence of national decay or of the decay of the Republican party? An answer to this question is worthy the best effort of that Senator. As the defeated party had all the patronage—and, therefore, the victors none of it—what shall we think of the value of patronage to a party? If the distinguished Senator thinks, as I assume he does, that public virtue and intelligence, as a whole, had suffered no decay under Republican rule, why did the majority of the people support the Democratic candidate?

It is idle to refer to the tariff question, the silver question, or any of the old issues as decisive, for each party was divided upon them, and Mr. Cleveland had never dealt with either or

made his views known concerning them. There was nothing new in connection with the old issues, great and vital as they are. Nothing spasmodic or extraneous decided the contest of 1884. There were three new things—new to many voters—involved in it, and they were the decisive forces : 1. The remarkable personality of Mr. Cleveland. 2. The principle and need of administrative reform, as a great issue in a Presidential election. 3. The acceptance of such a candidate and principle by the Democratic party as a political necessity. It is not important to nicely estimate the relative influence of these elements, but we need to understand them.

This new man in national affairs, whom the statesmen of his party sagaciously supported, whom its partisan leaders accepted in mere despair of electing one of their kind, whom vast numbers of greedy office seekers voted for in the belief that they could force him to universal proscription,—this man, who has risen far more rapidly than any other in our history,—has, in the 32 months since taking the Presidential chair, become not only the greatest moral and political force in his party, but the statesman most respected and trusted by those whose judgments are least biased by party prejudice. When Mr. Theodore Roosevelt declared, in this REVIEW, in October, 1885, that President Cleveland had agreeably disappointed those who "looked upon his advent to power with dread," he recognized the early stages of a change in the opinion of the President's opponents in both parties which has continued ever since.

He has become the real leader of his party, so far as it has any as a whole, not by going down the way of its passions, but by calling it up to the plane of its duty. In a cabinet as able, perhaps, as any in this generation, he is conspicuously foremost. If we except Jackson and Lincoln, no President since Jefferson has been so great a political force. His acts and state papers would be a better platform for his party than any its leaders could frame. He has elevated the leadership of his party and made a new career possible for it. His death would be the severest loss it could suffer, and more than that of any other three men in the country would change all the problems of the next election. The assault of Senator Eustis, which accompanied the article of Mr. Roosevelt, must now appear as contemptible even to himself, as the partisan scheming of Mr. Randall and of Mr.

Taulbee, of Kentucky, have always been to everybody else. When a party has been a long time engaged in a *guerilla* warfare, its captains reluctantly submit to a true general who tries to suppress pillage.

From the personality of the President, let us turn to those new and peculiar principles and sentiments involved in his election.

We must go back a few years to get a clear view. So long as the great issues of the war filled the public mind, it overlooked lesser evils. When half of the adherents of the Democratic party were hostile at the South, few persons at the North would complain of such abuses as political assessments, of prosrciptive removals, or of partisan work by officials, under pretense of keeping the only patriotic party in power. These vicious practices,—of which the Democrats had long before been guilty,—very soon made the Republican managers arrogant, corrupt, and despotic. The moral tone of their party was debased. Demagogues and schemers more and more secured the high places which noble men had held. Administrative abuses increased and became conspicuous, as one after another the war questions were settled. Their exposure made them appear intolerable. Mr. Jenckes opened the war upon them in 1866. Here was a chance and a duty for the Republican party and a Republican Congress to take up a great reform befitting its noblest spirit and its greatest achievements. Had that duty been performed the career of Grover Cleveland would have been impossible in our politics. President Grant in some degree appreciated the situation. In 1870 he had the moral courage to declare the need of entering upon such a reform. He then persuaded the Republican leaders in Congress to aid him in such a work by one meagre sentence of law. In 1871 he appointed a commission and promulgated rules for substituting civil service examinations of merit, irrespective of political opinion, for the old partisan tests for appointments. Some feeble legislation against assessments soon followed. This, in a technical and practical sense, was the beginning of Civil Service Reform.

The party thus entered upon the second stage of its career. Under the lead of its President, it was apparently showing an ability to make "a reform within the party" by responding to the higher sentiments of the people. But would it hold out? The

answer was prompt. When the examinations began to diminish the patronage of party leaders and members of Congress, it became plain that the effort was too much for their public virtue. The rank and file of the party—the soldiers who had followed General Grant and the farmers and mechanics who had fed and paid his army—were too ill informed to make their patriotism effective in his warfare on patronage and spoils. He was deserted by civil officers under him, by Congressmen and by party leaders in acts of cowardice, treachery, and venality hardly less disgraceful and disastrous than an open desertion of his flag by his staff officers would have been on the battlefield of Appomattox. Congress, abandoning the President, slunk from its duty, and repudiated the party pledges of 1872. Twice in 1874, President Grant appealed by message for the appropriation needed in the work of reform, declaring it had been beneficial and could be made more so. On his suggestion to me as a commissioner, I explained to leading members of both houses—some of whom have since voted for a Civil Service Reform law—the reasons for his request. It was all in vain. Every member of the House committee on the subject, which Speaker Blaine had appointed, was as hostile as himself to the reform; and Gen. B. F. Butler was their appropriate leader. He and Mr. Blaine, with Senator Conkling and General Logan, and their followers—who had at all times opposed the President—formed a combination too strong for him to overcome. Shrinking from all record of a vote, both Houses of Congress, under their lead in 1874, condemned and abandoned the President—thus committed before the country and the world—by refusing all appropriations for a reform he had done so much to advance; a censure and defeat which that man of few words declared in a message to be a "mortification."

Thus, at this point where two roads were open, these Republican leaders deliberately took the downward way, with results as disastrous to themselves as to the party. President Grant bringing to this reform but a small part of the persistency and faith he had shown on many a battlefield—but a small part of those virtues exhibited by President Cleveland in support of the same cause, allowed himself to be led by Mr. Conkling into the follies and humiliations of a third term candidacy, which the reform would have made impossible.

It is familiar knowledge how soon the New York Senator was hopelessly deserted and ruined by the minions of his own partisan despotism. Every one knows how rapidly General Butler sunk to the profoundest depths of spoils system demagogism. The Republican party, Mr. Blaine, and General Logan were defeated together in 1884, by an opponent and a party made strong enough for victory, as we shall see, only by adopting that very reform policy which those gentlemen were the chief actors in suppressing just ten years before. The author of the "*History of Our Own Times*" tells us that "the most important lessons a nation can learn from its own history are to be found in the exposure of its own errors." It is not for me to explain why, in the 1,300 pages of Mr. Blaine's "*Twenty Years in Congress*," where many trivial matters find space, and the leading Independents are voluminously censured, not a line is given to this condemnation of President Grant or the overthrow of reform in 1874, by far the most important matters then before Congress, and from which the most important lesson might be learned. Does he still approve those acts, or does he regard them as too disgraceful for record?

Thus rebuffed by the Republican leaders, the friends of reform turned to the people, irrespective of party. A literature of reform soon appeared. Scores of associations, made up of adherents of both parties, were organized.

This movement, first called the "Independent movement," is far more comprehensive than what is technically termed "Civil Service Reform," the latter being but a particular, though far-reaching, expression of its spirit.

It requires parties to be kept within their true sphere, and to be so regulated by law as to prevent fraud. It repudiates excessive party organization and discipline, and demands open appeals to the people on the basis of sound principles and meritorious candidates alone. It rejects patronage and manipulation as the sources of political strength. It forbids public officers being degraded into party minions. It insists that municipal government shall be taken out of party politics. It censured Speaker Colfax as it did Speaker Blaine.

Before 1879 this movement had become a political power in New York. By opposing Mr. Cornell for Governor, its friends,—called "*scratchers*" by the supporters of the machine,—

reduced his vote 20,000 below the votes of his associates on the ticket.

Such was the situation in 1881, when Mr. Cleveland was elected Mayor of the Republican city of Buffalo. He had had, I believe, no real connection with these organizations or with the independent movement. His most important acts, however, were a spontaneous expression of the spirit of both, being quite original in municipal affairs. In his inaugural address he declared—and by his acts he emphasized the truth—"that the affairs of the city should be conducted upon the same principles that a good business man manages his private concerns." He became known as the Veto-Mayor, vetoing more measures than all his predecessors for many years. He periled all his future prospects of office, according to the views of politicians, by telling the common council—the party despots of city politics—that its action in a certain case was "an impudent, shameless scheme to destroy the interests of the people." His pure, able, and economical administration began a new era in Buffalo. To the horror of its little politicians, it gave him the nomination for Governor before he had been ten months in office. What could more forcibly show how imperative was the demand for executive reform, how widely the views of the people differed from those of the politicians, how absurd it is to look upon what took place as something sporadic and temporary.

Mr. Pendleton, at Washington, was preparing to re-introduce the old Jenckes reform bill in the Senate. The reform association at New York City was preparing the much better reform bill which is now a law.

Such was the situation in 1882, when the Republican managers nominated Mr. Folger—ex-Chief Justice of the State, and a pure and able man—for Governor of New York. But he was Secretary of the Treasury, and under him in the State were two thousand or more subordinates who could be made to work servilely for his party. The old leaders of 1874, who had learned little and were still in the ascendant, sneered at the reform element which they could not comprehend.

The Democratic platform on which Mr. Cleveland was standing, after condemning this menace of an army of office holders, added this language: "We repeat our demand of 1881 for a reform and the purification of the Civil Service," and then condemned "the levying of blackmail from dependent office holders

to promote the interests of a party." In his letter of October 7th, accepting the platform, Mayor Cleveland declared that "subordinates should be selected and retained for their efficiency; tenure should depend on ability and merit; levying assessments for partisan purposes cannot be too strongly condemned." Here, under Mr. Cleveland as a candidate, was the first direct Civil Service Reform issue made in a State election.

On the twenty-eighth day of October, he declared his views in a public letter to the Chairman of New York Association, in which he said: "I fully approve the principles embodied in the Pendleton bill" (then pending for the next session of Congress), and expressed the hope that those principles would be extended to municipal affairs. No previous candidate for Governor had thus committed himself. He boldy told the patronage-mongers and office-seekers of his party that he would close the doors of extortion and spoils against them—which to mere politicians seemed like digging his own grave. Nevertheless, the people, breaking all party lines, elected him Governor, on such issues, by the unprecedented majority of more than 190,000 votes. Such was the suppressed discontent and resolve for reform of which the Republican Bourbons were ignorant.

It was the good fortune of Mr. Cleveland not merely to be lifted to an exalted station by the rising tide of a noble sentiment, but to be a part of the creative power which raised it. His reform pledges were made more than three months before a Republican Congress, repenting of its folly in 1874, and comprehending the dangers from that sentiment which it had repelled, passed the Civil Service Reform bill—presented in both houses by Democrats—January 16th, 1883.

In his annual message of January 2d, of that year, covering the points of his reform policy, Governor Cleveland recommended a Civil Service Reform law for New York. It was enacted, and he promptly appointed a commission and promulgated rules, which extend to the municipal as well as the State service, covering in all more than fifteen thousand places. This new State system has since been enforced with great benefit to the public. Republican Massachusetts, the next year, adopted the same system, extending it to nearly 6,000 places.

Governor Cleveland, in a later message, congratulated the people of New York "upon the progress made in practical and

thorough Civil Service Reform," "in the prohibition of political assessments," "and in the protection of citizens at primary elections."

Some other acts of the Reform Governor should have prepared his party for his career as President. One of the first of his many vetoes suppressed a cunning partisan scheme in aid of the Democratic politicians of Buffalo. His veto of the bill for reducing fares on the elevated railroads of New York City was as dangerous in the eyes of partisans, and as bold and righteous in the view of just-minded men, as his veto of the indigent pension bill. The vetoes of bills relating to hours of labor and the selection of a Superintendent of Public Works illustrated the same bold performance of duty despite the threats of party managers.

Such had been the career, such were the character and the principles of the man whom the Democrats nominated for President in July, 1884. It is plain that he was both a Civil Service Reformer and an Independent in the true sense, and yet a decided Democrat with a sturdy faith in his party. What, in politics, more incredible than that any intelligent, honest Democrat should have believed that such a Governor could be degraded into a partisan President, or what more unfair and disgraceful than for party leaders, after having gained power by the strength of such a character and such principles, to combine to force a repudiation of both for patronage and spoils under the pretended purpose of strengthening a party!

The Republican party had in its ranks at the last election much the larger share of the conviction and sentiment which demanded reform; and even to this time, I think, it has the larger portion. The one thing, then, most essential to victory was a due regard for these elements in selecting its candidate. That portion of its voters demanded nothing for themselves. They could not be coerced. They were resolved to support no party unfaithful to great principles of policy or morality, upon which the public safety depended. With a folly and perversity greater even than the original desertion of President Grant, the Republican leaders nominated a candidate who—omitting all other objections—had been, as we have seen, one of the foremost in defeating the very reform policy which the Republicans had been forced to resume, and which had just given New York to their more sagacious opponents, who chose for their candidate in the approaching

election the reformer who had led them to victory in the last. With the admonition to Cornell, the ruin of Conkling, the profound burial of Folger, the elevation of the Democrats to power before their eyes—and all alike due to attempts of the machine to ride down the independent sentiment of the Empire State—the blindness and folly of the Republican nomination of 1884 seems almost incredible. The Republicans did the most suicidal thing possible by giving the lead to their most partisan, intolerant, and scheming elements, at the decisive moment when the Democrats did their best to subordinate these elements to their most patriotic and independent statesman.

The Republican managers seem the doomed victims of the adroit Democratic leaders, who had been playing for the very votes the Republican candidate was certain to repel.

As between such candidates, every fair minded man must see that the Independents and Reformers could have but one choice. However anxious the Republicans among them were to believe that the views of the candidate of their party had changed, they were deprived of that hope by the facts that, not long before his nomination, there had appeared a long series of articles in the great New York daily most friendly to Mr. Blaine and most unfriendly to reform, over the familiar pseudonym of a devoted member of his own family, in which a reform policy was denounced as utterly needless and silly, and its chief supporters, and the Independents generally, were unsparingly ridiculed—views which naturally interpreted many acts of that gentleman himself.

The Republicans must make it clear by their platform and candidate whether they propose a policy of proscription or a resumption of the reform policy of Presidents Grant and Arthur. Nothing certainly could make the former purpose more probable than the renomination of the man who rejected the hand of reconciliation proffered by the most independent member of the Senate, in the house and over the dead body of the last Republican President. It is not difficult to imagine the fate of the humble servants of the nation with such a man as President when the most distinguished Senator, with a devoted State behind him, is thus treated.

President Cleveland is certain to be renominated. To substitute another, no matter on what pretense or with what platform, would be held by every voter, intelligent enough to be an

independent or a reformer, to mean a repudiation of his policy and a triumph of the patronage-mongers and office-seekers whom he has baffled and offended.

Feeble indeed would the Democratic party be, hopeless its prospects, if they depended on what has been done in Congress, or by the old party leaders. It is the indescribable contrast between President Buchanan and President Cleveland, which has made so many people, fortunately for it, forget even the nominal identity of the party behind them. A new Buchanan would ruin the Democratic party. There are hundreds of thousands of voters feebly attached to any party, but deeply interested in good government, and having the courage of their convictions, who have taken notice that the vigor and moral tone of this administration will bear comparison with any in their time. They have seen with satisfaction the honor and dignity of the Nation firmly upheld in every quarter of the globe, and would dread a change, especially to a policy of diplomatic meddlesomeness. The moneyed interests of the country have lost their anxiety and gained confidence in the evidence that the finances of the Government have never in their day been more wisely or honestly administered. They not only see a navy being built, but apparently without frauds. If neither our customs duties nor our currency systems have been materially improved, they do not see how it would have been better had the last election been decided differently.

The not unnatural distrust, lest Confederate debts should be paid and rebel soldiers pensioned, has given place to gratitude towards a President who has had the courage to veto more than a hundred indefensible bills for squandering the public money under the pretense of pensions for Union soldiers, which the demagogues and schemers of both parties alike united in passing. No bill especially beneficial to the South has been favored by the dominant party or administration, but such a bill presented by a Republican Senator was defeated by the aid of Democratic arguments and votes. In other words, the Southern question is dead, sectional issues are no more available, the *outs* cannot get in on the feebleness or the faults of those in power. The record of the Republican party stands in immortal glory, but is as useless as Pegasus for the war chariots of the next election.

With my strong conviction that the Republican party yet con-

tains the highest qualifications for good government, its success in the next election seems hopeless, save on the basis of the most absolute commitment to those great principles with which it has so disastrously trifled, illustrated in the most unequivocal manner in the career and character of its candidates. The mistakes and follies of 1874 and 1884 can be retrieved against such a leader as Mr. Cleveland, only by a supreme effort of wisdom and patriotism. Senator Hawley, who was Chairman of the Senate Committee in charge of the the Reform bill; Senator Allison, who has done more than anyone else to secure the appropriations needed for carrying it into effect, and ex-Secretaries Lincoln and Gresham, who were faithful in its execution, could be trusted by its friends. Senator Sherman has of late declared himself for a reform policy. The last Republican candidate would be more bitterly opposed by every friend of reform than he was in the last election. He was then silent on the reform issue until he returned from the West to New York to find the State threatening to deal him a fatal blow. The same member of his family who had once before, as we have seen, interpreted his silence, repeated that service in Lippincott's Magazine for January of last year, by declaring all reform needless and all reformers dupes, if not hypocrites; to which that candidate himself, a few months ago, in a speech in Pennsylvania, apparently set the seal of approval by misrepresenting the methods and effects of a reform policy so grossly and needlessly that only an antagonism, intense enough to preclude ordinary knowledge of the subject, affords an adequate explanation. In no instance has he encouraged the work of reform, by word or deed, and under President Garfield he appears to have seriously obstructed it.

There is no occasion to compare the intrinsic importance of the questions of reform with those relating to the tariff and the currency. It is certain, however, that, after the latter questions have been settled,—that as long as the greed for office and the selfishness of human nature shall endure,—the irrepressible conflict between all those who hold office to be a trust and all those who grasp for it as spoils,—between hostile parties contending for the Government,—between all that is pure and patriotic, and all that is selfish and corrupt in public administration, will not only continue, but tend to become more dangerous with every increase of wealth and population.

The tariff and currency questions must, in the main, be settled by Congress. The President can do but little, as public opinion is now divided.

But, on the reform issue, the President is the source of power, action, and responsibility alike. His courage and his opinions are of supreme importance. It has been what President Cleveland has done and said on this subject, far more than on both the others which has perplexed his party, given character to his administration, fixed his name in history, and made him a great political force. It is the vital relation of the next President to this subject; his stupendous power of appointment, promotion, and removal; his ability to prevent official interference with elections; his vast veto power; his capacity to invigorate or arrest the work of reform; his right and duty to extend the examinations to many more post-offices and customs officers,—to the District of Columbia, to the railway and the consular service and promotion generally; it is this mighty pervading discretionary power, far more than anything that he can do in connection with other great questions, which in the eyes of both patriots and partisans make the character and opinions of the next President of such transcendent interest. It is not without deep significance that the whole partisan press and the politician class who most decry the reform issue, nevertheless find the motives of their activity and the rewards of their exertions almost wholly within its sphere.

The President must be judged, not by an ideal standard, but by the facts of his situation—the possibilities open to him. He could advance neither the cause of reform nor good government in any way by open hostilities with his party. Though a wrongful act may never be done to gain a working majority, yet an executive officer must always keep the measure of his attempts at improvement within that of his supporting force.

He cannot be held absolutely to the standard of purposes like those expressed a month or more after his election, in a letter to Mr. Curtis, as if they were pledges; and they should perhaps be regarded as excessive declarations of his enthusiasm and inexperience. Nevertheless, to me it seems clear that he should have promptly cast out the scandalous Higgins; that the nomination of the disreputable Thomas and Rasin are not excused by their confirmation by a Republican Senate; that Senator Gorman, the most

insidious of all patronage-mongering Senators, should have been politically kicked down the back-stairs, where he is always climbing and scheming, though it had disrupted a cabinet; and that such short-comings and the indefensible removal of Combs, have made the President in some degree responsible for the condition of the politics of Maryland—the most degraded in the Union.

The cunning and powerful influence of the late Vice-President no more excused the almost universal removals which have dishonored the administration in Indiana than the gain of Republican votes there proves them to have been profitable.

The great pledge of the President in the matter of reform was to enforce the Civil Service act—a bold pledge; indeed, ten times more difficult for him than for his predecessors, as it would tend to retain mostly Republicans in office. Senator Edmunds stated the general view of the leaders and politicians of both parties when he declared that no cabinet could be found to support him, and that he would slide into the spoils system faster and faster, like a boy from a steep roof. Nevertheless, that pledge has been kept. No cabinet of any one of the five Presidents, while I was a commissioner, was more loyal to reform than that of President Cleveland. The President has allowed no one of the 14,000 and more places brought under the examinations by President Arthur's rules to revert to patronage, and has made material additions to them, notably, a class of more highly compensated officers in the Pension Office, that scandalous old hot-bed of partisan favoritism. He has also extended the examination to certain promotions. The first change President Cleveland made in the rules was to avoid the need of turning from the public service several supernumerary Republican clerks in his own office, whom he was thus enabled to transfer to other places; and the five left, with a single new one, have done the work of the ten formerly employed. In the 5,000 and more places in the departments at Washington, to which the examinations extend, there have been only fourteen removals in the past year, against eleven in a year under President Arthur, and 381 appointments, against 438 in 1884—very small indeed, therefore, must have been the effects of political opinions and interests. The failure of the last administration to approve that part of the rules as prepared by the Commission which required examinations for filling positions of Chief Clerk and Chiefs of Bureaus and Divisions, left about 200 such offices

at Washington at the mercy of the appointing power. To its credit, it can be said, that a hard contest with the spoilsman has saved many from the axe. In the Treasury Department, for example, there are 101 such officers, of whom 28 hold their old places and 26 have been transferred to others ; more than half, consequently, being still in the service.

In considering so much beyond the scope of the examinations which is unsatisfactory, we must not forget the ceaseless, exhausting, aggravating, almost irresistible pressure and solicitation—beyond all precedent in his office, and which a whole article could not describe—to which the President has been subjected for proscription and spoils. Day after day, month after month, from early morning until late into the night, he has maintained the contest, one standing for the common interests against tens of thousands seeking their own advantage—the President against an army of partisan chiefs and spoilsmen of his own party. Hundreds of journals and tens of thousands of office-seekers have united in arraigning him as ungrateful and unjust to that party, as reprehensibly indulgent to Republican officeholders, as foolishly and disastrously devoted to reform. Nothing but a lofty sense of duty and power to resist and to work, given to few men, could have withstood all this and performed his other functions—all the more difficult by reason of his inexperience and the wish of many to embarrass him, because he would not pander to their greed. As we regret that he has allowed so much that is bad, we should take notice that his party has been almost rent asunder by his efforts in the spirit of his pledges. He has done more than any other President for reform in administration and manhood in politics.

DORMAN B. EATON.

DISSENT IN ENGLAND.

ACCEPTING an invitation to say something upon this subject, I am assured I may speak freely, without any fear of being misunderstood by my American readers. This assurance is based upon the fact that in the United States there is no Established Church. Unfortunately the basis of the assurance is too narrow for all its issues. Not only are there in England "political dissenters," there are also "religious nonconformists." The latter are not necessarily the former, nor are the former necessarily the latter, though it is only fair to state that there are many who might be called politico-religious dissenters. In order to make this distribution of classes clear to American readers, it should be stated that the religious non-conformists in particular do not necessarily make a vital question of Church establishment. They object to the doctrines, creed, ceremonies, and sacerdotal professions of the Episcopal Church. Were that church disestablished to-morrow, religious non-conformity would still entertain its objections to Anglicanism as defined and insisted upon in the Book of Common Prayer. Religious non-conformists look upon that book as a compromise between popery and Protestantism; they have carefully considered all the comments which have been made upon doubtful words, and they have given due value to the pleadings of men who, being nominally stanch Protestants, have yet given their "unfeigned assent and consent" to the doctrines in the Book of Common Prayer; yet, having done so they feel that the plain and natural interpretation of the words of the latter lead to the conclusion that the Prayer Book is distinctly more papal than Protestant. There are many religious non-conformists in England who look upon the hierarchy as entirely inconsistent with the simplicity of the conception of the Christian Church which is given in the New Testament. They are unable to accept all the pompous and regal titles which are claimed by the clergy of vari-

ous degrees; they are overwhelmed by such distinctions as, "Most Reverend," "Right Reverend Father," "Very Reverend," "Right Reverend Lord Bishop" of London or Winchester; feeling that such designations are inconsistent, as I have said, with the simplicity of apostolic spirit and custom. Then again, religious non-conformists are strongly antagonistic to the sacerdotal claims which are not illogically set up by many of the English clergy. Not a few clergymen in England insist that they alone have received valid and authoritative ordination, and under this impression they reject the claims of the entire non-conformist ministry to be regarded as in any sense divinely sanctioned. The clergy now more particularly in view are not unwilling to be friendly with dissenting ministers in a non-professional capacity; on the contrary, the personal and social manners of such clergymen are often distinguished by the highest consideration and courtesy; but let a dissenting minister suggest that even one of the least sacerdotal clergymen should occupy a non-conformist pulpit, and conduct a non-conformist service of the simplest and least pretending kind, and the clergyman will fly off as if he had been stung by fire. The clergyman has what he calls a "professional conscience" or an "ecclesiastical conscience;" in the keeping of this self-created conscience in his relation toward dissenters he is most fastidious, whilst many dissenters wonder how he can accommodate that same discriminating conscience to not a few of the things plainly insisted upon in the Book of Common Prayer. Religious non-conformists, not a few, are unable to accept the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England as they should be grammatically construed. Others of them think they find in the Book of Common Prayer the doctrine of regeneration by baptism. Others, again, are quite unable to accept the Burial Service, because it seems to make no discrimination between those who died in known sin and those who died as professed believers in the Lord Jesus Christ; the Prayer Book looks upon them all as men whose resurrection to Eternal Life is assured and undisputed. Whether religious non-conformists are right in all their interpretations and inferences is not the immediate question before me; it is enough to state as a matter of fact that such interpretations and inferences do keep out of the Church of England many who have not finally made up their minds upon the political question of Church Establishment.

On the other hand there are great numbers in England who are, in the clearest sense of the term, "political dissenters." The term has often been used as a stigma, and it has been accepted as such by those to whom it has been applied. The stigma, however, has not been regarded as an argument, nor has it, in the slightest degree, mitigated the hostility which is entertained by those who believe that the State ought not to be called upon to maintain any form of religion. Amongst the political dissenters are found not a few really earnest Christian men whose political opposition is stimulated by their simple and ardent piety. Speaking of the religio-political dissenter, I may say that he starts his argument from a distinct conception (right or wrong) which he has formed of the nature and scope of the Christian Church. He says in effect: The Church of Christ is a spiritual institution: the object of that Church is the conversion and salvation of man. Its consequent purpose or duty is the spiritual education and edification of souls: it proceeds upon a recognition of the supremacy and sovereignty of the individual conscience: under these circumstances it is not only absurd, but profane for the State—necessarily a complex body—representing all varieties of religious opinion and certainly representing many who are unbelievers in Christian doctrine—to attempt, in any form, or in any degree, to rule a distinctively spiritual institution. Religious dissenters have been shocked by the idea that Papists, Jews, Infidels, and Agnostics, should have any official part or lot in deciding affairs which belong to the Protestant branch of the Church of Christ. They are fully aware of all the interpretations and glosses which have been put upon this action, yet, in this case, as in the other, after giving full consideration to them, they cannot but feel that the Christian Church is tainted by the touch—however guarded and even generous—of an unchristian hand. The time was when payment was demanded from dissenters, as from others, in support of the Established Church of England. That time has gone by, but no credit is due to the Church itself for its expiration. For many years a desperate battle was fought about this question of church rates, and the battle ended in what may be regarded, without offense, as a victory on the non-conformist side. I allude to this fact, because it is often said that surely the Church, which has given up its claim to this species of taxation, has a right to believe and to teach and to propagate whatever it may believe to be true. In

this contention there is an obvious sophism; any voluntary body of Christians may logically elect to stand upon this ground and its claim cannot be justly or successfully disputed. But an Established church is not a voluntary body; it distinctly and perhaps proudly claims to be a national corporation; it uses the national name; its designation is nationally inclusive; every man, therefore, in the nation has a right to protest against what he may believe to be a misuse of his name. In theory the Church of England claims every Englishman as a member. As a matter of fact, probably one-half of the English population should be reckoned as wholly outside the establishment;—some because of distinct conscientious conviction; some because of simple religious hostility, and others on the ground of religious indifference; yet, still as a matter of mere statistics, there remains the fact that fully one-half of the inhabitants of England are not included in what is called the National Church. Is not this, then, plainly a contradiction in terms? Ought a church to claim to be the whole, when it is obviously only a part? Would the Church be content with non-conformists who describe England as a non-conformist nation? Yet, in view of facts of the most obvious and suggestive kind the Church goes on calmly claiming to be the Church of the Nation, the Church of the whole people, and in so arrogantly ignoring facts it can hardly be wondered at that non-conformists should answer the arrogant claim with resentment not always, perhaps, well controlled or happily expressed.

The social influence of the Established Church in England is often very insidious and very baleful. Dissenters, though ostensibly recognized, often have to explain and almost to apologize for their existence. The ignorance of the common run of Church people respecting non-conformists and non-conformity is simply astounding. That there are Church of England dignitaries and others who are perfectly conversant with the whole history of non-conformity is, of course, indisputable; but, speaking of the average Churchman, I should say that his knowledge of English dissent is of the barest possible kind. A very zealous member of the Established Church once took up a Congregational Hymn-book in my study, and having perused it a few minutes exclaimed with unfeigned astonishment: "Why, I see here several of our hymns!" The hymns in question were the compositions of James Montgom-

ery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts, and Phillip Doddridge, yet the hymns of these historical non-conformists were quietly assumed to be "Our hymns" in the sense of the Established Church! This incident, trivial enough in itself, is quoted as indicative of an amount of ignorance which would be simply incredible to an enlightened American reader. Even where dissenters are tolerated they are seldom really understood by English Churchmen. It is next to impossible to get out of the mind of the English Churchman the impression that the dissenter is secretly bent upon robbing the Established Church. The Churchman feels convinced that if the dissenter could only possess himself of the endowments of the Church he would be quite satisfied. The Churchman may be argued down upon every point and may be put to the very humiliation of silence by logic and by fact, yet, there will linger in his mind the more or less unconscious persuasion that every dissenter is a heretic and a felon. I have hardly ever known an instance in which the average English Churchman has grasped the moral position of the English dissenter. A vicar of good standing in London lately published a pamphlet on the question of disestablishment, in the course of which he pensively inquires, "If the Church were destroyed, who would baptize your children, who would marry you, who would officiate at the interment of your deceased?" The absurdity of these inquiries would be simply farcical if they did not indicate something deeper and deadlier than themselves.

No dissenter wishes to destroy the Church. No non-conformist is seeking to limit the spiritual influence of the Anglican Church, or any of its institutions. It would appear as if the men in question were under the impression that if they were disendowed they would, of necessity, be silenced. They give the impression to those who are outside that they only preach the Gospel and administer the sacraments because they enjoy the protection and the emoluments of the State. If a Church were disestablished, what is to hinder those men preaching as zealously as ever? And if the Church were disendowed what is there to prevent those men marrying and burying people, as occasion might arise? Here again creeps in the influence of the sacerdotal argument, which leads the untrained mind to accept the sophism that nothing is religiously valid that is not sanctioned by a certain official process. Suggestions of this kind cannot but have a very

unhappy effect upon the general thinking of the Anglican community. The impression cannot always be put into words, but it affects the thought and habit and action of the religious public to an unlimited and often undefinable extent. Dissenters are everywhere regarded as the enemies of the Church, than which there can be no greater misjudgment and no greater calumny. Dissenters are among the first to recognize, in the most cordial and emphatic manner, the noble service rendered by the clergy and laity of the Church of England. Their liberality, their zeal, their sympathy with the people, their fearlessness in visiting the abodes of poverty and the abodes of disease, are all recognized with deep emotion and unfeigned gratitude by the dissenters of England. Those dissenters are filled with the conviction that if the Church of England were disestablished and disendowed, and thus put upon an apostolic basis, not one of these characteristic features need be in the slightest degree depleted of energy and beneficence. If any American readers are under the impression that English dissenters have in view the destruction of the English Church, I should be thankful if my word could be accepted that the dissenters of England only wish to liberate the Church from State bonds and not in any degree to interfere with its spiritual enthusiasm and activity.

I have spoken of the social influence of the establishment being insidious and baleful. In illustration of this opinion I may say that I had not been many days in this country until I cut out of an American paper the following announcement:

"Here is an advertisement from an English paper:

"'To Let.—St. Katharine's, Verulam Road. One of the prettiest residences in Hitchen. Nine rooms, cellars, large garden. £50. Dissenters not eligible.'"

Let any unprejudiced man read this advertisement and say whether there is not in it a spirit calculated to sow dissension in the national mind. Three thousand miles away from the action of such a spirit, American readers may be able to contemplate the scene with equanimity, and, perhaps, with some measure of amusement. But let Americans be given to understand that the great steamships sailing from the port of New York are open to all the community, except those who belong to a certain religious persuasion—say Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Presbyterians—let the Episcopalians of this country feel that anybody may

avail themselves of those ships but Episcopalians, then they will be able to express proper feeling in proper terms. Nor may this advertisement be regarded as in any degree exceptional or singular. The spirit of this advertisement penetrates English society through and through. I have known farms engaged, and the leases drawn up, and all the documents ready for signature, when a question has been asked regarding the religious position of the incoming tenant, and on its being discovered that he was a dissenter all the negotiations have been pronounced null and void. There are many villages and hamlets in England where a Wesleyan Methodist may not hold a prayer meeting, even in his own house, and this is made absolute, not by some general verbal agreement, but by definite legal covenant. Can it be wondered at, then, that it should be felt by dissenters that the social influence of the establishment is often insidious and baleful? People who suffer from the puncture of these thorns are more likely to know how sharp they are than those who look upon the suffering from a comfortable distance. There are mercantile situations in England which are not open to dissenters. There are high educational positions, as head masters and governors, that are not open to non-conformists. In this way the spirit of religious persecution is still rampant. Lord Selborne, in his recent defense of the Church of England, has pointed out the direction in which his own thoughts are running. Whilst a tolerant and eminently amiable man, yet his lordship has put it on record that, in his opinion, Mr. Gladstone is endangering the continued existence of the Church of England by inviting into his Cabinet men who have made Disestablishment an item in the new Liberal programme. Is not this religious persecution? Is not this the very spirit of the Inquisition? Is it not herein suggested that Mr. Gladstone should first ask every man eligible for a cabinet position whether he is a Churchman or a dissenter?

The advertisement in the above instance pronounces a dissenter ineligible for the tenancy of a beautiful villa; other advertisements pronounce dissenters ineligible for certain educational official positions; Lord Selborne, an ex-Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, pronounces dissenters who have the courage of their convictions ineligible for cabinet service! If this is not religious persecution the term needs to be redefined. In the face of facts of this kind it is somewhat galling to be exhorted to "let

bygones be bygones." The dissenter is perfectly willing to adopt this maxim and to follow this policy, but he rightly insists that the bygones should be gone in reality and not in pretense. The tree is not gone so long as the root remains.

Not a single concession has ever been made to English dissenters in a spontaneous and cordial manner on the part of the English Church. Church rates have been abolished, University Tests have been superseded, churchyards have been opened for the general use of the parish, and many penalties and disabilities have been swept away, but, in every instance, the action has been begun, continued, and completed by dissenters themselves. Thus the Church is being gradually disestablished in England ; piece by piece the old fabric is being taken down. I cannot but regret this piecemeal disestablishment. So long as persecution was allowed to retain concrete forms and to operate in a way which could be felt without metaphysical exposition, there was hope that the people would rise in religious indignation and demand the eradication and not the mere disbranching of the evil. English dissenters, however, have acted on the policy of a gradual and almost imperceptible disestablishment, so that now the Church is brought to about the last degree of attenuation, so much so, indeed, that Churchmen are asking on every hand, "What have dissenters to complain of? what grievances have they to state? under what penalties do they suffer?" All these questions show that the interrogators have no idea of the fundamental and eternal principle upon which non-conformity takes its stand, namely, the principle of liberty of conscience and freedom of action in all matters relating to religious life and conviction. Dissenters are opposed to the idea that the State should have anything whatever to do with religion, in the way of directing, controlling, or patronizing it. It is, therefore, not a question of intolerance, persecution, or penalty, however feeble or small these may be; the question is infinitely greater, penetrating, as it does, to the very heart of things and insisting that a right conception of the Kingdom of Christ upon earth is inconsistent with political Cæsarism and worldly criticism and patronage.

It may be asked whether the opposition to the Church of England is organized, or whether it is left to the expression of

general sentiment. In reply to this inquiry I have to say that there is an institution known by the name of "Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control" which is supported by a large number of the most able and most generous British non-conformists. This Society has been in existence about forty years, and has been characterized in all its action by the highest intelligence, determination, and munificence. I am afraid, without having official records at hand, to say how much money has been contributed to the funds of this Society, but I am certain that, taking the whole period of its existence, the sum has been worthy of the great cause which the contributors have espoused. Perhaps I may speak the more freely of this Society, because I am neither a member of it nor a subscriber to its funds. The name of the Society indicates clearly that the interest of its members begins in religion, rather than in politics. When we read of a society for the emancipation of slaves we justly infer that originators and supporters of the society have studied the question of slavery, and are deeply interested in the subject of human liberty; so, when we read of the liberation of religion, we naturally conclude that those who are interested in that service are those deeply convinced of the nature and obligation of religious doctrine and life. Such a society, therefore, I could heartily join, were its action faithful to its name. I do not join the existing society because it has not shrunk from inviting to its platform men whom I know to be merely political in their sympathies and purposes, and whom I also know to be hostile to every form of religion, whether established or non-established. I am prepared to accept the charge of being in some degree narrow-minded in this matter, but my narrow-mindedness absolutely prevents me from co-operating with men in the liberation of religion, whose often avowed object I know to be the destruction of religion. Certainly, as citizens, such men are at liberty to carry out their convictions, but they ought to be members of a society for the Liberation of the State from the control and patronage of religion. Under some such designation as this their society would be legitimate, and their relation to it would be logical, natural, and necessary. I simply point out this distinction to indicate why some Englishmen, who are zealous non-conformists, and even political dissenters, are not connected with the Liberation Society. The words "Liberation Society" are not the whole

title of the Society ; if they were, they would be perfectly sufficient to cover the whole ground ; but, from my point of view, the position which is given to "religion" in the title of the Society should prevent co-operation within the limits of that Society and under its noble watchword with men who openly live by denouncing religious doctrine and service of every kind.

Having thus delivered my mind on this matter, I am free to say that the Liberation Society is from end to end of its history inspired by an honest and lofty purpose. Its officers, its lecturers, its agents are in the overwhelming majority of instances men whom the Christian churches of England delight to honor. The Liberation Society is now acknowledged to be a political factor in contemporaneous English history. Statesmen quietly, and sometimes openly, inquire what the Liberation Society will do in such and such cases. Even conservative statesmen cannot ignore the growing power of English non-conformity in the cities, villages, and hamlets of the country. Much of this is due to the action of the Liberation Society, whose lecturers have gone everywhere expounding sound Christian doctrine with regard to Church Establishments, and circulating in great abundance literature adapted to popular use.

So much for what may be called organized opposition to the Established Church. But, beyond this, there is an opposition of what I cannot but consider a more vital and more influential character. Every non-conformist chapel is, in reality, a non-conformist argument. In nearly every village in England non-conformity makes its institutional sign. Here is the Primitive Methodist Chapel, yonder is the Congregational Chapel, further on is the Wesleyan or Presbyterian Chapel, and the very appearance of these buildings excites inquiry and stimulates discussion. For my part, I am more hopeful of influences of this kind than of influences that are critical, controversial, and openly hostile. Growth is sometimes better than attack. Sometimes men do not know exactly what course their action is taking, or to what issue it is tending, so that many who imagine themselves to be simply living a quiet Christian life, without taking any part or lot in ecclesiastical politics, are all the time doing a constructive work, the proper issue of which is the overthrow of Church Establishments, and the inauguration of a healthy religious spontaneity and independence. Many men, who would hardly allow themselves to

be called dissenters, are thus, indirectly, upholding the cause of dissent. So that, in this way and in that, some openly, some controversially, some silently, some influentially, the great work of propagating right ideas regarding the Christian Church is proceeding rapidly and surely in England.

All this I have written in no merely controversial spirit, but simply with a desire to give a frank expression to my own convictions and, I believe, to the convictions of many of the English people. If I change the point of view and look upon the Church of England with Christian eyes, I should claim to be among the foremost to recognize, as I have already said, the great work which the Church of England is doing. I can never forget the obligations of Christian England to the English Church. He would be, not only an unjust man, but utterly blind, who denies that the erudition, the zeal, the personal liberality, of the English Church are worthy of the devoutest commendation. I may be permitted to add as an English Congregational minister that probably no minister in England preaches to more English clergymen than I myself do, in connection with the noonday service held every Thursday in the City Temple, London. The personality of the reference will be forgiven for the sake of the object which I have in view, which is to indicate that on every hand I have received the broadest and kindest encouragement from clergymen of the Established Church. In speech, in writing, in published articles, they have done everything in their power to encourage me in my service. Yet, this very kindness brings into strongest contrast the point to which I have already referred, namely, that not one of these clergymen would be allowed by his bishop to preach in my pulpit. Clergymen have accepted invitations to preach there. Our arrangements have actually proceeded to the point of public advertisement. They have even gone to the very morning of the day on which the service was to be rendered, and at the eleventh hour the bishop has interposed and forbidden the fulfillment of the engagement. On two occasions, the Bishop of London has done this in my own case. Now, this is no question of Establishment or Disestablishment. This is purely an Episcopal and sacerdotal question, and the Episcopal injunction would just be as prompt and resolute as it is to-day, were Disestablishment to take place instantly.

Circumstances of this kind justify me in saying that the Estab-

lished Church question may be viewed from either of two points, either from the point of Episcopacy, amounting almost to Papacy, and from the point of political dissent or Disestablishment. Altogether the Church life of England is in a very disturbed and undesirable state. Even courtesy itself is often streaked by suspicion. The most cordial social relations are often felt to be reserved and restrained in a sense that can hardly be expressed in words. That the Church of England will be disestablished within a comparatively brief period is my firm conviction. I hope nothing will be done by violence, but that we shall accept the processes of education which, though often slow, are sure. Every Board School that is founded helps the education of society, and my conviction is that we only need larger, freer education in order to liberate men from the superstitions and fantasies which have so much to do with the maintenance of mechanical religion.

JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.,
Minister of the City Temple, London.

THE COMING CIVILIZATION.

THE philosophers of pagan antiquity derived many of their theories from the results of astronomical studies, and the sum of their cosmic knowledge was expressed in the apothegm that "the steps of nature move in eternal circles."

"The path of nature is a path of progress," was the axiom of the earlier evolutionists. "The evolutions of nature progress in undulations," is the verdict of modern science. In other words, the progressive tendencies of the physical universe are disguised in a rhythm of rise and decline, of ebb and tide, of growth and decay, or even of apparent death. When the poet-philosopher Lucretius wrote his didactic rhapsody, the experience of mankind seemed to justify the belief in the possibility of a constant progress from barbarism to higher and higher planes of culture; the stock of human knowledge had for ages increased by a simple process of aggregation, and, for more than a thousand years, the civilization of the Mediterranean nations had advanced with the triumphant steadiness of a rising sun. But the world had to witness the decline of that sun and its ultimate extinction in the gloom of a night that threatened to outlast the hopes of a dawn.

Daylight has, after all, returned, and the law of eventual progress has already been vindicated in the fact that, in several essential respects, the brightness of the new morning has undoubtedly eclipsed the brightness of any former day. Light has spread from the hilltops to the valleys and plains of science. The temples of dogmatism have ceased to throw their gigantic shadows, and the waning of ancient loadstars is compensated by the simultaneous disappearance of vampires and night-hags. The traditions of the long night still cloud the eastern horizon, but the ascendancy of civilization is progressing as unmistakably as the rise of a March sun through winter mists to the brightness of a higher noon, or like the advance of a river, long lost in

caves, and emerging to pursue its way with a broader and swifter stream. That swiftness of progress has, indeed, increased at a portentous, and certainly unprecedented rate; but the impetuous force of the current may, after all, not presage the brink of an abyss, but derive its impetus from the rush of the dam-breaking waters—the long pent-up waters freed by the outburst of the Protestant revolt. Dam-breaking rivers are apt to make up for lost time; though, on the other hand, it is not impossible that the very force of that impulse may have hurried the stream far beyond the fair highland regions of its course, and that the free horizon of the widening plain may presage an age of prose and the neighborhood of the coast swamps. The land of promise has its limits, and we have traveled far.

But though the sailors on the river of time cannot predict the distance of the sea, their pilots may, at least, read the promise of the morrow and foresee cliffs or shallows by ascertaining the general direction of the stream. The science of prognostication has, indeed, been defined as the "art of distinguishing the main current of tendencies from the incidental ripples of the stream;" and within the last fifty years the currents of civilization have revealed their direction by symptoms of rather unmistakable significance. Ever since the revival of natural science the signs of the times have yearly become more legible, as legible almost as in the middle of the fourth century, when even the optimistic Romans could no longer ignore the omens of the approaching eclipse. A few years after the death of the Emperor Valens, the son of the prophetess Sospitra was one day praying in the temple of Serapis, when the spirit of his mother came over him and the veil of the future was withdrawn. "Woe be to our children," he exclaimed, on awakening from his trance, "I see a cloud approaching; a great darkness is going to spread over the face of the earth!" And, but too soon, even less prophetic eyes might have discerned the gathering mists of superstition, the rising smoke-clouds of the Auto da Fé and the sand-whirls of the desert destined to overspread the fields of once fertile empires.

"The night ends with storms; yet rejoice; they herald the morning," were the last words of Erasmus, and in the brightening light of the new day the horizon of the future now plainly reveals the verdure of wide forests, temples of health and science, the fruit plantations of reclaimed fields, and the garden-homes of

renaturalized men. The progress of our latter-day civilization has not yet reached its ultimate goal, but we can no longer doubt that the principle of that progress is a reaction against the doctrine of Anti-naturalism. All the leading nations of the Caucasian race are retracing their steps from ghostland to earth. From the Caucasus to the foot of the Cordilleras, science is busy reclaiming the blighted gardens of our earthly paradise. All our successful reformers are preaching a gospel of physical regeneration.

The two most important reform projects of the present age are undoubtedly those of the Temperance League and the Forestry Association, and it would be blasphemy against the spirit of human reason to doubt that the triumph of both is now fully insured. The cities of the future may have underground distilleries and remnants of overground drunkards, but a licensed rumseller will come to seem as ludicrous an anomaly as a licensed pickpocket, or a diplomaed well-poisoner. A "witch-hunter's warrant," dated Cologne, 1387, was recently offered for sale by a Leipzig bibliopole, who, in spite of his honorable reputation, had to secure the signatures of three learned antiquarians to clear himself from the suspicion of having forged the preposterous document. A. D. 1987 a similar indorsement may be needed to establish the authenticity of a Government certificate to the effect that, "in consideration of a prepaid percentage of his probable profits, the holder of this license is hereby authorized to poison his fellowmen."

Nor can we doubt that our children will, in time, recognize the significance of a mistake which has, in the literal sense, evolved a hell on earth by turning 6,500,000 square miles of once fertile lands into a Gehenna of arid sandwastes. Since the beginning of our chronological era the area of an artificial desert, produced by the unspeakable folly of forest destruction, has increased at an average yearly rate of 3,200 square miles, and another thousand years of equal improvidence would seal the fate of the human race by exhausting the vegetable productiveness of this planet. The discovery of two new continents has respited the doomed nations of the Old World, but the rapid settlement of those landgrants will soon reduce our children to the alternative of tree culture or emigration to the almshouse of the New Jerusalem. Tree culture is clearly destined to redeem the barren uplands of our Western territories, and in a hundred years from now even the present ex-

tent of our treeless prairies will have become a tradition. For, by that time, the logic of necessity will not have failed to reveal another secret of agricultural economy: the fact, namely, that the chief peril of overpopulation can be almost infinitely postponed by the *substitution of perennial for annual food-plants.* Thus a plantation of bread-fruit trees will support twelve times as many families as the same area planted in wheat or potatoes; banana orchards, according to Humboldt's estimate, exceed the food value of wheat-fields more than twenty times, and improved varieties of the Italian chestnut—as hardy a forest tree as the birch or maple—could undoubtedly furnish an available substitute for the bread-stuffs of our Northern cereals. Oily beechnuts, olives, bananas, chestnuts, sugar pears, maples, and the sugar pine of the Pacific slope could furnish, in almost unlimited abundance, the three chief elements of man-food, viz., the oleaginous, farinaceous and saccharine ingredients. Moreover, tree plantations improve from year to year, while deciduous plants exhaust the fertility of the soil, and the time saved from weeding and plowing could be devoted to experiments with new varieties of fruit trees, which, besides, would bless their cultivator with shade in summer and windfalls of fuel in winter, and temper the rigor of climatic extremes as effectually as the other tree plantations.

Till the gospel of tree culture shall teach us to "work the world over again," the history of progress will remain almost identified with the history of the North American continent, especially within the present territory of our States, united or otherwise; and several interesting *auguria* may be safely implied from the premises of Old World analogies. Even a superficial study of those precedents can, for instance, leave no doubt that Mormonism has passed the repressible stage, and that the Ethiopian alloy of our population will melt away before the influx of Caucasian elements. The Women's Right Plan, Secular Education, and Free Trade will be accommodated with the opportunity of a practical test. The increase of wealth will not fail to foster art, as well as oligarchy and luxury. The progress of chemistry will develop industries undreamed of in the philosophy of our political economists. Its application to the improvement of homicidal machinery will greatly modify our present methods of warfare, though trial by battle, in some form or other, will, too probably, continue to the end of time, the most virtuous resolutions of the Millennium

Congress being apt to get wrecked against the argument of Ibrahim Pasha. "War is a curse," admitted that ingenuous Mussulman, "and it is quite conceivable that a large number of princes could be induced to agree on some plan for settling international disputes by arbitration. But suppose that any member of the syndicate should take it in his head to break his contract and reassemble his troops—the only visible way to coerce him would be to reprime our old muskets and go to war again."

There is no danger that the revived Nature worshipers of the coming generation will abuse their sacred groves after the manner of the Canaanitish idolaters; but they will probably adopt the plan of the Grecian *gymnasiarchs*, who utilized the shade of their suburban parks for the training-ground of their young athletes. When the *Turn-Bund* established its first gymnasiums in Northern Germany, the government harassed their leaders with the suspicion of political intrigues, but the athletic unions of our free American cities, our wrestling matches and ubiquitous base-ball clubs, leave no doubt that the present generation is fast outgrowing the anti-physical bias of the mediæval bigots. We have rediscovered the truth that physical exercise profiteth a good deal, and the school trustees of the twentieth century will build a gymnasium near every township school. Athletic sports will be patronized as the best safeguard against the temptations of the alcohol habit, and the ever-growing enthusiasm which, even now, kindles about every paltry walking match or boat race, makes it evident that the age of the next generation will witness the revival of the Olympic Festivals.

The civilization of the future will, however, respectfully decline Mr. Ruskin's plan for regaining Arcadia by the substitution of moonshine and manual labor for gaslight and steam-engines. Labor-saving machinery has come to stay, and if steam shall not monopolize the rough work of the next century it is only because it will share its functions with its twin giant of electricity. We shall have steam quarries and steam digging machines, and the speed of travel is destined to surpass the achievements of the present age by just as much as a modern express train surpasses a mediæval mail coach. The coming American autocrat of the breakfast table will growl at the delay of the morning mail per night boat from Europe. Excursion trains leaving Boston after breakfast will avoid the night fogs of the Cordilleras by

reaching the City of Mexico in time for supper. The competition of rail and ocean routes with balloon bee lines will make travel cheap enough to familiarize our tourists with every zone of their continent; and climatic epicures will probably contrive to enjoy a perpetual summer by convening their July picnics in the Yellowstone Park, and their New Year's symposium in Valparaiso.

The Fresh Air Union, too, will become an international institution. Cities that can afford to promote the theological soundness of distant heathens will not much longer neglect the physical health of their own children. Summer camps, free parks, and Zoos, free kindergartens, athletic festivals, cottage suburbs, and free public baths will obviate many of the social evils which our Nihilists propose to cure by actual cautery. The tenement curse is a fruitful source of such ailments, and the propaganda of our land reformers proves that the existence, if not the remedy, of the evil is beginning to be recognized. The enthusiasm of that propaganda is, indeed, in more than one sense, a most significant sign of the times, and presages an age of thus far undreamt-of methods of co-operation. Like other social Messiahs, the apostles of the new gospel are haunted by panacea visions; but even the Anti-Poverty project does not deserve the cruel sarcasm of the British satirist who proposes an anti-misfortune league, and a society for the abolition of the origin of evil.

Our modern crusaders may have underrated the distance of their promised land and the strength of the hostile entrenchments, but their mistakes do evidently not extend to the direction of their march route. The fact also remains that they will enter the field with siege engines of tremendous efficiency; and there is no valid reason to doubt that, failing in their attack on the citadel of inevitable ills, they will turn their attention to the avoidable and decidedly unnecessary evils of social life. The workingmen of the future may waive their claims for the establishment of "government soup-houses for the mitigation of the natural penalties of shiftlessness," but they will most emphatically protest against mediæval methods of government interference with the legitimate rewards of industry—as, for instance, by the suppression of public recreations on the only day when about ninety-nine per cent. of our laborers find their only chance of leisure.

On the infatuation of an age that could perpetrate such outrages

in the name of religion, the ethic philosophers of the future will look back with a shudder, as upon the dream of a hideous nightmare—yet withal with more of pity than of hatred. For we shall never reconcile the religion of humanity to the traditions of the past till we recognize the fact that the inhuman asceticism of the Middle Age was anything but selfish. It was rather unselfishness gone mad—unworldliness carried to the extreme of insane unnaturalism. Hindostan, where the apostles of Renunciation preached the unalloyed gospel of Buddha Sakyamuni, their doctrine retained for centuries the form of an actual world-denial. Life was considered a disease, and death its only cure ;—death, not by suicide, but by the more conclusive method of crushing out the very instincts of life, to prevent their revival in new forms of re-birth. To tempt a life-weary fellow man with the sweets of physical enjoyment, and thus revive the waning love of earth, would have been deemed an act of extreme unkindness ; and without the slightest claim to future compensation, the saints of Buddhism renounced the hopes of life to avoid its disappoint ments.

Compared with such doctrines it seems certainly a symptom of progress, if the Rev. Hengstenberg vindicates the hope of immortality by assuring us that "the chief motive of rational self-denial is the hope of making death worth dying." But, while recognizing the merit of that "step in the right direction," the Religion of the Future will prefer to attempt a further amendment by trying to make life worth living.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

IRELAND AND THE VICTORIAN ERA.

You ask me—Why have not the Irish joined in the celebrations of the Queen's Jubilee? I answer that, if the Jubilee were intended to honor the Queen in a personal sense, Ireland had ample reason for her sullen silence. If it were designed to celebrate her government of Ireland for fifty years, holding her responsible, Ireland could not participate in it; for, if responsible, she is, as a sovereign, to Ireland—infamous.

Let the Queen tell her own story of her government of Ireland and expound her own sense of her responsibility for it. It is to be found in the "Life of the Prince Consort," approved and annotated by her. It is clearly shown therein that the Prince, who habitually obeyed the injunction of his friend and mentor, Baron Stockmar, to "be the constitutional genius of the Queen," "qualified himself thoroughly for supporting the sovereign by his advice" by "giving the most assiduous attention to every subject, whether at home or abroad." His diary confirms this and affords copious details in support of it. The standard of duty and prerogative which animated them is defined in a letter from Stockmar to the Prince "containing the expression of a conviction," says the official biographer, with the Queen's sanction, "which it was the study of the Prince's life to realize." Whigs and Tories, writes Stockmar, saw that there was only one thing to keep democracy within bounds:

"This one thing was the upholding and strengthening of the autonomy of the monarchcial element, which the fundamental idea of the English constitution had from the first conceded to royalty and indeed concedes to the present hour. . . . In reference to the Crown the secret is simply this: Since 1830 the executive power has been entirely in the hands of the ministry; and these being more the servants of Parliament, particularly the House of Commons, than of the Crown, it is practically in the hands of that House. This is a distortion of the fundamental idea of the British constitution which could not fail to grow by degrees out of the incapacity of her sovereigns rightly to understand and to deal with their positions and out of the encroachments on their privileges by the House of Commons. Still, the right of the Crown to assert itself as permanent head of the

council over the temporary leader of the ministry, and to act as such, is not likely to be gainsaid even by those who regard it through the spectacles of party."

Upon this significant intimation the official biographer declares that "The Prince's reply must have been most welcome, for it gave Baron Stockmar the clearest assurance that the objects of his solicitude had advanced far in securing the very position before the country which he had set his heart upon their maintaining."

The insidious hint of Stockmar,—that it was the incapacity of preceding sovereigns that had made effectual "the encroachments of Parliament upon the power of the crown"—would have cost a head in the sturdy days when those "encroachments" were being effected. The Queen's reprinting of the Stockmar letter and her approval of the comment upon it, is a sufficient refutation of the pleasant apology in her behalf that she did not meddle with government. The truth is that while the Prince lived they devoted their entire time to meddling with government, when not visiting on the continent or absorbed in private pleasure at home. The "Life" shows that they shared the industry of ministers in all diplomatic transactions; that they indicated their own preferences in advance to cabinets upon all matters which aroused their feelings or touched their interests. Concerning Ireland, the diary of the Prince, the letters of the Queen, and the narrative of the "Life" show that they had constant and close contemplation of the condition of that country between 1842 and 1851; and the spirit which both betray toward it is one of stolid prejudice and profound hatred. The gigantic famine which came slowly but with awful distinctness upon the country in 1846, and whose effects were not over in 1850, is minutely chronicled by his hand and hers. The chronicle shows that she was silent when a word from her would have saved the lives of tens of thousands of those she claimed as subjects; that she participated in gay festivities while thousands were being buried, like dogs, coffinless, starved amid plenty; that coercion laws, enacted at every session of Parliament while the famine continued, to "enforce tranquillity" while the slaughter went on all over the land, received her prompt signature, and that she refused to visit the suffering country while the dread visitation was blighting it. She knew that every year, while tens of thousands perished of hunger, food enough was raised by their labor to feed more than twice the entire popula-

tion. Where is her protest against its export; where is her protest against the tithes collected during those years from the starving and the dying for the support of the church of which she was the head and whose portals the victins never crossed?

When the famine was over she visited the island for the first and last time, carefully guarded by seven men-of-war. Surrounded by military she gazed upon a country over whose face the great scars must have been as visible as the paths of lava down fertile uplands and over the fair bosom of the volcano-swept landscape. Two million and a half of the people had disappeared; more human beings had been starved into the grave in three years under her rule than England lost by the sword in all her wars. She had written that in the presence of great events she is unmoved; "it is only trifles that irritate me." In the presence of the greatest disaster that Europe has witnessed, she remained unmoved. During the week of her stay she spoke no word of pity, performed no act of clemency. In the phrase of the great poet she could say

> I have given suck and know
> How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;

but she was unmoved when Irish mothers gave suck to adult sons that they might be able to stand up in the Relief works and earn a pittance to postpone death for the robbed infants. She was unmoved when frenzied mothers ate the babes that plucked in vain at withered nipples. She was unmoved when crowds of little children could be seen scattered over the ripened fields, or, in winter, like flocks of famishing crows, devouring raw turnips, shivering in snow, half naked, and uttering cries of hunger. She was unmoved when signing bills taking away the last remnant of civil liberty from an entire people whose offense was that landlords carried out of their country the food intended by nature and raised by their own hands for their sustenance, leaving three-fourths of them to feel the pangs of starvation. Desperation had resulted in the attempt at insurrection which filled the jails with victims. It had been represented to the people that if they treated the Queen with civility she would release some of the prisoners. They needed no bribe to be courteous to a woman. But the pledge, whether authorized or not, was unfulfilled.

Forty years have passed. She has been consistent. The traditions of her stock and of the Prince, that men exist to be sold or to be kept as taxpayers, have not been infringed for Ireland, even by caprice or chance. When another famine was threatened in 1880 the precepts and precedents of Albert's days—"those days of untroubled happiness," as she has recently described them—were sacredly maintained. Once more coercion—the clang of the prison door, the rattle of musketry, the suppression of the press, the cowing of the people, men-of-war in the harbors, increased evictions, "enforced tranquillity." Nor has she been recreant to her principles even in her year of Jubilee. The meanest tyrants who occupied the throne of declining Rome might dignify their jubilees by the manumission of slaves, the liberation of captives of war, the breaking of dungeon-locks upon political prisoners. With unflinching hand Victoria has celebrated the fiftieth year of her reign in Ireland by another of Albert's "remedial measures"—a coercion act; and instead of pardoning a prisoner who loved his poor motherland even more than he despises the Queen, she will erect, if necessary, additional jails to inclose, on the slightest pretext, hundreds, including among them, without hesitation, the elected representatives of the people.

Nor can she cloud behind extraordinary intellectual attainments or virile governing faculties her want of attributes essentially womanly. She has incessantly meddled with the State. But she is guiltless of statesmanship. An Elizabeth might be cruel like a man; but she was fearless, capable; she governed like a man. Victoria has never surrendered government to the constitutional agents who did not exist in Elizabeth's time; her interference has been petty, persistent, personal. She has not suggested a statute. She has not modified a legislative proposal. She has not furnished her country or her age with a sentence, a deed, an episode, to lend a glow to a page of her reign. The only claim seriously made for her is that she is a good woman, a good wife and mother. The privilege of denying for their sovereign what good women the world over make no matter of boast—it is happily so common—I leave to English pens. The characterization of the Queen extant among her courtiers it would ill become a man of the Irish race to repeat. Whether as woman or sovereign, that race owes her only execration.

If we consider the history of Ireland apart from the Queen,

and compare it, during the fifty years period, with the history of Great Britain, the result can be indicated by using the plus sign for increase and the minus sign for loss. Thus:

	Great Britain.	Ireland.
Population	+	—
Trade	+	—
Shipping	+	—
Textile industry	+	—
Hardware	+	—
Mining	+	—
Steam power	+	—
Wealth	+	+
Liberty	+	—
Taxation	—	+
Poverty	—	+

A notable work of the year is Mr. Mulhall's "Fifty Years of National Progress." If we take his percentages and apply them to Ireland under their respective heads, we shall have some striking exhibits of the reason why Ireland abstained from the Jubilee. For instance, he finds that the population of the United Kingdom increased 42 per cent. The decline of Ireland's population is greater than the increase of that of the United Kingdom. Had everything in Ireland declined proportionately, we would have the figures in the first column of the following table instead of those in the second:

TABLE A.—ON BASIS OF DECLINE OF POPULATION.

	What ought to be.	What is.
Wealth	£47,643,000	£183,429,000
Taxation	2,500,000	7,531,857
Physical force (cost of)	738,714	4,794,600

If, ignoring the decline in population of Ireland, we apply the percentages of increase under their respective heads for the United Kingdom, we will have the figures in the first column of the following table, instead of those in the second, which are the actual ones:

TABLE B.—ON BASIS OF PROGRESS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

	What ought to be.	What is.
Population	11,000,000	4,800,000
Wealth	£195,336,300	£183,429,000
Shipping (nominal tonnage)	1,138,588	235,344
Increase of steam tonnage	18	4
Textile manufacture (linen)	£20,000,000	£5,000,000
All other manufactures, textile and mineral	?	0

Whence it appears that in everything which constitutes progress Ireland has declined; and in everything which proves decay Ireland has progressed.

Some of these figures involve peculiar and unique interest; and I am glad to be able to draw the thoughtful attention of my American fellow citizens to their extraordinary significance.

In the June number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW it was shown that under the inspiration of the National movement to recover legislative independence, certain facts were co-incident: That crime of every kind had declined until it is the lowest proportionately in the civilized world; that school enrollment has become the highest, proportionately, in the world; and that 85 of 103 constituencies have sent Nationalists to Parliament. That is the sum total of what the people have done for themselves. Now what has the Government done for them in fifty years, in resistance to the National spirit?

It has reduced the tilth of one of the most fertile countries in Europe to an eighth of the cultivable land;* and compels the people of England and Scotland to buy food from Russia, India, Canada, and the United States, instead of permitting them to buy a considerable quantity at their own doors. It has diminished by more than half the purchasers of English manufactures a few hours' sail from the factories. This blindness for British interests has been inseparable from a policy of brutality towards Ireland, of which the decay of her tillage and her population are only two great incidents.

A monstrous falsehood, which has been persistently sent forth, is completely refuted by the figures following "Physical force."

*A very recent publication entitled "The Material Progress of Ireland," by Prof. Leone Levi, claiming that since there is more land under cultivation in Ireland than there was forty years ago Ireland has been making progress, is misleading, because he fails to point out that in the decline of tillage and the increase of pasture there is a two-fold loss. First, the loss represented by the difference between the food supply produced by land under crops and land under grass,—a proportional difference of five to one; and secondly, the loss to Ireland in the export of meat almost exclusively on the hoof, the English manufacturer getting the advantage in hide, tallow, etc., at the expense of both the Irish farmer and manufacturer. Prof. Leone Levi also says that emigration has been necessary because, presumptively, Ireland has been overpopulated. This theory never had any substantial support and was long ago exploded. The only arguments ever advanced in its behalf were political, not economic. In proportion to area and capacity for food production and manufactures, Ireland has been and is the most sparsely populated country in Europe.

It has been repeatedly asserted that only a small portion of the people were hostile to the Government; that the great mass would be loyal if they got the chance. But what do the figures prove? That when the population was 8,000,000, and the school enrollment was one-sixteenth of it, the country was kept "loyal" by an expenditure of £1,500,000 for military and constabulary; and that with a population half as large and the school enrollment one-fifth of it, with the great increase of intelligence which that indicates, it requires an expenditure more than six times greater, proportionally, for soldiers and constables to keep the country "loyal."*

If taxes had declined with population, Ireland would be paying £2,500,000 instead of three times that amount, which she actually pays. There is another significant fact under this head. The population fell away between 1847 and 1851 two million and a half on account of famine and excess of poverty. The time had surely come for a reduction of taxation. In 1852, the taxation of England and Scotland was reduced and 52 per cent. was added to the taxation of Ireland.

I will be reminded that more than half the taxes are paid in excise. That is true; distilling and its related industries are the only manufactures spared by English legislation for Ireland. Inasmuch as every article manufactured in Ireland which could

* In addition to the armed police, England finds it necessary, for the maintenance of Castle government in Ireland against the will of the Irish people, to keep an immense military garrison constantly in occupation of the country. This garrison amounts to an unusually strong expeditionary army. There are hardly ever less than 30,000, and often more than 50,000, English regular troops of all arms—infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers—quartered in Ireland. They occupy all the cities, chief towns, and strategic points. Proportionately to population, there are six soldiers in Ireland to every one there is in England.

To maintain this force in Ireland, England's standing army is put to a severe strain. This force is composed of the cream of the English levies—leaving out the Irish regiments, undoubtedly the best in the army, which are always carefully sent on foreign service whenever the Irish situation is thought "critical." For the purpose of the late war in Egypt Sir Garnet Wolseley was sorely pressed to scrape together an efficient expeditionary force; volunteers had to be asked for from the reserves to bring the war regiments up to their full campaigning strength; and, in the end, after reducing the regiments of the home linked battalions to skeletons, Wolseley's force was largely made up of raw boys, who dropped like flies under the climate of Egypt. Yet, at that moment, there were 50,000 troops, the flower of the English army—twice as big a force as would have sufficed Wolseley, for these were real soldiers—under arms in Ireland; and of these England was afraid to stir a single man!—*Castle Government*, by T. P. Gill, M. P.

be manufactured in England was by law prohibited in Ireland and destroyed, the inference is justified that Ireland was permitted to continue making whisky because England could not make it as well to her satisfaction; while, at the same time, by keeping intoxicating drink cheap in Ireland, the latter would be rendered less able to cast off the yoke of her oppressor.

Customs, in spite of the alleged free trade of the United Kingdom, pay one-fourth of the Irish taxes, stamps pay one-thirteenth, and the income tax one-tenth. Only a small portion of the total goes back to the people for their good. Physical force to keep them "loyal" consumes half the entire expenditure. A fifth goes to the National debt of Great Britain, in express violation of the Act of Union, by which it was declared that Ireland should not be held responsible for the debt of the empire prior to that act. An army of tax-eaters hostile to the tax-payers consumes a considerable sum; and after all this is done, a balance remains to be sent over annually to the English exchequer. In proportion to population and benefit to the tax-payers, Ireland is the most heavily taxed country on the globe.

The financial history of Ireland during the reign of the present sovereign would be incredible if it could not be demonstrated. While the population has diminished, the cultivation of the soil has declined, and manufactures have failed to recover from the effects of prohibitory laws followed by the fixed domination of English interests in the Irish railways and markets, the banking power of Ireland has shown no decline. Forty years ago, when the population was about 8,000,000, the deposits in the joint stock banks of Ireland were £8,031,044. In 1885, with a population a little below 5,000,000, they were £29,240,000. The increase is not sevenfold, as it is in the United Kingdom; but it is far more than sevenfold when we remember that the population and all the manufacturing industries in England and Scotland have also increased with the increase of the banking power.

The increase of the wealth of Ireland, as exhibited under this head alone, is complete proof of systematic misgovernment. The increase of wealth, as in England and Scotland, as Mr. Mulhall shows, is a diffused increase; more people have money, and the comforts it produces, in proportion to population in England and Scotland, than fifty years ago. In Ireland the rich have grown richer; the many have died of famine, or have been

driven into exile; those who have remained at home have been kept in poverty for the enrichment of the few.

The complete impoverishment of the mass of the people and their subjection to the money power is shown from the bank statistics in still another way. In 1845 the certified issue of all the banks in Ireland was £6,354,000. In 1885 it was £6,052,516. It has never varied much from these figures during the entire interval, except following the famine of 1847, when it declined to about one-half for a short time. This uniformity in circulation, while deposits have increased and capital remained the same, discloses the absolute monopoly of the business of Ireland in the hands of the wealthy few. They need no more money in circulation now than they needed forty years ago. The bank stock, meanwhile, in a country without manufactures, with declining agriculture and diminished population, has always been excessively profitable. For many years in succession the Irish banks have paid their shareholders dividends of 20 per cent. per annum. They pay their own depositors 2 per cent. They loan in London at from 4 to 10. Meanwhile, the country which produces the deposits goes to ruin, so far as the mass of the people are concerned; and the wealth which is the result of their labor upon the soil,—for nine-tenths of the joint stock bank deposits represent only agriculture,—instead of being used in Ireland for their benefit, is drained out to enrich their oppressors and perpetuate the monopoly of the Irish market for the British manufacturers. The *Bankers' Magazine*, commenting on the deposits for 1886, remarks that they belong for the most part to persons "resident in England, whence their funds are naturally remitted." That is a roundabout way of describing the absentee landlords and their creditors. It is a very candid way of admitting that the wealth produced by Irish labor out of Irish soil is not spent in Ireland.

A glance at the increase and decrease of deposits during the reign will show how complete is the separation of the moneyed minority,—the landlords,—who do nothing to make money, from the people, whose labor is the sole money-maker. From 1843 to 1846 inclusive, the deposits increased 9 per cent. In 1847 there was a fall of 23 per cent. But in 1848, 1849, and 1850 there was an increase of more than 9 per cent., while the charity of the world was sending money into Ireland to stop the extermination

of the people by famine. That increase represents in part better crops, but also in large part the remittances sent from America and elsewhere, nearly every dollar of which found its way into the landlords' pockets. From 1852 to 1856 the deposits increased 13 per cent., while population continued to diminish; in 1857 there was a very slight decline, owing to the universal financial panic; but the landlords' crops and serfs pulled them up again promptly.

In 1879, when the cry of famine again startled the humane world, and the machinery of charity was set in operation, the deposits were £30,191,000. The effect of charity money sent in was apparent in the increase of deposits in 1882 and the next year, again confirming the statement that the bulk of money sent to friends and relatives in Ireland for charity goes to the landlords. In spite of a diminution of population from 11,000,000 to less than 5,000,000; in spite of diminished tillage and the continued paralysis of manufactures, the landlords' income has grown five-fold during the reign of Victoria.

This money is the natural capital of Ireland. It does not represent, speaking broadly, a cent of original investment by the landlords who have exclusive enjoyment of it. No error could be greater than to presume that the agriculture of England and of Ireland has been conducted upon identical principles. In England, at least in our own day, the landlord's capital is applied to the estate, and if the tenant adds out of his capital to its value, he gets the benefit of his enterprise in rebate of rent. In Ireland the reverse has been true. The improvements constituting value have been generally and uniformly made by the tenant; and instead of being allowed a reduction in rent in consequence, the rental has increased, as the bank deposits show, in proportion to the increase of value effected by the tenants. When, therefore, critics of Mr. Gladstone complain of his land legislation for Ireland being exceptionally favorable, they ignore the exceptional injustice which made that legislation compulsory.

But instead of investing this labor-and-land-made capital in the country which produces it, the landlords, through their agents, the Irish banks, send it over to England. Two of the banks have head offices there; the others employ London bankers as agents for them. "So that," remarks an official commentator, "a large portion of this Irish capital"—at least $150,000,000

—"is really circulating in the great money market of the world, London."

No country having only one industry, and that the production of food, ever prospered, or ever can prosper. Until this Irish capital is invested in manufactures in Ireland, no hope need be indulged that the industrial paralysis of the country is to be disturbed.

The subject of manufactures in Ireland is one which it would be folly to undertake to discuss within the limits of this article. Under the self-respecting stimulus of the National agitation, a spurt of activity, in a small way, has been effected; and among the masses of the people, it has become fashionable to wear and use Irish manufactures. But sentiment is not capital. The natural manufactures of Ireland were destroyed by English statutes. The best account of them is given by Professor Thompson in "University Lectures."* Ireland has been, since the abolition of the Irish Parliament in 1800, as truly the property of the English manufacturer as the Parliamentary borough and its nominal representative were the property of the landlord prior to legislative reform. Ireland exports only food; she imports only English manufactures. The colonies of Great Britain have profited by Ireland's ruin. Each of them has not only its domestic government, with which the British Parliament cannot interfere, but they have, one and all, a protective tariff to keep English manufactures out while they build up their own. Ireland has not asked a protective tariff as an indispensable part of Home Rule. She does ask for Home Rule with power enough to induce the investment of Irish capital in Ireland.

If we compare the savings banks of Ireland with the savings banks of the United Kingdom, we find another reason why Ireland could not participate in the Jubilee. These accumulations have grown fourteen times faster than population in the United Kingdom, and population has grown 42 per cent. Since population has declined much more rapidly in Ireland than it has increased in the two sister countries, it would be reasonable to look for a decline of savings, provided the source of them were the same. But the source is not the same. The savings of England and Scotland are derived chiefly from the wage-workers, whose

* "Protection." Four Lectures delivered in Harvard University. By Rev. Robert Ellis Thompson. 1886.

earnings have risen 20 per cent. or more during the reign, while the prices of necessaries have declined. In Ireland the wage-earning class, aside from poorly-paid agricultural and domestic labor, is inconsiderable, owing to the dearth of manufactures. The savings are chiefly the profits of the small shop-keepers who buy English manufactures and sell them to Irish consumers. These savings, therefore, small as they are, are a dubious proof of Irish prosperity. An anti-National economist boasted, as an evidence of Ireland's happiness under the legislative union with England, that even in 1847 she exported food. Five hundred thousand of the people who had grown the food perished of hunger that year.

In 1835 the number of depositors in the Irish savings banks was 58,482, and the total of their deposits £1,608,653. In 1867 the number of depositors was 53,006, and the total of the deposits £1,633,015. The population meanwhile had declined from 8,000,000 to 5,486,509. In that year the savings in England were £1 9s. 1d. per head of population; in Ireland 5s. 10d. per head. In the post-office savings banks in England there was in the same year one depositor for every eleven persons; in Ireland one depositor for every sixty-nine persons. In 1885 the whole number of depositors in both postal and trustee savings banks in Ireland was 186,013, and the total of their deposits £4,113,387, which may be looked upon as Irish capital employed for the promotion of English industry. The total deposits, therefore, have increased threefold and the number of the depositors about the same, showing that while everything tending to indicate National growth has declined, this item tending to show National prostration has augmented.

The fisheries are an indisputable illustration of the apparent hopelessness of Irish industry while the country is governed in the interest of foreigners.

In 1836 the number of boats engaged in them was 10,761, and the number of men and boys 54,119. In 1885 the number of boats was 5,667, and the number of men and boys 21,491. At the same time many Scotch vessels are engaged in the Irish fisheries, and the imports of fish into a land of fish without fishers amount to nearly 70,000 cwt. at the principal Irish ports.

The charge is commonly made that in dealing with the grievances of Ireland her friends are addicted to denunciation. The

facts I have presented are submitted not only without denunciation, but without argument.

I beg to ask a question: Why have Englishmen celebrated the Queen's jubilee? Is it to supply history with a gigantic absurdity? For is it not true that every idea carried into Great Britain by the stock whence she sprang has received its deathblow by the changes effected during her reign? Is it not true that every political step of the past fifty years has been progress away from monarchy and aristocracy? Is it not true that this great change, brought about in part by the leveling up of the people through more widely diffused education, and in part by the curtailment of hereditary privilege through the lowering of the franchise, has been forced along constitutionally, in defiance of the dearest principles of the ancestors of the sovereign, and would have been stolidly resisted by her, as other steps forward were by them, if she possessed any genius for reigning? Is it not true that, instead of being in any degree due to her influence, even negatively, this progress of fifty years is the retroaction of the revolted American colonies upon England? Is it not true that England has seen each of her foreign dependencies discarding the constitutional model she still retains, seriously modified within fifty years, and adopting instead of it the model of the American Republic? The English people may justly celebrate their fifty years of political, commercial, and moral growth; but to celebrate it in association with the name, the antecedents, or the character of Queen Victoria will be smiled upon by history as a great national jest.

They would have still more substantial reason for their Jubiiee if Ireland could have consistently joined in it. Deeply respecting their devotion to constitutional liberty,—for themselves,—and sympathising with all that is humane, noble, and just in their progress, I rejoice that the chief barrier which has kept them from beholding Ireland in truth is rapidly losing its strength. The destiny of the London *Times* has been to prolong hatred between England and Ireland. For the fulfillment of that it has continually commanded the newest resources of science and the best purchasable intellect. Every proposal calculated to lighten upon Ireland the cruel burden of the past; every legislative enactment whose effect would have been to bring the people of the two countries face to face so that they might see their common humanity, it has resisted with vicious energy, and conscienceless

skill. Its favor has been unstinted to every brutal reactionary, every fiendish bigot, every exasperating act of tyranny, aiming at perpetuity of oppression.

At last its power is waning. Its name is no longer feared; it never was respected. When contemporaries were few and feeble, and news gathering constituted its monopoly, its editorial opinion could be delivered with an impressiveness and effect due largely to a lack of competition. Isolated eminence and resounding noise won for it the name of The Thunderer. The epithet has long been obsolete. Influence derived from persistent injustice urged with violent indecency is not proof against the spread of God-like love over the world and the penetration of the dullest human intelligence by the gentle but resistless light of liberty. The habits and manners it has to-day it had in O'Connell's days, when to break him down it vied with the harridans of London fish lanes in vulgarity. The malevolence of its attitude toward mankind secured for it half a century ago the name of the Devil's organ from the Quaker statesman. Robbed of its legitimate renown by younger and more alert rivals, it is reduced to theatrical devices to keep up the appearance of being formidable. If it can no longer forge thunderbolts, it can forge letters. If it can no longer play Vulcan, it can still be

> as foul
> As Vulcan's stithy.

If it can no longer whip out of public life Irishmen who will not betray their country for office or gold, it can pay handsomely for slander on Irishmen in America by knaves without credit in any American newspaper office. During our civil war its profligate instincts cheated the British public to the last moment with falsehoods about actual events; and the English generation still living knows that it received with amazement the news of the surrender of Lee, because up to the hour Richmond fell the London *Times* had deliberately suppressed the truth about the results of great battles. It was as solicitous to prevent a reconciliation of the North and South and as anxious to see the Republic fall as it has been greedy and tenacious in feeding fat the hatred between England and Ireland. It reached the climax of brutality when, the morning after the defeat of the Home Rule bill, it told the greatest of the sons of England to gather his old bones

about him and hurry into his grave. If all the signs of the time are not misleading, the grave will wait for Gladstone until the triumph of Home Rule shall furnish for the monument Great Britain and Ireland will rear to him its most glorious line.

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.

AN ELECTION IN NEW YORK.

THE candidacy of Mr. Delancey Nicoll for District Attorney in the late municipal election appealed to me as worthy of the personal exertions of good citizens. Filled with what was perhaps the zeal of one unfamiliar with "practical politics," I volunteered to work in behalf of Mr. Nicoll at the polls on the day of election. Whether my political preference was proper or improper is immaterial for the purposes of this article, but the experience I met with illustrates so clearly the grave defects in our present electoral system as to seem worthy of relation. It has been stated that honest men, at all conversant with the methods employed at the polls in New York City, have, without distinction of party, arrived at the conclusion that hereafter either respectable men will be forced to abandon all participation in politics, or a radical reformation in the mechanism of our elections must take place. The facts which fell under my observation certainly bore this out, and while they may be sufficiently familiar to most well-informed persons in New York City, they teach a pregnant lesson to the entire country. What has just taken place here will inevitably occur in other large cities when the occasion arises which seems to demand from political bosses the employment of the same methods.

The polls were opened at 6 A. M. I had been assigned by the "Citizens' Committee," which had charge of Mr. Nicoll's canvass, to look after a number of election districts in the western part of the city. I was, therefore, not confined to a single district, but had ample opportunity to observe what was going on all over that portion of New York. I reached several election districts before the polls were opened. At all of them a large number of persons were congregated, and formed a line extending some distance from the polling place. My curiosity was at once excited to see who the zealous citizens were who were so anxious to exercise the "priceless boon of citizenship" that they had arisen almost before daybreak in order to avail themselves of the privilege. On approaching I saw that they held their ballots tightly clenched in

their right hands, which were elevated at right angles with their bodies, and that they took good care to keep them in this position until the polls opened. In a few minutes the voting began. As soon as each man voted he passed out and filed into the side door of a bar-room located near by. I entered and saw a well-known ward "heeler" (whom I did not then know, but whose name was familiar to me as soon as I heard it) pass a five dollar bill into each voter's hands with no effort at concealment. The whole transaction from first to last had quite the air of a common business transaction. This was my first introduction that day to "practical politics," and thus did I grasp the very arcana of our election system at a bound.

The polls had not been opened an hour when a voter approached and asked me for some Nicoll ballots. "I do not vote here," he said, "but up above in the — election district of the — assembly district. There are no Nicoll ballots to be had there. He is sold out. The Irving Hall worker has been bought up; the Nicoll worker (a paid colored man) has disappeared, and the Republican is issuing ballots with Fellows's name on them."

I started for the district he mentioned and found everything exactly as he had stated. Many of the voters did not examine the ballots furnished them by their party workers, but deposited them without inspection. The more intelligent opened them and saw the fraud, but few took the trouble to go to another polling place to procure proper ballots when they found that none were to be obtained in the vicinity.

I set about to remedy this. I warned each voter as he approached to examine his ballots. The result was Bedlam let loose. I was surrounded by a gang of perhaps twenty "heelers," most of whom looked as though they had attained great distinction in crime, and was subjected to a torrent of curses and abuse. The burden of their complaint, stripped of bad language, seemed to be that "a dude with a clean collar had come to deprive them of an honest living." One even went so far as to threaten my life when he found that I intended to remain there and furnish Nicoll ballots to those who wanted them. A personal encounter was the result of preventing two of the roughs from taking ballots forcibly out of the hands of a Nicoll voter. The police were "in with the boys," refused to interfere, and seemed to derive considerable amusement from the whole affair.

The police also refused to keep the way to the polling place clear. It was blocked by a part of this same gang, and every voter had to undergo an examination as to his intentions before he could enter. Intimidation was frequently practiced on those whose political views did not meet with the approval of the "boys," and in some instances with successful results. One old man came away without voting, evidently terrified by threats that had been made.

Later in the day bribery was openly practiced. One instance was so flagrant that I determined to challenge the voter. An attempt was made to pull me out of the polling place by force, but the approval of the police did not quite extend to this, and I was allowed to remain. The man was evidently afraid of perjuring himself, and at first refused to take the oath, but the "gang" backed him up and insisted; so he finally swore himself through.

Having been relieved by two other workers, I had an opportunity about noon of inspecting some of the other election districts. In the colored districts west of Sixth avenue and south of Thirty-fourth street, the answer given by the colored workers was always the same in its general tenor: "There is too much money against us," said one of them. "My best friends come to me to-day and say that they would like to vote the Republican ticket but they have been offered $4 for their votes, and that is too great an inducement for them to withstand. —— —— (mentioning the name of a man who keeps an infamous colored "dive" in the vicinity) has had $1,000 placed in his hands with which to carry this district, and he seems to be spending most of it." While we were talking a man shambled up to us and deliberately asked in so many words "how much we would give for his vote."

This was the uniform experience I met with in going from one election district to another. The price for votes varied from two to five dollars, but in two instances I heard of as much as ten dollars having been given for a vote. From personal observation, and from the statements of friends whose experience agreed with mine, there can be no doubt that about a quarter of a million of dollars was spent in this city for *illegal* purposes,—an average of three hundred dollars for each election district.

The result proved a great triumph for those who conducted this campaign of corruption and debauchery. But it also proved something more. It proved that the "bosses" can carry any

election by the same means if they consider it worth while to spend the money.

Police Commissioner Stephen B. French, certainly not a novice or a silk-stocking in election experience, recently said: "If as much money is spent in the next Presidential election as was spent on this last one they can elect almost any candidate that is put up. I never saw anything like it. It has got to be not a question of candidates or honesty, or even political honor. There never was so much money spent on a Presidential canvass as was spent here in New York last Tuesday. It was simply awful; I have not yet recovered my breath."

In the face of this, the personal issue between Mr. Nicoll and Mr. Fellows, and their respective fitness to serve the city's interests, sink into insignificance. Were George Washington elected Alderman over Benedict Arnold by these methods it would be none the less a fearful disgrace and a heavy blow at the stability of Democracy.

It may be safely said, without any attempt to palliate their crime, that the anarchists lately hanged in Chicago have not so sinned against society as have the political leaders who make such a thing as free choice in elections an impossibility.

For, when it can be first positively declared that a number of political adventurers, by the lavish use of money taken from the office holding class or liquor interests, or from other sources, control the local, State, and National governments of this country, then can it be said that Democracy is a failure.

How large a proportion of voters understands the practical workings of our election methods? If the American people be credited with but the slightest leaven of political morality, we must count that proportion small indeed, or the present system of nominating and voting for candidates for public office would never be allowed to disgrace the fabric of our republican institutions.

The average American voter of respectability is permeated by an optimism so complete and self-satisfying that he rarely recognizes in himself the existence of a political conscience.

If the truth—the whole truth—were but known; not merely read in the newspapers, doubted and then forgotten, but *known* in the light of personal observation, in what guise would these same respectable American voters see themselves?

As drones in the political bee-hive, outnumbering the workers ten to one, these drones live on in a state of beatific quiescence, taking no part in the management of their society, robbed of all power, helpless in the hands of the small minority, owing their very peace and security to the contemptuous tolerance of their rulers. Only when we come to the comparative virtues of the two kinds of workers—bees and bosses—does the simile need some slight modification.

Is there no remedy? Yes. A system of nomination and election, somewhat similar to that now in successful practice in Australia, would effectually prevent all manner of bribery, intimidation, and fraud. Its details have already been described in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW by Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice. It will suffice to say that, through its workings, no one would undertake to bribe voters, because it would be impossible to tell how they voted. The fact that a certain number of electors could in writing nominate candidates and have their names printed on the ballots provided by the State, would in no wise interfere with the *legitimate* purposes of party organizations, while a check would, nevertheless, be exercised on the too unscrupulous dictation of party bosses. The idea of giving over the machinery of elections to party organizations and private individuals, and throwing upon them the expenses thereby incurred, is too primitive for the present state of our society. If there ever was a public function that the State should exclusively exercise it is the management of its elections.

The Rice bill, which I trust will be introduced in the Legislature this winter, ingeniously aims at changing our methods so as to conform approximately to the Australian system, and should receive the enthusiastic support of every honest citizen, without distinction of party, who believes in the supremacy of the voice of the people.

It will meet with opposition from those who make a living out of the abuses of the present system. But did not the movement to introduce a paid fire department meet with the bitterest hostility? As the latter proved beneficial, so will the former, but in tenfold degree. Its advent is timely. Even now, people are talking hopelessly of electoral reform. Another election such as that we have just passed through would make our political future altogether gloomy and the right of suffrage a farce.

EDGAR J. LEVEY.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

"LAND STEALING IN NEW MEXICO."

In the October number of this Review Stephen W. Dorsey makes what he calls a "rejoinder" to my article on "Land Stealing in New Mexico." I find it a palpable misnomer, for, with a single exception, he does not even attempt a reply to the mass of facts which constitute my indictment against the rogues of this territory. A very brief notice of what he says may, however, be proper; but I shall take no notice whatever of his personalities, because I frankly confess myself hopelessly lost if I need to be defended against any conceivable charges he may see fit to make. Mr. Dorsey is the defendant, and I shall confine myself to the single case of the Una de Gato grant, in which he is personally involved, and in which he endeavors to defend himself. Here is what I said in my July article:

"The area of this grant, according to Mr. Dorsey, its claimant, was nearly 600,000 acres. It was reserved from settlement, and is so reserved to-day by the act of 1854; but, when the forgery of the grant was demonstrated in 1879, and he thought it unsafe to rely upon that title, he determined to avail himself of the homestead and pre-emption laws. This he could not legally do, because the land was reserved; but the Commissioner of the General Land Office was touched by his misfortune, and, in defiance of law, ordered the land to be surveyed and opened to settlement. Mr. Dorsey, who was already in possession of thousands of acres of the choicest lands in the tract, at once sent out his squads of henchmen, who availed themselves of the forms of the pre-emption and homestead laws in acquiring pretended titles, which were conveyed to him according to arrangements previously agreed upon. No record of this unauthorized action of the Commissioner is to be found in the Land Office. What was done was done verbally, and in the dark, and nothing is now known of the transaction, but the fact of its occurrence, and the intimate relations then existing between Mr. Dorsey and the Commissioner and his Chief of Surveys. Of course Mr. Dorsey and his associates in this business have no title to the lands thus acquired, and their entries should be cancelled, not only because the land was reserved from sale by act of Congress, but because these entries were fraudulently made, as will be shown by investigations now in progress."

Now, how does Mr. Dorsey answer me? Upon investigating the title of this grant he says he became satisfied that it was fraudulent. When did he make this investigation, and reach this conclusion? The records of my office and of the Interior Department give no answer to the question. They do not show that he ever made an investigation, but the contrary. He says he wrote to the Secretary of the Interior, stating circumstantially all the facts in his possession regarding the grant, and asked him to send a special agent to make a careful investigation,

and turned over to the Secretary all the papers in his possession. Unfortunately for Mr. Dorsey these statements are unsupported by the records of the Land Department and contradicted by them. They show that he persisted in his claim for years following the first agitation of the validity of his title, and up to January, 1879, when the forgery of the grant was demonstrated. He did nothing whatever in instigating the inquiry which led to this demonstration, which inquiry was set on foot by Lewis Kingman and Henry M. Arms in the year 1877. The papers show that he was displeased with their intermeddling with his title, and that it was solely at the instance of these men that the Land Office directed an investigation to be made. In the light of these facts, the reader can judge for himself as to Mr. Dorsey's reverence for the truth when he says, "I exposed the fraudulent nature of the grant with which Mr. Julian attempts to link my name unfavorably."

But he says he applied to the Secretary of the Interior to have the land within the bounds of this fraudulent grant thrown open for settlement, and that it was done accordingly. This is what I said in my article; but I stated, further, that the Land Department had no power to do this. One Surveyor-General had pronounced the grant valid, and another had declared it to be a forgery. Congress alone could determine the question, and the land was absolutely reserved by law in the meantime. Commissioner Williamson knew this perfectly, and for this reason, doubtless, no written order for the survey and sale of these lands was made, and the business was done "in the dark."

Mr. Dorsey knows all this, but makes no defense. He admits the action of the Land Department, in response to his request, but stands mute as to its illegality. He knows that that action was totally unauthorized and secretly performed, and that the lands acquired by him and his allies under an illegal order now rightfully belong to the United States. In these statements I am supported by the records of the Government, and no lawyer will attempt to controvert them. This disposes of Mr. Dorsey's defense, and I leave him to his reflections.

GEORGE W. JULIAN.

II.

COMPULSORY VOTING DEMANDED.

I HAVE read with great interest Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice's bill copied into Mr. Redpath's note on Electoral Reform in the September number. If Mr. Rice will add another section to his law, making it compulsory on all electors to vote, he will then have provided a perfect system of nominations, as well as of elections. Nearly one-fifth of the registered voters neglect to vote in all States—even in England and France. Reading Mr. Rice's bill, and the accompanying note in connection with Cardinal Gibbons article in the same number, you will find, by carrying out their thoughts, that all the evils in government result from neglecting the exercise of the right of franchise. It was by this neglect on the part of the citizens of New York that Tweed became the master for years of New York City, and was enabled to rob the people of millions of dollars. He so continued to plunder the municipal treasury until the people were compelled to combine, and by the exercise of the ballot turned him out of office.

I subjoin a project of law to render voting compulsory; a duty no more to be evaded than jury duty.

Under my law, supplementary to that of Mr. Rice, we should always have not only an honest vote, but a full vote; and both are equally demanded in the interests of good government.

I may add that the compulsory idea embodied in my bill, came up in the Massachusetts Legislature a short time ago, and, after a full debate, it received 43 votes to 48 against it, lacking only 5 votes of passage. If you should use your influence to have the bill introduced into the New York Assembly I am sure it would at once become a law in your State. The principle is sound.

HARRIS J. CLINTON.

I subjoin the bill that I prepared embodying the principle of compulsory voting :

SECTION I. Be it enacted, by the General Assembly of the State of Maryland, that it shall be compulsory upon every qualified voter, of the State of Maryland, to cast a ballot at each and every general election, hereafter held in Baltimore or any of the several Counties of this State, according to law.

SECTION II. And, be it enacted, that it shall be the duty of the Judges of Election, at each and every general election hereafter held in this State, according to law, at the closing of the polls of said election, to examine the book containing the names of the said qualified voters, of their respective polling places, and to make a red mark under the name of each voter who has neglected to cast his ballot at said election ; and to have copied a true and correct list of names and addresses of all voters who failed to cast their ballots, as aforesaid ; such copy to be signed by each Judge and attested by the clerks, at each polling place, and to be transmitted by the returning Judge, within the next succeeding ten days of said election, to the Clerk of the Criminal Court of Baltimore City, or Clerk of the Circuit Court of the County in which said election was held.

SECTION III. And, be it enacted, that it shall be the duty of the Clerks of said Courts, to immediately issue summons under the seal of the Court, to be served by the Sheriff upon said delinquent voter, commanding him to appear in person before the Court at its next sitting thereafter, to show cause why the fine, hereinafter prescribed, shall not be imposed upon him for neglecting to cast his ballot at said election.

SECTION IV. And, be it enacted, that it shall be the duty of the presiding Judge of said Court to hear the cause or excuse of said voter for his failure to cast his ballot at said election, and if he be unable to give such an excuse under oath as prescribed by Section 5 of this Act, then said Judge shall give judgment against said voter for the fine of $5 (five dollars) and costs, to be collected as other fines and forfeitures are collected in this State

SECTION V. And, be it enacted, that every voter who violates Section 1 (one) of this Act shall be subject to the fine herein imposed, unless he can show to the satisfaction of the Judge before whom his case is heard, that he was unable, by reason of sickness, or absence from the City or County, wherein he is a qualified voter, at the time of the holding of said election, to cast his ballot at said election.

SECTION VI. And, be it enacted, that if any qualified voter be adjudged guilty of violating Section 1 of this Act, his property, to the amount of one hundred dollars, shall be exempt from liability for said fine and judgment.

SECTION VII. And, be it enacted, that all fines collected under or by virtue of this Act, shall go to the Public School Fund of Baltimore City, or of the County wherein said fine is imposed and collected.

SECTION VIII. And, be it further enacted, that this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

III.

PRESIDENTIAL HAND-SHAKING.

To the unreflecting observer the rite of hand-shaking, as officially countenanced in the greatest of republics, may seem a light and trifling matter, but to one who has the public interest really at heart it is fraught with large importance. There are a great many persons still living who remember a tall, gaunt figure, with mighty reach of arm and a hand that was big enough and strong enough to shake a kingdom—a figure that for near five years stood in the White House and survived an ordeal such as has fallen to the lot of very few men in all times. On oc-

casions of "state and ceremony" he would receive one visitor after another with the mechanical hand-shake required of him, but to his intimates he confessed that his mind was frequently far away—with Sherman, perhaps, on his March to the Sea, with Grant in the Virginian Wilderness, or with Thomas in Tennessee. To the sensitive spectator who may have joined one of the groups near by the spectacle of this patient giant permitting hundreds to grasp his hand for an instant was pitiful in the extreme, and more than one has been tempted to remonstrate. But the public has established the custom and demands its perpetuation, and just now a young and attractive woman is called upon to bear her share of the burden.

The present chief executive of the United States is probably better able to endure the physical strain of excessive hand-shaking than are most of his contemporaries. At all events, he has, up to this writing, given no signs of exhaustion, but the drain upon his vital powers must be enormous—no milder term is adequate—and the problem of abolishing, or in some way modifying, what is already a grave abuse, must, sooner or later, be considered. Men who hold a position involving such responsibilities as those of the President should not be permitted, much less required, to weary themselves unnecessarily. It is not beyond the range of possibility that under such a process of slow worriment—the worst kind of torture—some mental process might be induced that should inure to the public injury. This is merely thrown out as a hint, but suppose the President should go into the East Room determined to veto, let us say, a River and Harbor Bill, is it not easily within the range of possibility that his noble resolve might literally be shaken out of him before the ceremonies were over?

CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

IV.

NATIONAL PLAGUE-SPOTS.

As civilization grows older the problems of life grow more perplexing, the why and wherefore of human existence become more involved in doubt, and the conflict between good and evil seems to be growing yearly more in favor of the devil. Just as there are diseases which are rife among the rich, and seldom found among the poor, so in our national life there are ills which germinate in the cities, and from which the rural populations are comparatively free.

Man ages more rapidly in the town than in the country. The wear and tear of city life exhaust human vitality. Men live faster and spend themselves more freely in the city, and so the towns of the nation become centres from which radiate the arteries of trade and intelligence, bearing the products of human intellects and human hands into far-away homes, and promoting the free comparison and interchange of ideas, customs, and habits. Evil and good come and go with the human life that pulsates through these arteries of national existence, and the great cities, which are the ganglionic centres of the nation, spread the vices, which thrive so luxuriantly in their boundaries, until their evil influences are felt in Maine and California and Texas.

Great cities are, therefore, the plague-spots of the nation. They will cease to be plague-spots only when the virtue within them exceeds the vice. New York is the metropolis of crime, as she is the metropolis of trade, and nearly all the diseases to which the body politic is subject are found in her—some visible to everyone, others hidden in special localities, not to be seen unless carefully looked for. All have so vast a potentiality for evil that the whole nation is interested in the experimental efforts to purge and purify her. The reform of the electoral system,

as proposed by Mr. Rice, is one of these remedies. The enforcement of justice against corrupt officials is another, and so the list extends.

It may be doubted if the city, left to herself, has recuperative power sufficient to cure herself; but the needed reforms can be accomplished if the public sentiment of the nation will, as its duty and self-interest require, strengthen the hands of the reformers.

GEORGE NELSON.

V.

OUR NATIONAL DIGESTION.

THE country has hitherto been able to digest all the incongruous elements offering themselves to it; but just as a man who eats too much, or who bolts his food with haste is, sooner or later, sure to become a victim of dyspepsia, so the nation is now beginning to show symptoms of inability to turn into the bone and sinew of good citizenship the immense hordes of ignorant and biased foreigners who come hither. It has been at once our boast and our safeguard that we have made good Americans of the millions of foreign emigrants landing upon our shores. On the pre-Revolutionary stock of Dutchmen, Huguenot, Frenchmen, and Irish, English and Scotch men, we have grafted scions of the Welsh, Russian, modern French, and Italian races, and the fruit that has resulted has been sweet and wholesome. We have had three wars since we became a nation—one a family quarrel, which, happily, is now settled, and the other two with Spain and our natural enemy, Great Britain; we have had differences with foreign nations, and the composite character of our nationality has borne us safely and triumphantly through all difficulties. Our composite nationality has been our preservation. Opposed to Great Britain, we have found our defenders in men of Scotch, Welsh, English or Irish descent. The generals who conducted our war against Mexico were nearly all descendants of the Latin races the Gallic blood predominating. And so it has ever been. We have had at our disposal the strongest and best race-traits of the races with which we were contending, blended and fused with the strong characteristics of other races into one harmonious whole.

But, alas! all this has now changed. Our French immigrants now hate Germans. Our Irish citizens bear an ungovernable enmity to England. Our Italian children yield blind and unreasoning fealty to old-world influences. We are no longer able to digest the varied and hostile elements which our habit induces us to swallow.

We are beginning to realize now that unrestricted immigration is not an unmitigated blessing. We are beginning to talk about the necessity of restricting the privilege of citizenship. Why?

I have stated the facts; they must be but results of appreciable causes. Who can tell what those causes are?

GEOFFREY CHAMPLIN.

VI.

NO SECTARIAN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

PLEASE permit me to enter an emphatic protest against the linking of our public schools with Mormonism and ballot-box stuffing by Cardinal Gibbons in the November number of your REVIEW. A system of popular education, growing up with our republic, in it and of it, directed and controlled by a body of teachers of the highest moral character, representative of and selected from among the people, in which is inculcated the principles, history, and patriotism of the republic's

founders, is not, and never can be, a menace to our institutions. And equally unjust is the assertion that such a system is undermining the Christian faith of our youth, unless in the negative sense, that it does not teach abstract orthodox Christianity, which of course in the Cardinal's mind means the tenets of his church.

A century of trying experience confirms the wisdom of the men who founded our republic upon the simple elemental principle of giving to the citizen entire control in the domain of politics, leaving to the Church the care of the spiritual; thus broadly marking the separation of Church and State. To radically change this elemental principle, to divide the general taxes for denominational support, would be the entering wedge of the Church into the State, and is the real menace to our republican institutions. General Grant was as supremely American when, in his public speech at Des Moines, he counselled Americans never to give a dollar of public taxes for denominational uses, as he was when receiving Lee's sword at Appomattox.

Cardinal Gibbons asks the adoption of the Canadian system, whilst Monsignor Preston demands the adoption of the German system. Americans feel that their institutions are above either. We do not require the colonial enlightenment of the one nor the military absolutism of the other. It is amazing what a longing these distinguished prelates have for the institutions of monarchy.

The true position of Catholics in this republic is to loyally and patriotically support all its institutions in the future, as in the past, thereby aiding in its grand development and sharing in its progress and prosperity.

A Catholic myself, I have for obvious reasons abstained from any discussion of the question of religious education. The American State has left that to the Church and the home, to the Christian preacher and Christian parent. It is not the State's province to make good Methodists, Episcopalians, or Catholics, but good citizens. To this end our public school system is specially adapted—a national laboratory from which our future composite people will come, nationalized and fraternized.

There is in the public mind an idea crystallized into a conviction that the republic cannot long survive the destruction of our public schools. This is why any attack upon them must ever awake the antagonism of all true Americans.

JEREMIAH QUIN.

VII.

DUTY OF THE LEADERS OF CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

SOME of the ablest and best known representatives of the great Christian denominations have been telling the readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW why they remain believers in their respective denominations. The papers are interesting, because they unconsciously show the strength and the weakness of modern Christianity. Its weakness consists in the fact that denominational principles and methods are elevated into the place which should be occupied by the fundamental principles and methods of Christianity. But at the same time this very weakness has proved to be a source of strength. Multitudes of men and women who would never be attracted by the lofty principles of pure Christianity, are ready to live by it, and even die for it, when it is mixed with something earthly and cast into the very human molds of denominationalism. We cannot bear to look at the white light from heaven. It blinds us and stuns us, accustomed as we are to the half darkness of human opinion and prejudice. And so we wear highly-colored ecclesiastical glasses, which give to everything around us the denominational hue which we love. Thus it is that many of us go to our graves without ever having caught the faintest glimpse of Christianity as it is when freed from its human ac-

cretions. The fact that Christianity has grown under these-circumstances, and is to-day one of the strongest, if not the strongest, force in modern life, is one of the most convincing proofs of its divine claims.

Nevertheless, denominationalism has had its day, and the era of its decadence has begun. In the past it drew men into the Church ; in the future it will drive them out of the Church. Indeed, it is beginning to do so now. The old sanctions of ecclesiasticism are losing their force with thinking people. The Christian denominations are in a state of flux ; religious opinion and belief are in a condition of chaos, out of which nothing is certain and everything is possible. And, as in the case of all chaotic movements, so in this, many strange and counter tendencies exist side by side. There is the reactionary backward movement towards a mediæval conception of dogma and ceremony which is so puzzling in this materialistic age, and there is on the other hand the movement away not merely from all settled creeds and dogmas, but from every vestige of organized Christianity. This movement divides itself up into a number of smaller movements, and we have as a result the new theology in its more orthodox manifestations, liberal Christianity of all grades, free religion, agnosticism, and infidelity. Now, what the leaders of Christian thought should do in this crisis is to provide temporary, though safe, intellectual bridges over which men may travel from the old and outworn denominational conceptions of Christianity to the new and unknown conception of it that is to be. The human mind cannot rest upon negations ; it must grasp something positive ; else it will sink under the black waters of pessimism and die. And it is here that many of the leaders of the progressive movement in theology have erred. They have not only torn down more than was necessary for their day and generation, but they have torn down much more vigorously and effectively than they have built up. They should remember that although truth is mighty, and will finally prevail, its day of triumph cannot be hurried nor anticipated. The Church of the future, with its larger view of truth, will come in the future, not to-day. What we of the present hour need to do is to wisely discern the signs of the times, and find some feasible *modus vivendi* for the traditional forms of denominationalism and the newer and better Christian consciousness of the age.

JAMES B. WASSON.

VIII.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE ILLUSTRATED.

THE article in the last REVIEW on the intelligence of animals brings to my mind a little incident that is related of a late distinguished gentleman, who, though eminent as a statesman and constitutional lawyer, prided himself especially upon his scientific attainments and the local celebrity he had won as a naturalist. He was a firm believer in the possession of reason by most of the four-footed creation, and he considered their intuitions and instincts keener and less liable to error than those of man. Being, on a certain occasion, invited to deliver an address before a scientific association, he chose for his subject "Animal Intelligence," and in the course of his remarks adduced the instance of a cat of remarkable sagacity which had quartered herself upon his family. She was an unbidden guest, and an unwelcome one, for she was continually under foot, in all parts of the house, but particularly upon the front door step. No visitor ever rang the entrance bell but puss was there to greet him ; and the door mat was her favorite couch at all hours of the day and night. At last she became so intolerable a nuisance that the statesman determined to be rid of her ; but not desiring to have her blood upon his hands, he hit upon the expedient of taking her with him on his next visit to New

York City, and there leaving her on some crowded thoroughfare. The distance was forty miles, and the cat not having, as he supposed, the keen scent of the dog, she would never find her way back to again decorate his door mat. He acted on this resolution, but, wonderful to relate, when he mounted his front door step on his return at night the obnoxious puss was there to greet him. He recounted the incident in his address, and, enumerating the number of creeks and rivers the cat had been obliged to swim, he called special attention to it as a striking instance of the remarkable intelligence, sagacity, and local attachment of her species. There was a decided snicker in some parts of the audience when he told this story, the occasion of which was as follows: Two young men, living in the neighborhood, had gone to the city upon the train with the statesman, and observing that he had the cat in the basket, and suspecting his intentions, they irreverently decided to play upon him a practical joke. Following him from the railway station, they noticed that he turned down Fourth avenue, and there, in an alleyway, opened his basket and gave the cat her freedom. He was no sooner out of sight than they caught the not unwilling creature, and putting her into another basket took her home by an early train and deposited her in her accustomed place on the statesman's door mat. The incident came near to ruining that gentleman's reputation as a naturalist.

DANIEL WINTHROP

IX.

CHURCHMEN AND REFORMERS.

"ACCORDING to the laws of evolution, confirmed by history, every advance in religion is the development of something going before. . . . According to the principle of evolution, every growing and productive religion obeys the law of heredity and that of variation. It has an inherited common life, and a tendency to modification by individual activity."

It seems to me that the above statement, made by Rev. James Freeman Clarke in an article entitled "Why I am Not a Free Religionist," in the October number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is a correct one. Some of the illustrations of it in history may be stated thus: Jewish monotheism grew out of polytheism; Christianity out of Judaism; Islamism out of Christianity, insisting on monotheism by exclusion of the worship of Mary and Jesus; Protestantism out of Roman Catholic Christianity; Unitarianism out of Orthodox Protestantism; and now, the idea and its embodiment which (for want of a better name) are called Free Religion, out of Unitarianism. All these changes, as Dr. Clarke justly says, are modifications of a preceding system by individual activity, the activity of Moses, Jesus, Mohammed, Luther, Channing, Parker, Frothingham. But Dr. Clarke not only represents Free Religion as out of this order of development, but he neither expresses nor implies the fact which explains these transformations, namely, that each of them was formed by elimination of somewhat that investigation had shown to be unsound in its predecessor. These changes illustrate the law of variation.

The law of heredity, "the inherited common life," is shown in each successive change by its insistance on righteousness as the thing indispensable in religion. Character before creed is the idea of those who are now stigmatized as heterodox by the churches; and, after the Free Religious Association has for twenty years been preaching "Freedom, Fellowship, and Character in Religion," a minority of Dr. Clarke's own denomination in the West are making it conspicuous as their standard, not without protest and apprehension on the part of the majority.

Admitting that the Christian Church continues to need reformation, Dr. Clarke still insists that the reformation must come from within. No doubt it would be vastly better that it should do so. But, when years and centuries pass without movement within, while enormous public evils and vices are growing in extent and virulence, it seems excusable, and even proper, that "individual activity," outside, should take up the work, and of this there have been many instances in the present century.

Dr. Clarke, assuming much in behalf of the church which to me seems unfounded, assumes also that "Every one who has at heart a movement for the benefit of humanity appeals instinctively for aid to the Christian churches." This statement *was* true in the first quarter of the 19th century; up to the time when Noah Worcester and William Ladd appealed to the churches to oppose war, and when Garrison appealed to them to oppose slavery. All three were denied, at first with utter indifference and disregard, and, when they persisted, with active opposition, by the clergy and the churches. I am sorry to see such a misleading under-statement of fact by Dr. Clarke as that *a part of the churches refused to sympathize with the anti-slavery movement.* Nineteen-twentieths of all the churches and of all the clergy not only refused to sympathize, but threw the weight of their influence more or less actively against the movements for the abolition of war and of slavery. Instructed by these demonstrations, later seekers for reform saw the uselessness of looking to the church for help. When Abby Kelley and Lucy Stone saw that women were unjustly treated both in church and state; when Felix Adler saw that ethical culture was neglected by the churches, who stigmatized it as "mere morality;" when Henry George saw that those bodies were indifferent to the enormous and increasing evil of pauperism, they saw it hopeless and a waste of time to appeal to the churches, and they sought help in other quarters and found it.

Dr. Clarke says, in conclusion, "I prefer to remain in the communion of the Christian body." He is, no doubt, in the communion of that very small division of it which is most intelligent and enlightened; but, when we remember that ninety-nine hundredths of those who call themselves Christians deny him their fellowship and oppose his view of religion as a dangerous heresy, and remember that all the Christians together are but a small minority of the earth's inhabitants, the attainment of universality for what he recognizes as Christianity seems not only distant, but doubtful; especially since he admits that the present Christian world, while it calls Jesus "Lord and Master," is building its faith on opinions *about* Him, instead of taking *Himself* as its leader.

C. K. WHIPPLE.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

I.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE recent death of the Hon. E. B. Washburne imparts a melancholy interest to the two stately volumes just issued of his Recollections.* The period covered is that of his Ministry to France—1869-1877—from before the fall of the empire to the establishment of the present Republic. The book is written in an interesting, unaffected style, being almost a daily record of events. Mr. Washburne gives us pen and ink sketches of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie, from whom he received many pleasant civilities. He was in Paris when war was declared against Germany, and he narrates the political events which led to the short but decisive contest between the two great powers. Then came the flight of Eugenie and the death of Napoleon, and soon afterwards the siege of Paris. During these exciting events Mr. Washburne was at his post doing his duty, often, of course, with the most trying and perilous surroundings. The successive changes of the French Ministry and the excitable character of the population of Paris made his position a very delicate and difficult one. Not only had he to look after the interests of his own countrymen, but he took upon himself, at the request of the German Goverment, the guardianship of the rights and property of the German population in Paris. His tact and judgment under all these circumstances were most noteworthy. The Germans, from the Emperor to the poorest subject, have since regarded him with love and veneration, and Mr. Washburne was always proud to show to his friends the magnificent portraits of the Emperor and of Prince Bismarck, which those eminent personages presented to him as a personal acknowledgment of his diplomatic courtesy and efficiency. The most trying period of all was during the brief reign of the Commune, when the French Ministers retreated to Versailles, and the diplomatic corps went with them—all except Mr. Washburne, who felt that the interests of his own countrymen and of the Germans, who looked to him for protection and advice, made it necessary for him to remain at his post, and to enter into diplomatic relations of a certain kind with the leading spirits of that anarchial period. He gives us in these memoirs some very interesting personal details respecting these men, who for a brief period held France at bay, and made riotous and terrible use of their short lived but despotic power. He often interposed to save valuable and innocent lives, sometimes successfully, oftener, alas! in vain. The name of America sufficed to keep personally respectful even the fiercest of the miserable wretches who for a time ruled supreme, and to insure him practical protection. The events leading to the recapture of Paris by the regular troops and the re-installment of the French Republican government are graphically told. On the whole, the book is a noble contribution to historical literature, and has the merit,

* "Recollections of a Minister to France, 1869-1877." By E. B. Washburne, LL.D. With illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons.

not always belonging to such literature, of being in the highest degree readable. The eminent author looked forward, we believe, with great interest to the publication of these volumes, and it is deeply to be regretted that he has not been spared to witness their cordial reception by his countrymen. The books are handsomely bound and copiously illustrated.

II.

ECCLESIASTICAL ECONOMY AND CHURCH LIFE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the wonderful vitality and the triumphant progress of the Christian church, its best friends do not yet claim that its organization is perfect. Viewed as a corporate body, consisting often of several hundred members, each claiming a voice in her deliberations, it is not a matter of surprise that knotty problems sometimes arise.

The ethics of church relations in all possible circumstances has never received fuller or more able treatment than in the handsome volume,* edited and in part written by the Rev. Washington Gladden. The inception of the work is due to Mrs. Margaret Woods Lawrence, known as "Meta Lander," but her collected material was purchased by the publishers, and by Mr. Gladden combined with his own work and that of other men well versed in matters of social and ecclesiastical polity. Prominent among these may be named the Rev. Drs. Lyman Abbott, Josiah Strong, J. H. Vincent, T. T. Munger, H. M. Scudder, J. K. Nutting, A. F. Schauffler, with Mr. Austin Abbott, Mr. E. C. Gardner, and Profs. Llewellyn and Waldo Pratt.

The series of brief, crisp, suggestive essays, seventy-seven in number, is conveniently arranged under the general divisions of the Pastor's Call, Parish Business, Parish Building, The Pastor at Home and at Work, Helping the Pastor, The People at Work, The Sunday-School and Worship. No more than brief mention of the most thoughtful is here possible.

Under The Pastor's Call, Mr. Gladden criticises the sentiment which would prevent a weary and overworked pastor from seeking to change his field so long as his services are acceptable. "If they [the churches] could create a sentiment which would prevent a settled minister from receiving a call, the ministers would be left in an embarrassing position. The attempt to create such a sentiment is an attempt to form a kind of ecclesiastical trades-union, under which ministers shall be wholly at the mercy of the churches." The practice of "stealing a pastor," as it is called, could be avoided by the establishment of ministerial bureaux, conducted with so much dignity and delicacy that no clergyman need hesitate to enter his name as an applicant. The still more difficult matter of getting rid of an undesirable pastor is happily treated by Mrs. Lawrence.

So many churches suffer partial or entire shipwreck on account of financial embarrassment that the practical opinions of an eminent lawyer as to the best means of conducting parish business are well inserted in a work of this character. Mr. Austin Abbott offers several short chapters of wise suggestions, in which he carefully explains the principles underlying church organization, spiritual and secular, and gives rules for the successful administration of church affairs, for contracts, funds, and special trusts and financial accounts. And Mr. E. C. Gardner, whose numerous and popular works on building entitle his opinions to consideration, agreeably discusses the church edifice, favoring the use of the most durable material and the choicest architectural designs, and insists that the interior shall

* "Parish Problems: Hints and Helps for the People of the Churches." Edited by Washington Gladden.—The Century Company.

be light and cheerful. "Our perceptions, physical, mental, and moral, are most easily led astray in the drowsiness that is sometimes honestly mistaken for devoutness and is apt to be induced by darkness. To avoid this danger the auditorium should be light." Lovers of ecclesiastical splendor will not agree with the conclusion that it is "inexcusably stupid to shut out from country and village churches the beauty of trees, and skies, and distant hill-tops by horrible caricatures of adoring but distracted-looking saints, depicted in colored glass and lead." Or "to profane Scripture texts by employing them for doubtfully decorative purposes in such fantastic typography that they might as well be Egyptian hieroglyphics or unmeaning arabesques." A few trenchant and eminently sensible words are added about the practice of closing the church building, with all its beauty of adornment and capacity for use, for six days out of seven.

To the popular delusion concerning the total depravity of parsonage children, Mrs. Lawrence opposes certain statements gathered from carefully prepared statistics, by which it appears that of two thousand five hundred and thirty-five children of ministers and deacons, whose careers have been traced to years of maturity, only two and one-half per cent. have disgraced the family name and the sacred office.

From his own abundant experience, Mr. Gladden writes of The Helpfulness of Hearing, emphasizing some familiar truths, but especially urging remembrance of the fact that a large audience not only inspires the pastor to put forth his best efforts, but induces greater intellectual and spiritual impressibility in the hearers.

The most important chapters should, obviously, relate to the people at work. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Gladden's vigorous thoughts claim attention. He allows no idlers in his corner of the vineyard. Do something, he entreats. "It is better to be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord than to be a dead-head." Dr. Abbott has an excellent paper in this division on Mission Work in the Home Field, which he finds suffering because of the lack of willingness to undertake home work that is ready to hand, and he urges the giving of one's self. "The church member drops a nickel on the missionary plate, and repeats, with a difference, Isaiah's proffer, "Here, Lord, am I; send *him*." More aggressive efforts are required. We must *go out* to the highways. They will not come to us.

Perhaps no chapters in the entire book will accomplish better results, if thoughtfully considered, than two by the Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong on The Latent Power in the Churches. Endeavoring to keep before the reader the true object of the church institution, Dr. Strong pithily says: "The church is not an ark, in which the elect few may take refuge and float placidly along over the perishing members of a lost race. It is not a ferry-boat intended to transfer idle passengers to the heavenly shore." The latent power in numbers in financial matters, and in work, is conclusively shown, with ample and effective examples of its operation. Under the latter topic, emphasis is laid on the fact, that whatever the Christian's *occupation*, his BUSINESS is to save souls."

Some of the best Sunday-school writers in the country, notably Rev. Drs. Vincent and Shauffler, discuss the purposes and best conditions for success in that department of church work. The final section, on Worship, concludes with a thoughtful paper by the Rev. R. G. Greene.

III.

RABELAIS.

YESTERDAY, a purified Rabelais would have been deemed an impossibility. To-day, a most noteworthy achievement is precisely such a version, which has been

prepared by Mr. John Dimitry, and has been issued, as a book for the holidays, under the title of "Three Good Giants."* The illustrations by Doré and Robida fit the stirring text.

It needed courage of a special kind to open a door leading to so many sealed chambers. But now that the door swings wide, it is cause for wonder that no one, up to this age of old things made new, should ever have thought the attempt worth making. Three centuries have turned the high road once running to it into a path untrodden save by scholars intent on wild guesses at what was never meant to be guessable. One can easily fancy the old Curé of Meudon chuckling at the idea that his giants have, in a strange land and under other skies of which he but dimly knew, been rated so high. Mr. Dimitry claims, however, that Rabelais's gigantic creations, Grandgousier, Gargantua, and Pantagruel, are "good," and cites for his witness Rabelais himself. In dividing his author "sharply into incident and philosophy—throwing out the philosophy altogether"—he seems to have found the only key to Rabelais on which learned pundits are likely to agree. In all that touches the Giants he has followed the original closely—cleansing it, as he goes along, from impurities, yet fairly preserving, through all the chapters quick with marvelous deeds, the rollicking dash of its *récit bouffon*. We note a few departures from the narrative part of the text. One we should have been glad to have seen kept,—that old-world jest of the roast-meat seller and the hungry porter. Its omission has the look of a lapse of the pen.

Such other changes as are found are invariably made in the line of morality. Take, for instance, Chapter XXVIII. This is a chapter which has always been held as chief among the Rabelaisian atrocities. The compiler has put a clean story—instead of a foul one—into the mouth of that unmatched rake Panurge, who gives an explanation which he does not believe, and grins like an ape over it. This, while a gain in purity, does not lose in point. The story is simply retold by making the innocent gambols of children stand for the lusty games of King Pharamond's jaunting party. Something more than graceful recognition of those proprieties which are holy is shown in substituting a stout staff for doughty Friar John's crucifix, in his mighty onslaught on the thieving Bunmakers of Lerne. It is certainly curious—given, these material facts which have so long rested on a cess-pool—to find a strong and skilled hand turning all into decency. No easy task must it have been to treat a Master who has, for centuries, only been "trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog." Yet, through this sustained swing of a wonderful narrative, what least shows itself is the idea of a task. A story, poisoned throughout in the original by a vicious philosophy, reads here like a brave tale of new-found giants. Rabelais's giants have now reached a dignity not known in their history. For the first time, they will find a welcome in American homes. They are worthy of it.

IV.

TOLSTOI'S SHORT STORIES.

Of the six short stories by Count Lyof Tolstoi which have been collected under the title of the first,† none, with possibly a single exception, is of recent composition. At the age of twenty-three, Count Tolstoi, fascinated by his brother's

* "Three Good Giants." Recorded in the Ancient Chronicles of François Rabelais. Compiled from the French by John Dimitry, A. M. Illustrated by Gustave Doré and A. Robida. Boston, Ticknor & Co., 1887.

† "The Invaders" and other stories. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

account of army life in the Caucasus, left home to serve in the corps of Junkers, or non-commissioned officers of the nobility, and at this time, in the wild magnificence of those mountain regions, he probably made his first literary ventures. To this date are assigned the two sketches of army life which introduce the volume. Of the others, "Polikuschka" was published in a magazine a few years later, while the "Kholstomir" appeared in 1861. It is therefore obviously unfair to compare the work of the young count, full of the romantic enthusiasm of his first military experience, with that of the melancholy mystic, whose theories of social and religious life have attracted so much attention. These early tales, however, if displaying less power and complexity, bear the impress of true genius, and show a development of the imaginative and introspective faculties most unusual in a youth fresh from an incomplete university course. But Tolstoi's genius needs a broader field than the brief limits of a sketch affords. A wide-spreading, wind-swept steppe is not too wide for this fierce, untamed Mazeppa.

His minute analysis of character, and vivid descriptions of trivial events, is as fascinating in these earlier productions as in the fruits of his later years. We accompany him on his first night march. The crickets and grasshoppers are awake in the tall grass. Frogs are croaking. The army crosses a bridge "amid a crash of cannon, caissons, military wagons, and commanding officers shouting at the top of their voices." We notice "the glow of a cigarette, casting a gleam on a reddish mustache; a fur collar; a hand in a chamois skin glove." We are under fire for the first time. "When I realized that the enemy were firing at us, everything that was in the range of my eyes at that moment assumed a new and majestic character. The stacked muskets, and the smoke of the bonfires, and the blue sky, and the green gun-carriages, and Nikolai's sunburned, mustachioed face —all this seemed to tell me that the shot which at the instant emerged from the smoke, and was flying through space, might be directed straight at my breast." "In the depths of my soul two voices were speaking with equal distinctness; one said, 'Lord, take my soul in peace;' the other, 'I hope I shall not duck my head but smile while the ball is coming.'" We grieve honestly over the deaths of the brave young ensign and of the guileless Velenchuk. We share his dread of seeing the face of the wounded, or standing on the spot marked by the death struggle. Or, we ride with him over the lonely steppe in a blinding snow-storm—our yamschuk is unreliable, his back is not shaped like that of an honest driver,—we are slowly freezing, all trace of the road is lost. Suddenly, the mind reverts to an incident of childhood. It is a warm, idle afternoon,—a boy lies musing on a bench in the garden. The flies fall heavily, like cherry-stones, on his heated face. Through the red-stemmed rose-trees he sees the bright blue mirror of the pond. A woman rushes in crying that a muzhik has fallen into the water; he sees again the hastening of the peasants, the fruitless efforts to rescue the man; he longs to jump into the pond, but does not. Then the net is drawn in with its shining carp, and, later, with something terribly still and white. All these things the reader plainly sees, and then he returns, with the dreamer, to the blinding storm and the trackless waste.

The sketch most resembling Tolstoi's later works, in style and subject, is "Polikusha," a powerful story of Russian peasant life, the plot of which turns on the conscription of a young peasant and his release by a sad tragedy of the ghastly sort in which the author is fond of displaying his skill. But entirely unique and unlike anything from this pen is the last sketch—"Kholstomir, the History of a Horse." Never did piebald gelding find a more faithful and sympathetic historian. It might be called a study in equine ethics. The piebald is old. "There is an honorable old age; there is a miserable old age; there is a pitiable old age; there

is also an old age that is both honorable and miserable. The old age which the piebald gelding had reached was of this latter sort." He was of great size; his forelegs were crooked at the knees; his body marked with signs of misfortune and abuse. "The expresssion of his face was sternly patient, deeply thoughtful and expressive of pain." His ugliness, albeit aristocratic ugliness, for he is of the breed of the Orlofs, and has large black eyes, delicate skin and hair, is the more marked by contrast with the colts of smooth and shiny skin, black and silken forelock, by whom he is surrounded. The description of the horses to whom the hero relates his adventures, as they are standing in the field on a summer morning, is a bit of pastoral poetry worthy of Virgil or Izaak Walton. "'Tis the time when the rail-bird, running from place to place among the thick reeds, passionately calls his mate; when, also, the cuckoo and the quail sing of love; and the flowers send to each other, on the breeze, their aromatic dust." The young colts, the yearlings, and the handsome, coquettish bay mare, whose mission it is to tease the old horse, are frisking about or bending their swan-like, short-shorn necks to nibble at the blades of grass. "One of the older little colts, lifting for the twenty-sixth time his rather short and tangled tail, like a plume, gamboled around his dam, who calmly picked at the herbage, having evidently had time to sum up her son's character, and only occasionally stopping to look askance at him out of her big black eye." The charming pictures of equine beauty could only have been drawn by a lover of fine horses, and as keen in his perceptions as the artist of "The Horse Fair."

V.

MODERN BATTLE FIELDS.

THE history of the world's progress in the nineteenth century is a promising and comprehensive theme, and Mr. Knox brings to the difficult task which he undertakes the pen of a ready and popular writer, a mind sufficiently dominated by the historic imagination and personal acquaintance with nearly every field which he describes.

Sir Edward Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles," which book closes with the battle of Waterloo, is naturally followed by that of Mr. Knox,* which, taking up the thread of events at Waterloo, concludes with the Fall of Khartoum.

When Napoleon was making kings in the Bonaparte family, Ferdinand VII., of Spain, was deposed to give place to Joseph Bonaparte. The South American States, loyal to their sovereign, bravely defended his rights, and sent the messenger who came to announce the change in government back to his home in Spain to report that they knew no king but Ferdinand. The Spanish Peninsula also refused to acknowledge the French sovereign, and provincial juntas were formed, each claiming entire control in Spain and in the American colonies. The Spanish-American States wisely concluded that the time was ripe for their declaration of independence, and after a long and bloody warfare, in which the country was ravaged and plundered, they succeeded in establishing a confederation of republics by the victory at Ayacucho, Peru, in 1824. Brazil, a Portuguese dependency, received her fleeing king, and, with less difficulty, made herself forever free from the Spanish yoke.

From South America to India is a long step around the globe, but the conquest of Burmah by the English justly deserves mention in the story of the world's progress in this century, and while the battle of Prome, in the first Burmese war,

* "Decisive Battles Since Waterloo. The Most Important Military Events from 1815 to 1887." By Thomas W. Knox. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

did not at once give the country into the hands of the British, it was the point from which the dynasty of Alompra began to decline.

For fifteen years preceding 1830, the Mohammedans were connected with all warfare of importance on the continent of Europe. In Hellas occurred one of the bravest of these encounters. The Greek Hetairists, a secret society, having for its object the freeing of their country from Turkish rule, had enrolled in its highest rank, limited to sixteen members, Count Capo d'Istria, private secretary to Alexander I. of Russia, and, as was secretly believed, the Czar himself, together with the Crown Prince of Bavaria and Wurtemburg, the Hospodar of Wallachia, and other distinguished personages. For many years this society existed without the knowledge of the Turks, and, in the final event to their great dismay. The barbarity of the ruling power at length aroused the Greeks, and with the aid of the Russian, English, and French allied forces, a battle was fought in the Bay of Navarino, in which the Turkish fleet was destroyed with great loss of life, and the Turks were forced to abandon Greece. To the ambassador's request for an interview, the Sultan made reply: "My positive, absolute, definitive, unchangeable, eternal answer is, that the Sublime Porte does not accept any proposition regarding the Greeks, and will persist in his own will regarding them, even to the last day of judgment." However, the threatened overthrow of the Ottoman Empire by the allies at length brought the haughty ruler to submission.

The attitude of Russia towards the Greeks naturally aroused the hostility of the Porte against that nation, and a series of battles, terminating in the siege of Silistria, brought about the treaty of Adrianople, in favor of the Russians. Following this, the fall of Algiers and capture of Antwerp, in 1832, brings us to the familiar events of the Mexican struggle for Texas and the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

The fertile region of the Punjaub, inhabited by the Sikhs, is the scene of the decisive battle of Gujerat, by which a valuable track of land, including nearly two hundred thousand square miles, became a part of British India. Of equal interest, and more generally familiar, are the stories of Sebastopol and Lucknow.

Of Chinese warfare, comparatively little has been known by reason of the Celestial Kingdom's long centuries of exclusiveness. Mr. Knox classes the capture of the forts in the Peiho River and Pekin among important events in the history of nations, because by the succeeding treaty of Tien-Tsin the hitherto secluded region was practically opened to the rest of the world. The journal of Mr. Olyphant, Secretary of Lord Elgin, furnishes the data for the interesting account of this achievement. By the treaty of Nankin, in 1843, having been violated by the Chinese, Lord Elgin sought in vain an audience with the Governor of Shanghai, and at length determined to force an entrance to the city. Up the river Peiho, guarded on either side by mud forts, which were entirely unprotected in the rear, but well supplied with cannon on the riverside, sailed the fleet, the first hostile ships ever seen on this "River of the North." The Chinese gunners gave them a loud greeting, and, owing to the peculiar Chinese habit of hiding in a bomb-proof when receiving the enemy's fire, the engagement was a long one, but, to the great surprise of the natives, who supposed that fighting must be confined to the fortified portion of the fort, the invaders entered from the rear. The poor Chinamen fled with such haste that they could not be overtaken, and soon not one was to be seen. A wholesome terror of the bright British sabres overwhelmed those who attempted resistance. The forts were all captured, and the following announcement appeared in the Pekin *Gazette*, concerning Tan, the Imperial Commissioner, to whom the task of driving out the barbarians had been committed:

"Whereas, Tan-Tin-Siang, already degraded from the office of Governor-General of Chih-Li, has been found not guilty of cowardice and desertion, but in that his operations were without plan or resource, his offense is not the less without excuse. Let him be banished to the frontier [confines of Siberia], there to redeem his guilt by his exertions."

The author has chosen for the representative battles of our civil war the engagement of the Monitor and Merrimac, battles of Gettysburg and of Five Points, and Lee's surrender. Sedan, Khiva, and Plevna, in the decade of 1870, are followed by the history of the Russian overthrow of the Tekke Turcomans in their fortified town of Geog Tepe, and the end of their barbarous alamans on the defenseless Persians.

Each of the twenty-five battles is so amply illustrated by maps, sketches of fortifications, and battle plans, that the lover of military tactics will find the book an interesting study.

VI.

A SOCIALISTIC ROMANCE.

In "Marzio's Crucifix" * one hardly knows which most to admire, the creative talent which finds expression in the delineation of characters so true to life as the artist chisseler Marzio and his family, or the dramatic genius which glows in every page of the book. Marzio is a socialist at heart though an inimitable worker in silver, and a true artist. He is thoroughly imbued with anarchical principles, though he has made a fortune out of the Church which he would willingly annihilate. Moreover, he is a domestic tryant, and remains so till the close of the story; but this feature of the man is brought out mainly through the manner in which he finds his purposes crossed and thwarted through the influence of a brother, a priest, who is the means of bringing him a succession of lucrative orders, but, of course, discountenances his revolutionary principles. A wife and daughter, and a young man in love with the latter, constitute the principal personages, and the plot of the story extends over less than two days. It will be hard for any one to begin this book without finishing it at a sitting. The ways of a middle class Roman household are drawn to the life. The scene is constantly shifting, and the reader is kept on the *qui-vive* for some *denouement* or other which never happens. The mere plan of the story is slight, but it is woven together with consummate art. As it touches frequently upon socialistic questions it has an interest aside from its effect as a mere story, and we cannot forbear making one quotation from a conversation between the priest and his friend the Cardinal, in which the Cardinal thus expresses himself—prophetically as many may think: "Your brother represents an idea, which is a subversion of all social principle. It is an idea which must spread because there is an enormous number of depraved men in the world who have a very great interest in the destruction of law. The watchword of that party will always be 'there is no God,' because God is order and they desire disorder. They will, it is true, always be a minority because the greater part of mankind are determined that order shall not be destroyed. But those fellows will fight to the death, because they know that in that battle there will be no quarter for the vanquished. It will be a mighty struggle, and will last long, but it will be decisive, and will perhaps never be revived when it is once over. Men will kill each other wherever they meet, during months and years, before the end comes, for all men who say that there is a God in Heaven will be upon the one side, and all those who say there is no God will be upon the other."

* "Marzio's Crucifix." By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co.

"May we not be alive to see anything so dreadful!" exclaimed Don Paolo devoutly.

"No, you and I shall not see it. But those little children who are playing with chestnuts down there in the court—they will see it. The world is uneasy and dreads the very name of war, lest war should become universal if it once breaks out. Tell your brother that."

VII.

AN OCTOGENARIAN WOOER.

IN "Bledisloe"* there is the impress of strong native talent dealing with a well worn subject in somewhat 'prentice fashion. A sporting English country rector overhead in debt sees a way out of trouble by marrying off his oldest daughter to an octogenarian nabob. A young man of mixed aristocratic and plebeian descent, and with some objectionable family antecedents, but noble in bearing and in purpose, has awakened a glimmer of love in the lady's breast, and naturally feels decidedly blue at the prospect of the marriage. The young lady believes it to be her duty to go to martyrdom for the sake of her father, whose debts the aged Crœsus is to assume immediately after the marriage ceremony. Around this central romance the author weaves a readable little story, designed to bring out some of the special features of country life in England. The scene is laid on the banks of the Severn, near Gloucester. A peculiarity of the incoming tide as it meets the swift downward current of the river at that part of its course is a rapid and turbulent rising of the level of the water, advantage of which is taken by vessels desiring to get in or out of the port of Gloucester. This peculiarity is designated "The Bore," and plays an interesting part in the story. Two young American ladies appear at Bledisloe as inheritors of an ancient estate of moderate value, and are drawn into the plot as spectators. The reader looks into the pictures of English life with the eyes of these fair damsels, and the impressions likely to be produced under such circumstances are, we think, fairly described. We find the customary bevy of healthful English girls, and of young men who can ride across country, but one of the American girls astonishes them all by her skill and daring on horseback, while she also captures the heart of a crusty woman-hating bachelor cousin who "hates Americans."

A great deal of the book is taken up with minor incidents and description, and must be voted commonplace, but there are indications of power in the sketches of the principal characters, particularly that of the aristocratic, selfish, easy going rector, and the ancient party who aspires to carry off the fair prize. The two men most interested meet, and the younger one begins to speak his mind, but the old gentleman is his match at an argument. "A man who has lived his life" began Irwine, "can afford to be indulgent to such an appeal as I now have to make ——."

"Nay! that argument will not stand," smiled Sir Ralph. "Life is never lived until the final hour is come. Life grows dearer as its sands run out; because I am fourscore years I cannot afford to spare a single hour of happiness to you who own youth, genius, and success, with a physique the very gods might envy."

The author does not indiscriminately denounce disparity of age in wedlock. "The man of sixty, whose clean soul has lived in God's sight with child-like desire to grow near to heaven, is a younger, fitter companion for a maiden than a blasé youth of twenty." Unfortunately our octogenarian had drifted far beyond sixty,

* "Bledisloe; or, Aunt Pen's American Nieces." An international story. By Ada M. Trotter. Cupples & Hurd.

and was never suspected of any child-like desire to grow near to heaven, but he was the most cool and considerate of wooers, and how near he came to being a winner the tale itself must say.

VIII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AMONG men of letters, educators, and readers of general literature there is an increasing demand for books on special subjects, which shall be as far removed from the tedious prolixity of the cyclopædia as from the realms of fiction. Between Miss Muhlbach's portrayal of Napoleon, for instance, and the minute analysis of his life by Hazlitt or Scott, there is place for a brief biography, giving in concise form the important events of his life, yet pleasantly colored by the imagination of a master of literature. The busy man has no time to spend in reading the larger work ; the other does not contain the facts for which he seeks.

Such brief standard biographies the Rev. E. E. Hale supplies in "Lights of Two Centuries ;"* and while the author claims to have wrought for those interested in educational work, his book will be found of service to any worker in the field of literature, art, or science, as well as of interest to the general reader.

The biographies are arranged under the general divisions of artists and sculptors, prose writers, composers, poets, and inventors, and the names selected, usually ten under each heading, are intended to include the master minds in each department. The fairness of omitting the names of Lamb and Addison from the list of master prose writers may be questioned. Lovers of art will agree that the selection of Watteau, Hogarth, Reynolds, Canova, Thorwaldsden, Turner, Ingres, Barye, Millet, and Bastien-Lepage, fairly represents the school of great artists and sculptors. Mr. Hale justly says: "Many of the workers whose objects have been the enlightenment and happiness of the human race have been so bound together in their labors that they have, in a measure, ceased to exist as individuals." And, "If in these pages the reader fails to find the name of some favorite writer, composer, artist, or inventor, let him feel sure that the omission was made with reluctance on the part of the editors of this book."

In this age of profuse Shakespearian literature it seems strange to say that Mrs. O'Connor's book† fills a "long felt want;" yet this is exactly what may be said of it. It is a compact, thorough, and handy compilation, a condensation of the expensive and rare indices and concordances which have previously been published. It will prove a great convenience to the casual reader of Shakespeare, and schools will find it the best book of reference that has appeared for some time.

In the October number of THE REVIEW, Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice, contrasting the recent progress of the United States with the progress of Great Britain during the Victorian era, said : "In the arts of typography and illustration we are far ahead of the United Kingdom." The truth of his remark is exemplified by a work recently published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.‡ Six etchings of remarkable power, and most beautifully reproduced, illustrate the text of an essay

* "Lights of Two Centuries." Edited by Rev. E. E. Hale. Illustrated with fifty portraits. A. S. Barnes & Co.

† "An Index to the Works of Shakspere." By Evangeline M. O'Connor. D. Appleton & Co.

‡ "Faust: The Legend and the Poem." By William S. Walsh, with etchings by Hermann Faber. J. B Lippincott Company.

on the origin and development of the Faust legends, poems, and plays. More than two thousand seven hundred and thirteen books, pamphlets, musical compositions, and plastic and pictorial illustrations, dealing with the legend of Faust have been printed in Europe ; but none of them equal in beauty of typography and illustration the volume under review. As a holiday gift this book is unrivaled by anything yet presented to our notice.

Miss Hapgood's translation of "Les Miserables"* has the merit of close fidelity to the original without being too slavishly literal. The reader receives an excellent impress of the peculiar and bracing style of the author. The publishers are to be commended for producing this remarkable work in one volume at a low price. To accomplish this a very light and thin paper is used, but the type is new and clear, and the work will receive a wide welcome.

Bridge accidents are so often happening that any judicious explanation of the cause and cure must be regarded as timely. Mr. Vose is a highly competent authority and has had extensive experience in bridge construction. Town authorities and others who contemplate building highway bridges will do well to consult his short treatise on Bridge Disasters† before committing themselves to a contract. Mr. Vose states that during the past ten years over two hundred railroad bridges in the United States have broken down, and he argues that the present system and methods of inspection are very little better than a farce. With regard to highway bridges matters are still worse. For all this there is a simple remedy in building bridges properly, with good material, on safe calculations as to strength, and under impartial and competent inspection.

There is a quaintness and sadness about Mr. Bunner's "Story of a New York House,"‡ which takes strong hold of the reader. This is not a novel, but a page of local history. The names may be invented, but the facts are as here narrated. From 1807 to 1875, or thereabouts, New York has made mighty progress, but individuals and families grow old and pass away, and this is the one unvarying round men call life. *Vanitas vanitatum* is the moral of this melancholy tale, but the book is a poem and a study.

To write a novel which shall find its heroes and heroines in a matter-of-fact community of country farmers in New York State is, one would think, a trying task. The author of "Seth's Brother's Wife"§ has produced a story of unequal merit, but succeeds in holding the attention of the reader, partly by reason of the very homeliness of the material selected for his work. Few things can be less attractive or romantic-looking than a neglected and impoverished American farmhouse and its surroundings, and the lean, hard-featured people living and moving about it. The story starts from such a place. A great deal of it is written in what purports to be the dialect of the northern part of the State, and as the plot advances it is easy for any one who has mingled amongst farm folk in this latitude to recog-

* "Les Miserables." By Victor Hugo. Translated from the French by Isabel F. Hapgood. 1 vol. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

† "Bridge Accidents in America. The Cause and the Remedy." By George L. Vose. Lee & Shepard.

‡ "The Story of a New York House." By H. C. Bunner. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. Charles Scribner's Sons.

§ 'Seth's Brother's Wife." A study of life in the greater New York. By Harold Frederic. Charles Scribner's Sons.

nize familiar people and scenes. The fidelity of the artist to nature is perhaps the principal charm of this book. The old homestead with its shaky barns and lean cattle, the soil-stained, lanky hired man, the maiden aunt, the dull round of drudgery are drawn to the life. The gradual decay of a once thrifty and prosperous family and its upbuilding again through the ambition of a scion of the house are skillfully described. The youngest son is liberated from the distasteful plow, and becomes a journalist and editor, and here again there are some strong and faithful touches which appeal feelingly to all those who have gone through similar experiences. A sentimental attachment springs up between this youth and his more matured sister-in-law, but a more healthy love saves him not only from scandal, but from the suspicion of a fearful crime which flings its shadow across his path. There are pieces of true character sketching and the outline of the plot is strong, but the details we think are rather feebly drawn. One sees too clearly from the first just how matters will work out. There is an evident overhaste in the composition. With more time and thought the author would have produced a greater novel.

Mr. James Baldwin has been very skillful in his attempt to weave into a connected story for the young some of the old Greek myths, as a prelude to the reading of Homer and other classic productions, either in the original or in translations.

"A Story of the Golden Age"* begins with a glimpse at sea-girt Ithaca, the home of King Laertes, and we are soon introduced to the boy Odysseus and his tutor, and to the details of their journey to the halls of old Autolycus, and the series of adventures following.

Short, crisp chapters, throwing some light on the boyhood of famous authors is what we find in Mr. Rideing's book.† The sketches will prove both entertaining and stimulative to lads of average mold, but we are bound to say that in every case the facts collected together are few. There is no claim to the term biographical. Most of the eighteen authors selected are Americans, the exceptions being Gladstone, Boyesen, and James Payn.

One of the brightest novels of the season is entitled "Paradise,"‡ by Lloyd S. Bryce. It is written in a bright and sprightly style, and in such faultless language that it reminds one of the ablest masters of French fiction—the literary touch is so firm and yet so dainty, the style so pure and sparkling; the plot so simple, yet always of such absorbing interest; the dialogue so crisp and natural, while the delicate sarcasm and refined humor that characterize every chapter are seen to be merely the glistening of the weapon of an earnest moral purpose. The author has taken for the theme of his story the social and moral confusion wrought by our conflicting and loosely-drawn laws of divorce, by which either stupidity or criminality—the fool or the knave—may have the marriage obligations dissolved by law with or without adequate cause. General Bryce is to be congratulated on his first story, which has so many and such varied merits that it may be regarded as the sure prophecy of a most successful career in literature.

* "A Story of the Golden Age." By James Baldwin. Illustrated by Howard Pyle. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

† "The Boyhood of Living Authors." By Wm. H. Rideing. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

‡ "Paradise." By Lloyd S. Bryce. Funk & Wagnalls.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

History of the Christian Church. With maps. George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D.

The Story of the Psalms. Henry Van Dyke, D.D.

Guatemala: The Land of the Quetzal. A Sketch. William T. Brigham, A.M.

Seth's Brother's Wife. A study of life in the greater New York. Harold Frederic.

A Story of the Golden Age. James Baldwin. Illustrated by Howard Pyle.

Sermons for Children, including the Beatitudes and the Faithful Servant. Preached in Westminster Abbey. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D.

Fifteen Years in the Chapel of Yale College, 1871–1886. Noah Porter.

J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Deserted Village, by Oliver Goldsmith. With etchings by M. M. Taylor.

Ida Waugh's Alphabet Book. Verses by Amy E. Blanchard.

Prince Little Boy and other Tales out of Fairy Land. S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D.

Faust; the Legend and the Poem. With etchings by Herman Faber. William S. Walsh.

T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Les Misérables. Victor Hugo. Translated from the French by Isabel F. Hapgood.

The Babyhood of Living Authors. William H. Rideing.

Burnham Breaker. Homer Greene.

E. Glaeser.

The Social Question in the Light of History and the Word of Truth. Rev. John H. Oerter, D.D.

Chas. L. Webster & Co.

Reminiscences of Winfield Scott Hancock. By his Wife.

The Genesis of the Civil War. The Story of Sumter, 1860–61. Samuel Wylie Crawford, Brevet Major-General, U. S. A.

Lee & Shepard.

The Life and Times of Wendell Phillips. George Lowell Austin. New edition.

Human Life in Shakespeare. Henry Giles. With introduction by John Boyle O'Reilly.

Perseverance Island; or, the Robinson Crusoe of the Nineteenth Century. Douglas Frazer. Illustrated. New edition.

Ça Ira! or Danton in the French Revolution. A Study. Lawrence Gronlund.

D. Appleton & Co.

An Index to the Works of Shakespere. Evangeline M. O'Connor.

Theodore Sutro.

The Sutro Tunnel Company, and the Sutro Tunnel. Report to the stockholders.

The Century Co.

I. The New Day. A Poem in Songs and Sonnets. II. The Celestial Passion. III. Lyrics. Richard Watson Gilder.

L. C. Baker.

The Fire of God's Angel, or Light from the Old Testament upon the New Testament Teaching concerning Future Punishment. L. C. Baker.

J. Thompson Gill.

Within and Without. A philosophical, lego-ethical, and religious romance, in four parts.

Woman's Temperance Publication Association.

Childhood ; its Care and Culture. Mary Allen West.

A. S. Barnes & Co.

An Outline of Anglo-Saxon Grammar, from the Appendix of Harrison & Baskerville's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary. W. M. Baskerville.

Macmillan & Co.

Marzio's Crucifix. F. Marion Crawford.

Cupples & Hurd.

Thoughts. Second Series. Ivan Panin.

Bledesloe ; or, Aunt Pen's American Nieces. An international story. Ada M. Trotter.

Zorah, a Love Tale of Modern Egypt. Elizabeth Balch.

Funk & Wagnalls.

The Science of Politics. Walter Thomas Mills.

Thomas Whittaker.

Morality. Robert B. Fairbairn D.D., LL. D.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Sketch of American Finances, 1789–1835. John Watts Kearny.

INDEX

TO THE

HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIFTH VOLUME

OF THE

North American Review.

Agnostic Side, The, 473.
America, English Taxation in, 563.
American, The Future, 286.
AMORY, C. F. An American Penal Colony, 212.
Anarchy, Criticism of, 545.
Andover Controversy, 539.
Animals, Are the Lower, Approaching Man? 516.
Animal Intelligence Illustrated, 690.
Artificial Cold, 261.
ATWELL, V. PERRY. Plea for Fractional Currency, 574.
Authorship of the Glacial Theory, 94.
AYRAULT, ETIENNE. Old Yachts and New, 573.
BABER, GEORGE. Comments on Letters of Gideon Welles, 69.
Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy, 46, 422, 426, 555, 603.
BALL, JOHN, JR. Mistakes of Cardinal Gibbons, 570.
BALLOU, WILLIAM HOSEA. The Future American, 286; Are the Lower Animals Approaching Man? 516.
BARRETT, LAWRENCE, Concerning Shakespeare, 603.
Battle of Petersburg, Part I., 367; Part II., 506.
BEAUREGARD, G. T. The Battle of Petersburg, Part I., 367; Part II., 506.
Beauregard, G. T., Reply to, 573.
BLACK, HUGH. "Fra Ba Wrt Ear Ay," 422.
Black, Hugh, Criticism of, 555.
Blaine, James G. Possible Presidents, 221.
Blockade of Charleston, The, 573.
Blundering American Diplomacy, 313.
BOUCICAULT, DION. Decline and Fall of the Press, 33; Coquelin-Irving, 158.
BOTHWICK, ALICE B. English Women as a Political Force, 81.
BRYCE, LLOYD S. A Service of Love, 276; Primitive Simplicity, 545.
BYERS, S. H. M. Sherman's March to the Sea, 235.
Calhoun, John C., 246.
California 100-foot Law, 570.
CAMPBELL, WALLACE F. The Court of Public Opinion, 103.
CHAMPLIN, GEOFFREY. The California 100 foot Law, 570; Our National Digestion, 688.
Charleston, Blockade of, 573.
CHARYAR. *See* MADHWA-CHARYAR.
Chestnut Bur, A, 539.
Christian Thought, Duty of the Leaders of, 689.
Churchmen and Reformers, 692.
Cipher, Baconian, 46, 422, 426, 555.
Ciphers, Those Wonderful, 555.
Claims against the Government, 206.
CLARK, EDWARD GORDON. "Bakon, Shaxpere—We," 426.
Clark, Edward Gordon, Criticism of, 555.
CLARKE, JAMES FREEMAN. Why I am Not a Free Religionist, 378.
Cleveland, Grover. Possible Presidents, 629.
CLEWS, HENRY. Delusions About Wall Street, 410.
CLINTON, HARRIS J. Compulsory Voting Demanded, 685.
Coming Civilization, 657.
Concerning Shakespeare, 603.
CONWAY, MONCURE D. The Queen of England, 120.
Coquelin-Irving, 158.
Court of Public Opinion, The, 103.
CURRENT AMERICAN LITERATURE.
Yoke of the Thorah, Sydney Luska, 104.
Miss Bayle's Romance, 105.
John Sevier: the Commonwealth Builder, James R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke), 105.
History of England in the 19th Century, W. E. H. Lecky, 106.
Dante and His Circle, D. G. Rossetti, 108.

CURRENT AMERICAN LITERATURE.
Sigrid, J. T. Thoroddsen, 216.
Taras Bulba, N. V. Gogol, 216.
Crime and Punishment, Dostoyevsky, 216.
The Death of Ivan Ilyitch, Count Tolstoi, 216.
Things Seen, Victor Hugo, 217.
The Court of the Khedive, H. A. Butler, 218.
Liber Amoris, H. B. Carpenter, 219.
Kaméhamiha, C. M. Newell, 219.
Saracinesca, F. M. Crawford, 220.
Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria, 1852 to 1860, C. C. F. Greville, 331.
Retrospections of America, J. Bernard, 331.
Recollections of a Private Soldier, F. Wilkeson, 332.
Memories of the Men Who Saved the Union, Donn Piatt, 333.
My Confession, Count Tolstoi, 334.
Solar Heat, Gravitation, and Sun Spots, J. H. Kedzie, 335.
Tchitchikoff's Journeys, N. V. Gogol, 337.
Conventional Cant, Sidney Whitman, 338.
Years of Experience, G. B. Kirby, 339.
Moral Philosophy, A. P. Peabody, 340.
Talks with Socrates About Life, 341.
Some Problems of Philosophy, A. Alexander, 341.
Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus, C. S. Robinson, 341.
Volcano Under the City, 342.
Ancient Cities of the New World, Désiré Charnay, 458.
Life of Leo Thirteenth, B. O'Reilly, 460.
China, J. H. Wilson, 462.
Pleasures of Life, J. Lubbock, 464.
Electric Motor, T. C. Martin and J. Wetzler, 465.
Huguenots and Henry of Navarre, H. M. Baird, 466.
Word Studies in the New Testament, M. R. Vincent, 467.
Around the World on a Bicycle, T. Stevens, 468.
Red Spider, S. B. Gould, 469.
Thraldom, J. Sturgis, 469.
Select Poems, A. C. Swinburne, 469.
My Lodger's Legacy, R. W. Hume, 470.
Agatha and the Shadow, 470.
Beecher Memorial, E. W. Bok, 471.
History of Modern Philosophy, K. Fischer, 576.
Introduction to Psychological Theory, R. P. Bowne, 577.
Psychology, J. McCosh, 578.
Kant's Ethics, N. Porter, 579.
What to Do? Count Tolstoi, 579.
American Literature, E. P. Whipple, 580.

CURRENT AMERICAN LITERATURE.
The Russian Church, A. F. Heard, 581.
Brief Institutes of History, E. B. Andrews, 583.
Collection of Letters of Thackeray, 584.
Bodyke, H. Norman, 585.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, G. L. Austin, 585.
French for Young Folks, J. D. Gailard, 586.
Medical and Surgical Memoirs, J. Jones, 586.
Revolution in Tanner's Lane, Mark Rutherford, 586.
On the Susquehanna, W. A. Hammond, 587.
The Van Gelder Papers, J. T. I., 587.
Recollections of a Minister to France, E. B. Washburne, 693.
Parish Problems, Edited by W. Gladden, 694.
Three Good Giants, J. Dimitry, 695.
The Invaders, Count Tolstoi, 696.
Decisive Battles since Waterloo, T. W. Knox, 698.
Marzio's Crucifix, F. M. Crawford, 700.
Bledisloe, A. M. Trotter, 701.
Lights of Two Centuries, E. E. Hale, 702.
Index to Shakspere, E. M. O'Connor, 702.
Faust, W. S. Walsh, 702.
Les Miserables, V. Hugo, 703.
Bridge Accidents, G. L. Vose, 703.
Story of a New York House, H. C. Bunner, 703.
Seth's Brother's Wife, H. Frederic, 703.
Story of the Golden Age, J. Baldwin, 704.
Boyhood of Living Authors, W. H. Rideing, 704.
Paradise, L. S. Bryce, 704.
Dahomey, King of, 355.
Daughters, What Shall we do With Our, 326.
DAVIS, JEFFERSON. John C. Calhoun, 246.
Decline and Fall of the Press, 33.
Defects in Our Political and Social Institutions, 345.
Delusions About Wall Street, 410.
Democratic Party Outlook, The, 267.
DICKERSON, WILLIAM TINGLE. A Posthumous Letter by Gov. Wise, 456.
Diplomacy, Blundering American, 313.
Dissent in England, 645.
DONNELLY, IGNATIUS. The Shakespeare Myth. Part II., 46.
Donnelly, Ignatius, Criticism of, 555.
DORSEY, STEPHEN W. Land Stealing in New Mexico, 397.
Drama, The Sister of, 100.

EATON, DORMAN B. Grover Cleveland. Possible Presidents, 644.
Elections, Proposed Bill to Reform, 435.
Elections, Amendment to Law of, 570.
Electoral Reform, 435, 576, 685.
Emerson, Morley on, 102.
England, The Queen of, 120 ; Dissent in, 645.
English and American Progress Contrasted, 435.
English Taxation in America, 563.
English Women as a Political Force, 81.
EVANS, E. P. Authorship of the Glacial Theory, 94.
FIELD, HENRY M. Letter to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, 128 ; Last Word to Robert G. Ingersoll, 616.
Field, Henry M., Open Letter to, 324.
Field, Henry M., A Reply to, 473.
Finance. A Monetary Whim Exploded, 454.
Fractional Currency, Plea for, 574.
Free Religionist, Why I am a, 8; Why I am not a, 378.
FROTHINGHAM, O. B. Why I am a Free Religionist, 8.
Future American, The, 286.
GANNETT, A. M. Morley on Emerson, 102.
GARFIELD, JAMES A. My Personal Finances, 40.
GEORGE, HENRY. The New Party, 1.
GIBBONS, JAMES, *Cardinal*. Some Defects in Our Political and Social Institutions, 345.
Gibbons, James, *Cardinal*, Mistakes of, 570.
Glacial Theory, Authorship of the, 94.
GLADSTONE, W. E. Universitas Hominum, 589.
Government, Claims Against the, 206.
Grant, U. S. *See* WELLES.
HAMILTON, GAIL. A Chestnut Bur, 539.
Health Insurance, 187.
Heathen, A Plea for the Pagan, 324 ; Why am I a, 169 ; Why I am not a, 306.
Hill, David B. Possible Presidents, 385.
History, Unity of, 589.
HUTCHINSON, WOODS. Health Insurance, 187.
Ingersoll, Letter to Col. Robert G., 128 ; Last Word to, 616.
INGERSOLL, ROBERT G. The Agnostic Side, 473.
Institutions, Some Defects in Our Political and Social, 345.
Insurance, Health, 187.
Intelligence, Possibilities of Animal, 516.
Inter-State Railway Solvent, The, 86.
Ireland and the Victorian Era, 664.
Irish Aid in the American Revolution, 97, 319.
Irving, Coquelin-, 158.
Johnson, Andrew. *See* WELLES.
JULIAN, GEORGE W. Land-Stealing in New Mexico, 17, 684.
KELLER, W. T. S. General Pope and the Public Schools, 214.
KIRKE, EDMUND. Old Times on the Western Reserve, 162. *See also* GARFIELD.
Know-Nothingism, The New and the Old, 192. Letter from Governor Wise, 456.
Labor, The New Party, 1.
Land-Stealing in New Mexico, 17, 397, 684.
Last Word to Robert G. Ingersoll, 616.
LEAVITT, SAMUEL. The Coming Producers' Party, 209.
LEE, YAN PHOU. Why I am not a Heathen, 306.
Letters to Prominent Persons. No. 6, Part II. To Hon. James Russell Lowell, 46.
LOCKE, DAVID R. High License No Remedy, 291.
Lowell, James Russell, To. Part II., 46.
MADHWA-CHARYAR, SCRIMAN. A Plea for the Pagan Heathen, 324.
MAGNUS, JULIAN. Wanted: A Representative Theatre, 568.
Man? Are the Lower Animals Approaching, 516.
March to the Sea, Sherman's, 235.
MCGLYNN, EDWARD. The New Know-Nothingism and the Old, 192.
MEEHAN, THOMAS F. Irish Aid in the American Revolution, 319. English Taxation in America, 563.
Morley on Emerson, 102.
My Friend the King, 355.
National Debt, Payment of, 180.
National Digestion, Our, 688.
National Guard, The, 276.
NELSON, GEORGE. National Plague-Spots, 687.
New Mexico, Land-Stealing in, 17, 397.
Nihilism, Criticism of, 545.
No American Siberia, 326.
NOBLE, EDMUND. No American Siberia, 326.
NORTON, CHARLES LEDYARD. Presidential Hand-Shaking, 686.
Old Times on the Western Reserve, 162.
OSBORNE, DUFFIELD. Irish Aid in the American Revolution, 97.
OSWALD, FELIX L. Summer Refrigeration, 261 ; The Coming Civilization, 657.
PARKER, JOSEPH. Dissent in England, 645.
PARKER, WILLIAM HARWAR. Reply to Gen. Beauregard, 573.
Party, The New, 1.
Party, The Democratic, Outlook, 267.
Party, The Coming Producers', 209.
Payment of the National Debt, 180.
Penal Colony, An American, 212. No Penal Colony, 326.

Petersburg, Battle of, Part I., 367; Part II., 506.
PHILLIPS, WILLIAM A. Claims against the Government, 206.
PLATT, A. SANDERS. Payment of the National Debt, 180.
Plea for the Pagan Heathen, 324.
Political Institutions, Some Defects in Our Political and Social Institutions, 345.
Pope, Gen., and the Public Schools, 214.
PORTER, DAVID D. Letter to Gen. Sherman, 553.
Possible Presidents; James G. Blaine, 221; David B. Hill, 385; John Sherman, 524; Grover Cleveland, 629.
Possibilities of Animal Intelligence, 516.
PRATT, S. G. The Sister of the Drama, 100.
Presidents. *See* Possible Presidents.
Presidential Hand-Shaking, 686.
Press, Decline and Fall of, 33.
Primacy, The Race for the, 435.
Producers' Party, The Coming, 209.
Progress, American, during Fifty Years, 435.
Public Opinion, The Court of, 103.
Public Schools, Gen. Pope and the, 214.
Public Schools, No Sectarian, 688.
Queen of England, The, 120.
QUIN, JEREMIAH. No Sectarian Public Schools, 688.
Railway, the Inter-State, Solvent, 86.
REDPATH, JAMES. Electoral Reform, 435.
Refrigeration, Summer, 261.
Revolution, Irish Aid in the American, 97, 319.
RICE, ALLEN THORNDIKE. Introduction to Possible Presidents, 221; The Race for the Primacy, 435.
ROGERS, HENRY. A Monetary Whim Exploded, 454.
SCHUSTER, E. What Shall We Do With Our Daughters, 326.
SCRUGGS, WM. L. Blundering American Diplomacy, 313; The "State Sovereignty" Heresy, 456.
SEARLE, W. S. Sedentary Men and Stimulants, 146.
Sedentary Men and Stimulants, 146.
Service of Love, A, 276.
Seward, W. H. *See* WELLES.
Sherman, John. Possible Presidents, 524.
Sherman, W. T. Letter from Admiral Porter, 553.
Sherman's March to the Sea, 235.
Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy, 46, 422, 426, 555, 603.
Shakespeare, Cipher in Epitaph, 422, 426, 555. Cipher in Plays, 46, 555.
Simplicity, Primitive, 545.
Sister of the Drama, The, 100.
Social Institutions. Some Defects in Our Political and Social Institutions, 345.
Speculation. Delusions About Wall Street, 410.
State Interference, 109.
"State Sovereignty" Heresy, The, 456.
Stimulants, Sedentary Men and, 146.
Stock Speculation, Delusions About Wall Street, 410.
SULLIVAN, ALEXANDER. Ireland and the Victorian Era, 664.
Summer Refrigeration, 261.
Sumner, Charles. *See* WELLES.
SUMNER, W. G. State Interference, 109.
Taxation, English, in America, 563.
Theatre, Wanted: A Representative, 568.
Those Wonderful Ciphers, 555.
United States. *See* America.
Victorian Era, Progress of America during, 435; Ireland and the, 664.
Vikings, Ships of, 573.
VINTON, ARTHUR DUDLEY. Those Wonderful Ciphers, 555.
War Letters, Admiral Porter to Gen. Sherman, 553.
WASSON, JAMES B. Duty of the Leaders of Christian Thought, 689.
WATSON, J. W. My Friend the King, 355.
WATTERSON, HENRY. The Democratic Party Outlook, 267.
WELCH, JOHN C. The Inter-State Railway Solvent, 86.
WELLES, GIDEON. Johnson, Grant, Seward, Sumner, 69.
Western Reserve, Old Times on, 162.
WINTHROP, DANIEL. Animal Intelligence Illustrated, 690.
WHIPPLE, C. K. Churchmen and Reformers, 692.
Why I am a Free Religionist, 8.
Why I am not a Free Religionist, 378.
Why am I a Heathen? 169.
Why I am not a Heathen, 306.
What shall we do with our Daughters? 326.
Windle, C. F. A., Criticism of, 555.
Wise, Henry A., Posthumous Letter of, 456.
Women, English, as a Political Force, 81.
WONG CHIN FOO. Why am I a Heathen? 169.
Yachts, Old, and New, 573.
YAN PHOU LEE. Why I am not a Heathen, 306.

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.

B. P. L. Surplus
OCT 19 1904